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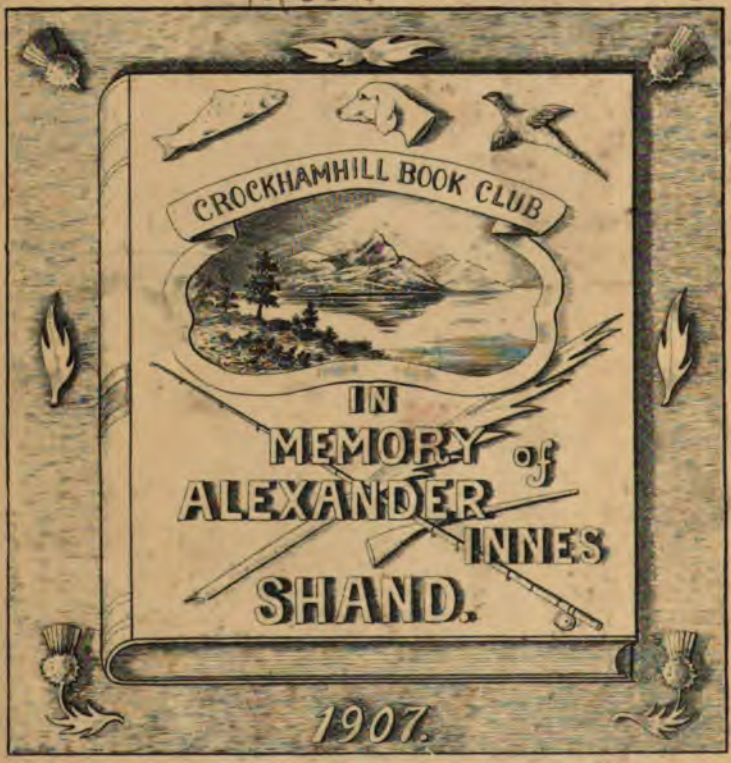
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OTHER COUNTRIES.

VOL. I.

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OTHER COUNTRIES.

BY

MAJOR WILLIAM MORRISON BELL.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

. . . . "It is that of establishing our common humanity; of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected amongst men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation, or colour, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object." . . . .

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

TO think over past events and to write of them have been to the author as one act; or, rather, the delights of retrospection would have lost their keenness if the power to write had not existed.

As little in 1868 did it occur to him that he would go round the world, as that in 1872 he should write to say he had been. Both acts were unpremeditated—from both he has derived enjoyment; and if his cup may be full, it will be when he is conscious that the Reader participates in his pleasure, and is perchance brought more in unison with people and places at the far ends of the earth, by means of (it is believed) faithful pictures of the same.

June, 1872.

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CHAPTER I.

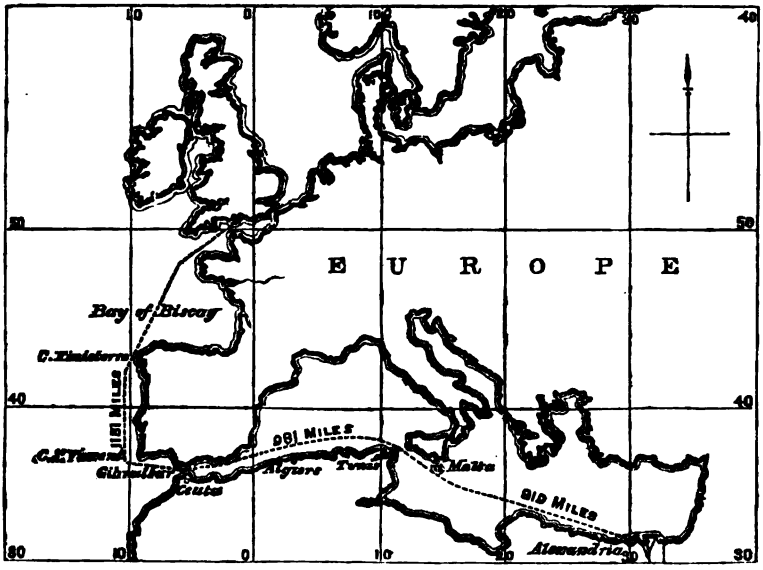
The *Serapis*—Two Days—Finisterre—Berlingers—Trafalgar—Gibraltar—Malta—Alexandria—Desert—Suez—Israelites—Perim—The *Feroze*—Aden—Bombay—Start for Poonah—Poonah—Sights—The Landlady—Parbuttee—Peishwa—March to Ahmednugger—Soldiers—"Nugger"—Bungalow—Pariah-hunting—Pig-sticking—Dhond—Kandala—The Ghauts—Byculiah—Bail with a Notion.

IN the year 1868, a regiment of hussars embarked on the troop-ship *Serapis*, 4,173 tons burden, 700 horse-power, steaming on an average 9½ knots an hour, and bearing, on this occasion, in round numbers, about 1,700 souls.

On the whole, the accommodation on board these ships is good, and it is marvellous how soon, out of the veritable puzzle of nothing but wood, the soldier picks out and adjusts the necessaries of his sea voyage. At first there does not seem room for him to stand, much less to sit or lie; but soon he discovers that there is a place for everything. Tables double up, hammocks let down, kits stow away, and all the mess that there is, is contained in that much misapplied word which otherwise rendered means dinner.

In the gradations of comfort on board, however, there is a slow, steady ascent from private, through the various ranks, up to Captain, when there is, or was, a long leap, and a field officer has a cabin to himself.

I should like to describe two days of our passage; to bring, as it were, before your eyes the different sensations and sights of Monday and Thursday, taking them as two typical days of seafaring generally, no less than as they really were on the 16th of November, 1868, and the 19th. On the first day we had a dark, heavy, dull, wintry sky; a howling wind, cold, comfortless; spray or rain driving in our face, and a sea whose pitiless green waves rising round



FROM PORTSMOUTH TO ALEXANDRIA.

seemed awaiting only the moment in which to engulf us, and then to roll over the place where a moment before we were, as though nothing had occurred. Every beam in the ship creaked; the screw thumped and drove against the stern, and the vessel herself rolled first to one side and then to the other, as though the mere toy of the waves; we, damp, cold, sick, holding on to whatever stationary

thing came nearest. On Thursday, a clear blue sky, a bright warm sun, not a ripple on the water, the ship gliding quietly along, we lolling about, basking in the luxuriant warmth of a southern sun, tempered by a sea air of sufficient strength to add to comfort and enjoyment.

As you see by the map, Cape Finisterre,—now how sadly notorious!—is the first land under the protection of which you try to get after passing the bay, and where we got on Tuesday, in the evening. We had been blown somewhat out of our course, else we should have been there sooner, for we had been going thirteen knots an hour. Then, as we sped on our way, we passed on the coast of Estramadura the guano (but useless through there being too much rain) islands of Berlingers, where there is a lighthouse; the heights of Torres Vedras next; still farther on, Cape St. Vincent, and then our great glory, Trafalgar.

Can we not realise, as we sail over the site of that grand engagement, the still, clear, quiet morning of the 21st of October, 1805; the air pure and bright; the sea calm; and the two vast lines of ships resting on the unruffled surface of the water? There they are, in two huge lines; the lee line of thirteen vessels under Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, the weather line of fourteen under the immortal Nelson in the *Victory*. Does not our breath catch, as we read the signal, "England expects every man will do his duty," and then see the two stately lines sail quietly to death and victory?

It is eleven in the morning when the still air is broken by the boom of the enemy's cannon, not fired in frantic haste, but steadily trying the range; and then the wild flame of death leaps forth from every side; and the great ships, as though moved by one common impulse, hurl themselves

on one another. In the death-grapple, the *Victory*, *Redoutable*, *Téméraire*, and the *Fougueux*, mingle in one fierce wrestle; their heads lie all the same way, their sides interwoven, interlaced, each with the other. From the tops of the *Redoutable* heavy fire sweeps the upper deck of the *Victory*, returned by an incessant blaze from both her sides, the muzzles of her guns touching the side of her adversary.

Calm amid all this wild din of war, is found one, the embodiment of duty, the reflection of the whole fleet, the spring of their action—Nelson.

It is one o'clock. Fast and more furious goes the fight; when, by one fell shot from the mizen-top of the *Redoutable*, there lies on his face, at the moment of, and on the deck of the *Victory*, he whom England mourns even to-day. "They have done for me at last, Hardy: my back is shot through. May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory. May no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature of the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit myself to Him that made me, and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen, and amen."

All that we saw of Gibraltar was a cluster of low dim lights, and one brilliant one from Point Europa, and as the day dawned on Friday we found a hundred vessels lying becalmed on our right, the grand bold coast-line of Grenada on our left, with its snow-capped mountains of the Sierra Nevada, some 13,000 feet high, and its isolated houses and villages dotted by the coast, or midway up the precipitous hill-sides of the mountains.

On Monday, eight days after leaving England, having come about 2,132 miles, we reached Malta; and glad enough we were to run on shore, scramble up the steps, admire the splendid Cathedral of St. John, and wonder at the peculiarity of drying the dead monks at Floriana, who are thus left exposed for decades propped up against the wall. There was one who had died as long ago as a hundred years, and one only in 1867.

We gave a dinner to the officers of Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Serapis*, visited the fine opera-house, and re-embarking, set sail for Alexandria the following day.

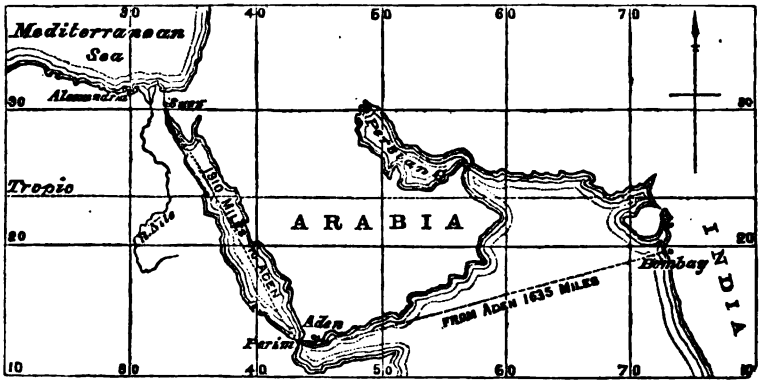
From Malta to Alexandria occupied about three days, and was quite devoid of interest. Heavy, dull clouds overhead; rain, an angry sea; so much so, that when we got to Alexandria it was doubted if we could cross the bar. As it was, I heard we touched the bottom; and to lighten her for'ard, the men were driven aft, the Egyptian pilot, in his flowing Eastern dress, calmly directing our movements from the bridge.

Alexandria was born 333 B.C.; and, at the moment of our visit, was as polyglot a city as well could be met with. We only had a few hours to give to it; for on Monday [it was Sunday when we arrived] the troops set off across the desert by train. Towards dusk some of us landed, and thereby had an opportunity of observing two peculiarities in the Egyptian coolie—one, how much he will carry; the other, how much he will bear. He is able to carry more weight on his shoulders, and to bear more cane on his legs, than any coolie I ever met.

As the moon rose soon after our going on shore, our first impression of Alexandria was taken by its light, and showed us dirty streets, full of dust and holes; men in petticoats; low,

dimly-lighted shops; a palace or two of the Pasha's; a square with some large hotels, and another open place where the best shops were and most bustle went on. A dirty, disagreeable, half French, half Eastern place is Alexandria; but, as the first landing-place of a tropical nature we had seen, we could not help being amused by its novelty. A camel excited our attention; a palm-tree looked wonderful; and the still, clear, hot atmosphere in itself was something new.

The journey in the train occupied the night of Monday, and showed us, by the light of the moon, plains of sand stretching before, behind, and on either side of us. It was rather cold than hot at night; but in the morning



FROM ALEXANDRIA TO BOMBAY.

the heat began to be severe. Suez owns a good hotel and a large hospital. We arrived in the early morning of Tuesday, got coffee, and then shipped on board a small tug; were transhipped from it to the *Malabar*, and in her set sail for Aden, in the afternoon of the same day, December 1st.

The distance from Suez to Aden is 1,310 miles. Just after leaving Suez some high hills are seen on the right,

and on the opposite shore a low cluster of trees. When the Israelites reached the sea, they gave themselves up for lost; the Egyptians and the mountains were in the rear, the sea was in front. They crossed, and the low cluster of trees (Moses' well) still marks the point of their landing in Arabia, but I failed to see from what hill Moses could have overlooked the destruction of the Egyptians.

About ninety miles from Aden is Perim, to us an interesting little, bare, bleak rock of an island—interesting, inasmuch as it is supposed to command the southern entrance of the Red Sea. This could not be effected by its present armament, but the mere possession at the island of a harbour, capable of holding forty men-of-war, is in itself command. It was occupied by us in 1799, abandoned in 1801, and reoccupied in 1857, and anent this reoccupation the following story is told:—

No one had, at the time, real possession of the place; but the Turks held a sort of nominal sovereignty over it. It occurred to the French, however, that it would be an advantage to them to possess the island, and for this end they sent out a man-of-war, with secret instructions to land at Perim and plant the French flag there, for, as we all know, possession is nine points of the law, and the tenth is generally given in favour of the holder of the nine. Unfortunately for the success of the expedition, the vessel put in at Aden, and there the captain unwisely accepted an invitation to dinner. *In vino veritas*, and as the fumes of the luscious grape-juice rose in the brain of the French officer, and wary questions were being put as to what sort of passage he had had? could anything be done for him? could he be furnished with any charts to guide him on his further course? and where, by the way, was his further course tending? he, poor soul, let drop

the unfortunate remark that his aim, his object in life at that moment was Perim. Not a word was said on the part of the hearers that such aim and object could be anything but a matter of complete indifference to them. More hospitality was shown the distinguished guest, more wine was generously forced upon him, not unwilling; but two of the hosts meanwhile had disappeared. Hastily laying their hands on the first British flag that was handy, and the fastest steam-tug that was lying in the harbour, they steamed away for Perim; and when the poor Frenchman arrived a few hours after the tug, he saw, to his intense vexation and chagrin, the British ensign flying from some rocky crag on the island. There was very nearly being war in consequence, but it ended, fortunately, in the French accepting the position of having been outwitted.

We passed, as most vessels do, between the island and the bold rugged coast of Arabia; the sea lying between the island and the Abyssinian coast being studded with small islands. For some days we had been sailing in company with the *Feroze*, carrying the new Viceroy of India and Lady Mayo,* Lord Napier of Magdala, and their suites. Our speed was only about seven knots an hour, and we did not reach Aden till Monday evening; but when we did, I found it the most peculiar place in the world.

It is a peninsula jutting out from the coast of Arabia; but to realise what it looks like, the imagination must be called largely into play, for to describe it is impossible. Consisting of nothing but huge, barren, rocky mountains of

* The miserable assassination which has so lately appalled the English has deprived our country of one of her most able statesmen; but Lord Mayo's lamentable death has bereft those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance of one who, whether as a private nobleman in Ireland or head of our great dominions in the East, was found to be always the same courtly, genial, clear-sighted gentleman.

extinct volcanoes, it presents to the eye the appearance of gigantic iron furnace slag, the highest rock of lava rising 1,776 feet above the sea level. Pinnacles of these rise round Aden, hold the wonderful tanks, and make a sort of concave frame for her, leaving her a bare plateau on which to stand. The general mass of rock is broken up into all shapes and sizes, so that the harbour, Steamboat Point, &c., are divided from Aden proper by lower bits of this barren rock. And then a peculiarity of the place, as far as I could see in our hurried visit, is that Aden is, as it were, a wart at the end of low, flat land, so that when you turn a particular boulder, where a gate divides you from a causeway leading on to a plain, you see that you are in the midst of the barrenest of barren rocks, but that a short way off there is land cultivated. Inasmuch though as all we possess is Aden, and that it is very unsafe to issue outside our own rocks, little is known of what is beyond. Apropos of that, I must tell of an expedition once made outside; but first let me speak a little more of the place.

Landed at Steamboat Point, or thereabouts, you find a low crescent of omnium-gatherum houses, a quasi hotel, stacks of P. and O. coals, barracks, and isolated houses perched on the lower spurs of the main rock. Somali boys, naked all but a loin-cloth, anxiously desire to dive for a sixpence, or to take charge of you to Aden on an ass, in a carriage, or on a pony.

Aden proper is five miles from Steamboat Point, and within, if I might so say, another half arc of the main bunch of rock, and is defended by guns, gates, and tunnels. The tanks are of world renown, and rise tier over tier. All that man has done, has been to take advantage of the natural

excavations of nature, and having strengthened these natural tanks with stone, all he can do is to wish for rain. They were empty when we were there, but a short rain will sometimes fill them; and when filled, the supply will last for two years, so large are they, and so heavy the fall of rain when it does come.

The story I was about to tell you is of an officer who, one of a large party, defended by all the supposed securities of permission and soldiers' escort, went on a short expedition into the country. He told me himself that the party had all gone to sleep in a sort of walled-in enclosure, when he was awakened by a sudden and fearful cry. Instantaneously, he said, and without realising anything, he found himself grappling with an armed and naked black. Over and over they rolled, now one up and now the other, each seeking to overpower the other; and perhaps my friend would have succeeded in the long run, only at one moment of the fight the savage got his knife clear, and horribly wounding his victim, slipped over the wall and escaped. The struggle had been violent but short, and not till it was all over did the rest of the party wake to a full consciousness of events. The cry that aroused Colonel —— was the death-cry of his companion, who, lying next to him and nearest to the wall, had had plunged into his side the fatal knife. Had he died without a cry, probably my informant would have been murdered too; as it was, his wound was fearful. Whether the assassin was prompted to the act by desire of plunder, or through a fanatical zeal, is not known. Whether the servants connived at the deed is not known, though there was a certain suspicion that something was not altogether right on the night of the murder; but it is perhaps some slight satisfaction to know that the murderer subsequently died of a wound which he

inflicted on himself with his own knife at the time of the struggle.

Such is one pleasure of life at Aden. These men had gone out into the country but a short distance, fully protected, as it was hoped, by the requisite permission and by a guard of soldiers; but this occurred nevertheless, and I believe there was no power to get redress.

The Viceroy and his party landed at Aden when we were there; but as he was not then Viceroy, but only Lord Mayo going to India to be Viceroy, the reception shown him could only be that of a private individual.

I think it was on Wednesday, or possibly Thursday, that we left this our possession since 1839, and arrived at Bombay on the following Friday week, in the early morning, the distance being about 1,700 miles.

As we have to re-visit Bombay, we shall not do more now than note that we are to disembark on an island seven miles long and twenty in circumference; an island, forming with others—Salsette, Elephanta, Caranjah, Colaba, Old Woman—not only the harbour of Bombay, but also *bom bahia* (Portuguese for "good harbour"): a beautiful sweep of a harbour, about twelve miles long and four wide.

In 1662 Charles II. received from his father-in-law, the King of Portugal, this wedding dower, and in 1668 handed it over to John Company.

We are on the threshold of British possessions, which, looking over with a bird's-eye glance, we see hedged in on their northern boundary by the Himalayas, on their eastern and western by the Ghauts. We are about to step on one foot of the 750,000 square miles of our territory, and to jostle against one or two of the 160,000,000 human beings, whose wills are controlled by 28,000,000 of our compatriots.

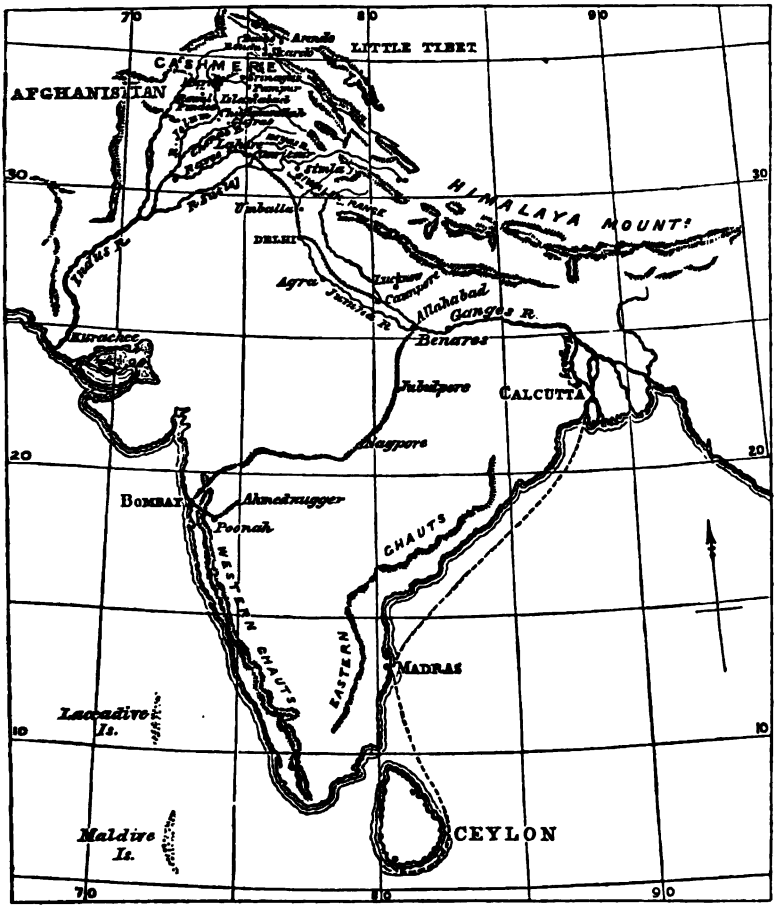
Disembarked, fed under a shed adjoining the quay, seated in the train, a few hours only intervene between our leaving the ship and starting for Poonah.

It was dark before we got far away from Bombay, and the country therefore was little seen by us. It was early on a Sunday morning, and still dark, when we found ourselves at Poonah, and marched over the hot, dry, dusty plain, from the terminus to the barracks; where we gladly availed ourselves of the hospitable welcome of the 2nd Queen's. When day dawned, we had to get the luggage up from the station; to do which, camels, bullock-carts, and mules were put into requisition; the camels, as is their wont, often rising with a roar long before their loads were fastened, sending them flying right and left on to the ground; and the mules with a recurrent stampede aiding the general confusion.

Poonah has been called the "Brighton" of India; but except that in its season it is a gay place, there is no other similarity. It lies on a large, sandy plain, with hills rising round it on all sides but one, and consists, you may say, of three towns—the "Lines," where the soldiers are, the Europeans' houses, and the native town. As space is not an object in India,—or rather it is an object to occupy as much space as you can, so as to catch as much air as possible,—the different portions of the town are often miles apart from one another.

We were only birds of passage, and lived, some in tents, some in bungalows. Let me try and describe a bungalow and compound, and one will stand for many all over India. The first thing that attracts the eye is a low square house, either, to prevent the dust and hot air getting in, so tightly closed up that you think it will be necessary to lift off the roof, like a child's toy-house, to enable you to get in; or so

open, to let in the morning and evening cool air, that you doubt the need of having a house at all. Adjoining this main building are others, neither barns, nor stables, nor out-



INDIA.

houses exactly, but all these things put together; where the horses and the cows and the servants sleep, where the cooking goes on, and the clothes are brushed; not one room, but a long, low, tumble-down street of sheds and rooms. This

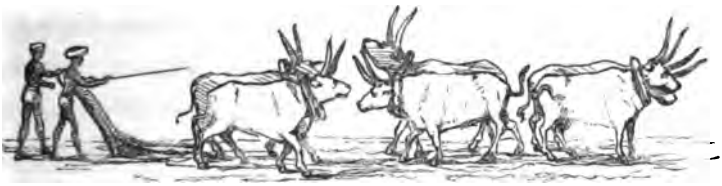
collection of buildings is enclosed in a compound. A compound may be a park, a garden, or, as most of those at Poonah seem to be, simply dry, dusty, stony "reserves." To this general description of course there are exceptions, where greater neatness and care are observable; but, in most, untidiness is the rule.

Poonah is a place of considerable historical interest, and the native town is a quaint jumble of streets, narrow alleys, and houses. Just as we have built our residences straggling over many acres, so the natives, either for defence within walls, or for shade, have gathered themselves together into the smallest possible space, and swarm in their houses like ants in a nest. There they sit in their open shops or bazaars day after day, in a stifling, pungent, acrid, hot-scented atmosphere quite unknown in Europe. The houses are chiefly two-storied, but low, not more than fifteen or twenty feet high; and have, for the most part, balconies running along the upper stories, and pent roofs for the lower. Under these, in square open boxes of rooms, sit, on the soles of their feet, the patient Hindoos, mid wares of stuffs, of grain, of water-jars, of brass chatties, of sweetmeats, and of fruits. As you pass through the narrow alleys, you come every now and again on temples—square stone pillar-boxes, niches in the wall, or recesses; in these, the gods. Some should not be described, some could not; and the best, a hideous collection of arms and legs attached to one head. Probably an almost naked, black-matted-tangled-haired skeleton of a priest lies coiled up like a ball hard by, ready for offerings, and to offer prayers. Sad sights! Yet they say, materially, socially, intellectually, India progresses. Heaven speed the work, by what means and by what way man can; for surely the ignorance of superstition is almost, if

not actually, nay, is actually, the grossest and the most dangerous form that the undeveloped nature of man can take.

Sights and sounds are all strange in the East. You may travel over America and Australia, and think you are at home; but in the East, in China and Japan, everything is new; and inasmuch as everything is new, so is it difficult to describe. Even the poor, bitten, naked children, with nothing on but a string round their loins, with stomachs blown out like a balloon, and with all their hair shaved off except a tuft on the top of the head, are quaint enough.

It is strange to hear screams of unintelligible jargon, and to see that these screams are to incite six bullocks, of enormous



YOKED.

horns, to drag a plough, the size of a house, through the dry ground. How these bullocks are attached to the plough is a puzzle. There is no pole, no trace visible; their heads are simply passed through a sort of short ladder, which by no means prevents them from facing exactly the opposite way to which they are meant to go.

Or perhaps you see a couple or four bullocks who are being induced, with much shouting, to draw a bucket out of a well, by walking down a short hill; and to let the empty bucket back again by themselves walking up the hill, tail first. You would be astonished, too, to meet in England a gentleman who, when accosted by two ladies, would courteously take his

shoes off, the better to allow them to kiss his feet. But we must get accustomed to these sights, and even to the extraordinary magnanimity and independence of the then lady innkeeper of the best inn at Poonah. It so happened that that lady, in return for some civilities, had been requested to prepare a dinner for six. Now at that dinner, without any exception, the most remarkable thing was the bill. To my contracted, insular ideas it had a continental effect; it was boundless. The landlady herself was large. To get round her physically required the accessories that Sydney Smith mentioned; to get round her mentally was impossible. Her ideas were large: she had prepared dinner for sixteen instead of six. Her room was large; her table large; her retinue of servants large; her bill, if possible, larger; her magnanimity largest; for when I remonstrated upon the last item, she presented me, there and then, with the whole dinner free, gratis, for nothing at all, and I suppose I spent a month in inducing that stupendous little lady to accept payment for her very expensive, but good dinner.

A PORTRAIT, BUT NO LIKENESS.

Though the plain of Poonah is almost treeless, there is a pleasant walk of about four miles to Parbuttee, where your eye will be refreshed, if not by the green of grass, at least by that of peplum, mimosa, and mango tree, and by the low green bushes of convolvulus. At Parbuttee there is a Brahminical temple, now subsidised by us, to the extent of some £1,500 a year, which was erected in former years by a Peishwa at an enormous cost—I heard £600,000. It is a

sacred place, but all that I could learn about it was very little. Parbuttee is a lady goddess, with the amiable characteristics of being the incarnation of war, small-pox, and cholera, and is married to Siva. Mrs. P. lives on the summit of this hill, at the foot of which is a worse than Irish collection of hovels, and to the top of which you ascend by a flight of steps, crowned with a temple or fort. On reaching the summit, you find yourself in a sort of open court, in the centre of which is a square, stone temple, with an iron, open-work door, like one admitting to a vault. Peeping through this—you are not allowed to enter—you gain, possibly, exactly the effect that it is wished you should gain,—a sort of mysterious, awe-producing, unsatisfactory feeling, seeing that you cannot make out distinctly anything that you do see. What, I believe, would have been seen, had it been visible, was a silver image of Siva, having upon his knees Parbuttee, and their hopeful son Janesa. Besides this centre temple are four other smaller ones round the court; and from the summit of this hill the last Peishwa saw the destruction of his army and his power.

I must tell you about the Peishwa. It is pronounced "Peshwa." His capital is, or was, Poonah; his palace is still there.

Many years ago—that is, in the year A.D. 1628—there lived a man of the name of Sevajee, who was a subject of the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan. Now from the year One there seems to have been nothing but fighting, fighting, fighting going on in India; one up and the other down being the normal state of things. So it is not astonishing to find this Sevajee plotting, fighting, and eventually, after many reverses, succeeding in founding, in defiance even of the great Aurangzebe, a nation governed by an indepen-

dent sovereign—himself—about the year 1669, and under the title of the Rajah of the Mahrattas.

That is the beginning of the Mahratta kingdom, which rose on the decadence of the Mogul dynasty; which rose on the decadence of the house of Lodi; which rose, &c., like "the house that Jack built." But I have not yet mentioned the Peishwa; and that for the very good reason that he was only the minister of the Rajah of the Mahrattas. When, then, in about A.D. 1740, there happened to be a weak Rajah at the head of affairs, his two head men revolted against him. The Buckshi, or commander-in-chief, became Rajah of Berar (this kingdom is now absorbed into that of the Nizam of Hyderabad), his capital being at Nagpore. The Peishwa, or minister, wrested power from the Rajah, and remained virtually independent at Poonah. But there was this difference between the Buckshi and the Peishwa; with the former there was no religious difficulty which prevented him from being supreme, whilst with the latter there was. It thus happened that the Peishwa ruled under a fiction of holding his authority from the rightful heirs of Sevajee, who were kept as a kind of state pageant at Sattara. This fiction is not at all unlike that which existed at Japan till within a few years between the Mikado and Shiogoon.

Now we have seen the formation and absorption of the Mahratta kingdom, for on these two men revolting, other minor chiefs set to work to revolt also, and the kingdom fell from an absolute monarchy to a mere confederacy of chiefs, of which Holkar, Indore, and Scindia, remain to this day.

This break-up of the Mahratta kingdom happened, as I say, about 1740. In 1818, the then Peishwa, Baji Rao, retired on a pension to Benares, and the direct descendant of Sevajee was restored by us to Poonah, where he remained

till his death, when we assumed the government. Nana Sahib was an adopted son of the deposed Peishwa, and at Poonah I saw where he lived.

But we must leave the precincts of the capital, and travel to the northern boundary of the 5,298 miles of the collectorate, to Ahmednugger.

As to follow each day's march would be very uninteresting, we will describe only one day, which will amply suffice for the other five. It takes us six days to march from Poonah to Ahmednugger, on an average of ten miles a day, and this is the order of march. Réveillée sounds at 1.30 A.M., and in about half an hour the baggage and hospital carts in rear of the column are trudging by the light of a clear moon along a dusty road. We see enough to know there is not much to see. Now rolling hills very bare of trees, perhaps a sugar-cane or a paddy-field, a banyan-tree with its pendent branches, or a cluster of mango-trees. Not much to interest, but something to look forward to, and that is the coffee which is supposed to meet us half way. Before we get to this though, perhaps a river has intercepted our march; then off go shoes and stockings, up go the trousers, and in we wade. Probably the coffee is found just as the first faint streak of dawn is lighting the horizon, by some walled-in mud town. Such a town! such a wall! The latter tumbling down, the gateway gateless, the town itself a labyrinth of low mud houses containing human beings, and temples, dust, squalor, prickly pears, and a tank. Here we have coffee, sitting on stones or whatever may best suit, and then, a good deal refreshed, set off for the other half of our march.

As day breaks, heralded by the gentle coo of the dove, the squeal of the green parrot, the hoarse caw of the crow, and yet harsher whistling scream of the kite, we see our bunga-

low and pendall at hand. On the main-route-marches these accommodations have been made. The bungalow, provided with beds and a table, houses the officers; the pendall, a sort of long shed with a raised floor, the men; and to these refuges from the now-blazing sun we are only too glad to repair. Here the day is passed in rest and sleep, unless some more active officer seeks for a stray stag; and the next day is as to-day.

Leaving Poonah on Friday, we reached Ahmednugger on the following Wednesday, 6th January, 1869. We had done nothing: yet, knowing that though the men had done nothing they had done that nothing well, I for one would have been glad if "the chief" had come out in the early glimmer of that sultry morning, seen us, and said some small word of praise. The soldier is a queer compound of sensitiveness and indifference. He sees through humbug, but feels pleasure when he earns what he knows he deserves —praise. Shall I tell an old story of the late Sir Harry Smith, even though it cuts both ways?

It was after a long day in India that Sir Harry drew up to allow his command to march past him into their quarters. The infantry were the first to arrive; and, to them, Sir Harry said:—"Aha! the infantry, yes, you are the infantry; yes, the foot-soldier is the lucky fellow. The infantry boy for me; none of your nasty horses to clean. Get into camp, lie down, eat; there you are. Yes, the infantry man is the lucky fellow." And so they passed. Not long after the cavalry came up; whereupon Sir Harry addressed them, too, in turn: "Ah! the cavalry; yes, the cavalry. Aha! you are the boys, you are the lucky fellows; none of your foot-sore, tired, dusty, infantry men, but a smart chap with a horse, a real gentleman; yes, you are the fellows for me,

fresh as larks; that's it, go along, the cavalry man is the lucky fellow."

During the wars arising from the turbulent and disaffected spirit of the Mahratta chiefs—Scindia, Holkar, the Peishwa, and others—we succeeded in capturing Ahmednugger in August, 1803, under the lead of the Great Duke, and that is where we now have arrived in this January of 1869. There is not much to see at "Nugger." A native town with a mud wall; a huge fortress, capable still perhaps of certain resistance, surrounded as it is by a dry moat, in which they say are live boa-constrictors, and girt by a wall; and "Lines," those homes of the British and native soldier in the East. We visited the Lines at Poonah, and where do they differ? Here we will take a glance at the outside of the cavalry stables, and the inside of a bungalow. The former, ranged on either side of a low centre mud wall, the whole roofed over, but with the sides open, are the stables of the troopers standing troop by troop. To each troop a certain number of native horse-grooms are attached, under whose care the horse practically is, though the private is responsible and grooms his horse once a day. Here, from after the early parade, over possibly by 7 A.M., the horse stands waiting for the enemy; and granted that a soldier in peace time is like a chimney in summer, yet one cannot help thanking the chimney for waiting so long and so patiently for the winter's fire. We should be badly off if we had to build our chimney when the snow came.

But come inside this bungalow and let us see what it looks like. You are not surrounded here by a stony wilderness, but stand within a beautiful garden of lucerne, of mangos, tamarinds, guavas, papaiees, limes, custard apples, irrigated by artificial rivulets, which the small Mawlee (gardener)

opens and shuts, diverts and directs by ingenious little mud pies. Oh! this bungalow is not to be despised, I can tell you. It has a splendid centre room, thirty-nine by twenty, and over twenty feet high; a straw mat for a carpet, five chairs, a table, and a sofa. From this agapemone there opens other smaller rooms and bath-rooms. Bath-rooms may convey a wrong impression. Everything is done by hand in India, so

"THIS BUNGALOW IS NOT TO BE DESPISED."

that your bath-room is merely a huge wooden tub, set apart in a certain portion of the bungalow, and this tub at a particular hour is filled. The patient beil (ox) comes round with his skins of water hanging from either side, and the beastie (man) fills your bath, and also empties it, when you have used it, through some hole in the mud wall of the bath-room, and thereby aids the artificial irrigation of your compound.

I will not detain you a minute here; merely explain to

you that if you happen not to be a very orderly person you may get collected in your room, very much exposed to public inspection, buckets of oats, harness, saddlery, clothes, tea, and a Moonshee. The last is probably teaching you Hindostanee, his lessons somewhat interrupted by the arrival, in pursuit of the dissimilar articles by which you are surrounded, of Kitmagar, Bearer, Beastie, Mawlee, Syce, and Grass-cutter. If it is night, this catalogue of humanity will grace your verandah, snoring; if day, move bare-footed and noiselessly about your room and compound.

There is an omission, I find, in my catalogue of the *ménage* of an Indian bungalow, and that is a Ramoosie. I the more regret this, because a Ramoosie is a very important person. His name, I believe, implies that he is a thief, but his special object in life is to catch one. The method which he adopts for this end is to appear at your bungalow as "the shades of night are falling fast," and there keep alive the earlier hours of the night by frequent ejaculation. Gradually as the night deepens he composes himself, and finally settles down to a quiet sleep on the step of the verandah. Then it might be supposed that the robbery which he was there to prevent would be committed; but no, alertness and inertness are both equally effective: you have entered into a compact with Ramoosies, your silent appeal is to the honour of the class, and you are protected.

Ahmednugger used to be—being a border town between our state and that of the Nizam of Hyderabad—the place where a large garrison was kept; but now the main body is drawn back to Poonah, and Ahmednugger left with a light cavalry regiment, a native infantry regiment, and a battery of guns. It used to be noted for its pig-sticking, but now I think it can hardly be considered noteworthy in anything.

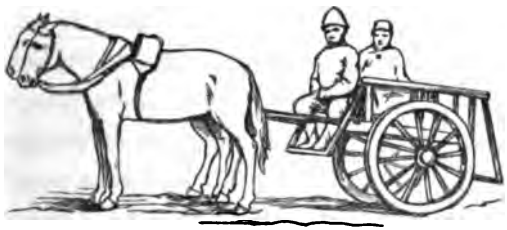
Of birds there is the usual Indian store—the kite, the crow, and the sparrow; and besides there is the hoopoe, a nice little fellow, tame, and with a tuft on his head, whose sole object in life seems to be to make you understand what "t'coop, t'coop" means.

On the roads there are whip-snakes and other equally attractive animals; on the plains, wolves, jackals, foxes, deer, and, that of all other things the most delightful, the pariah dog. Let us say three or four of us go out for a ride just before the set of sun. We have a common object, and that is a pariah. To effect our purpose, we warily "interview" some isolated mud cabin, or collection of the same, or we cast an eagle eye over the plain. Do we in the distance view the fond object of our hopes? Have at him, little boys! His will is opposed to ours—he sees us, and desires to make for home; we see him, and desire to keep him away from it; and if it so be that we win, then away! He flies, we follow; he doubles, we turn; the race is to the swift. No, perhaps a hole in the dry ground upsets all our calculations, and a "cropper," a broken collar-bone, a nip of brandy-and-water, and home in a tonga, finishes that afternoon—agreeably for the pariah.

There is another great sport in India, which however I ought to ask pardon for bringing into juxta-position with a pariah dog, and that is a pig. But really, whereas in one case you ride after a pariah, in the other you ride after a pig; only in the latter case your sport is ennobled by the nobility of your game. Besides, your horse certainly, if not you, runs more risk; then there is all the excitement of pig-sticking, of camping out, of finding your quarry, of getting first spear, of riding over rocks and through nullahs, in a way that only good nerve, a loose

rein, and a good Arab, can possibly enable you to do. There is an M. F. H., or an M. P. H., I ought rather to say, in pig-sticking; there is possibly a right pig and a wrong pig to be run after, and if you, in your ignorance or your eagerness, happen to select the wrong pig, you are made to feel the importance of an M. P. H. in a way known only to M. P. H's. or M. F. H's., and which to the recipient of the importance is more startling than agreeable. But perhaps I ought to give a more particular account of a pig-hunt.

On a certain Monday morning, then, we will put ourselves in a tonga, and be off to Rahelgaum. Now Rahelgaum is a



TONGA.

place any distance you like from Ahmednugger, through the village of Walkee, which, like all other Indian villages hereabouts, is a mass of mud walls, with a higher bit here, and a lower there, and does duty for dwellings. I say any distance from Ahmednugger, but I must beg you to limit your "any" to twenty-three miles. When we arrive at the camp, which we do about 7 P.M., having left Nugger about 4, we find it situated amongst a few trees, with a dozen horses or so picketed out, and half a dozen officers picketed in; that is to say, if you will admit that they are in, when all that they do within their tents is to sleep, tubbing out. In or out, however, the officers have tents, and there is one big

tent where we dine—The Ahmednugger Pig-hunt Tent! The cooking is bad, but that is between ourselves; and as it is 7 P.M. the same is brought at once prominently to our notice, and then we turn in. Two warriors occupy hammocks bought in Piccadilly—pleasant contrivances, which have three advantages: one is, they won't stand up; two is, they will fall down; and the third is, that if they happen to stand up and not fall down, and you get into them, they will swing round with you, and deposit you where those untutored in the ways of hammocks generally are deposited. Such are Piccadilly hammocks, and where the warriors are now is in a Beachover tent, but not in their hammocks.

However, the morrow dawns at last, and at 8.30 we are mounted. The semicircle of coolies, who have been squatting round the encampment, are on their feet and off in front of us to look for "pig." We, dressed in high, brown, butcher boots, our heads and backs sheltered from the sun, ride on some miles, and come at last to a mud farm-place, round which is a sugar-cane field. A sugar-cane field is like a great field of over-grown rushes with thick stalks. Into this dash the hundred coolies, and when they dash, they beat tom-toms, they shout, they scream, and they fire guns. Still the boar breaks not; so we go on some four miles farther, eight in all, and that brings us to where rise some steep hills. These hills are rugged; great boulders of bare rock are lying about, and mid these boulders, sheltered by them, lie the pig. The beaters line the hill, beat tom-toms, scream, and walk on in line; some of us mounted men scramble up the hill and line its top, the rest are beneath. On, on we go! The sun pours down upon our heads, and yet no pig. At last a cry, and a little squeaker starts over the plain. He is a rough little, black

little, ugly little porker as ever ran; but run he could, and we plain riders ran after him. He gallops over this boulder, down that nullah, over this great mass of stone. He doubles, and the first man's last; doubles again, and the second's nowhere; so we go, helter-skelter, little pig in front, big pigs behind. But the race grows hot, so little pig charges; and had he had big tusks, which age forbade, alas, for poor H. and his grey! As it was, away went H. and pig, but in opposite directions. So up comes number two. "Charge!" says little pig; "Stick!" says number two, and he gets first spear. Next comes the puckamajor. "Charge!" says little pig; "Stick!" says that great person. The little pig gets a second dose; and after about three altogether, lies down to "dee."

From Ahmednugger to Dhond is forty-seven miles, and the little rats of horses, changed six times, take us quickly there. The road generally traverses wide stretches of bare, dry, sandy, undulating plains. Perhaps you have to ford a river, or to cross a dry river-bed; perhaps you pass by a mud village, perhaps through a grove of mango-trees, as at Korgaum, where are natives with their little stores of grain or sweets; where bullock-carts rest, and where you are asked an alms by beggars, parched, black, living, shrivelled mummies, looking the very skeletons or ghosts of flesh and blood. But there is no special interest in the drive, and when, in a few hours, we draw up at the resting-house at Dhond, and there refresh ourselves with tea and some cold chicken, preparatory to our start by train for Poonah, we are each average glad that our drive is over.

From Poonah to Bombay is a hundred and twelve miles. The gradient over the Bhor Ghauts is in places one in thirty-six. Near to Lanowlie is the reversing station, to which

place from Bombay the ascent is gradual, but from which place to the top of the Ghaut the rise is very steep. At this reversing station, about the time I write, there occurred a sad accident. A train ran away from Kandala down towards Bombay, and reaching, in its mad descent, the end of the line, crashed over into the deep valley that lay thousands of feet below. The scenery at that spot is truly grand, and if there is one spot on earth fitted for a leap by train from time to eternity, that is it. The train runs on a causeway not much wider than the lines themselves. Right and left, below, above, there is space. Far, far down on your right is a vast plain, through which the winding road to Bombay, mid forest and cultivation, creeps. On your left, a gorge, a jungle, and a mountain in one. A sort of feeling of being alone, of hanging 'twixt earth and heaven, creeps over you. One hut of a pointsman hard by, mid miles of surrounding mountain and plain, but heightens the feeling of a grand solitude; and here, breaking away from all restraint, came, bounding on to destruction, the engine and its train. Striking the small embankment at the terminus, it would have borne its human freight headlong to the valley below, had it not, by its own velocity, buried itself, twenty feet down, in the sandy soil of the causeway. No European, but several natives were killed.

The general aspect of these Ghauts is fine. Mountains rise upwards of six thousand feet above the level of the sea; ranges of mountains, densely clothed in jungle, the haunts of tiger, chetah, deer, and pig; the air is loaded with perfume, and perchance, as on the evening we went down, bathed in the light of a setting sun.

It is early morning, and we are approaching Bombay—Bycullah, rather, the station where we ought to stop, but

where we don't succeed in getting out, or rather, half of us do, and half don't; the servants forsake us, and we are whirled on to Bombay, some mile or two farther on. Arrived there, we have to retrace our steps, and do so at last, after much gesticulation, but with no power to speak, in a bullock hackery.

A bullock hackery is a thing on two wheels. It has no door; so to get in you must climb over the side. The driver sits on the pole, and the bullocks (beil) are fastened to their draught in so peculiarly unique and indescribable a manner, that were it not for your reasoning powers, the fact of two bullocks going before your hackery would not convey to you the least seen reason why the hackery should go after the bullocks. The slightness of their tether was curiously exemplified in our drive. It consists, I believe, in some sort of collar, which is attached to the end of the pole. We were going down a slight hill, when a sudden erratic notion seized one of the beil, and he went straightway after his notion, which was *not* before us. The driver's presence of mind failed him at the moment of separation, else he would have resorted to the usual mode of suppressing error in a biel—he would have twisted its tail. As it was, one beil went one way freed from us, the other beil went, as is easily conceivable, in a slanting and altogether unadvised direction down the hill. I couldn't speak for laughing, and the driver couldn't get down for another reason. I think he acts at the base of the pole as ballast, and had he got down, the hackery, the remaining beil, and we perhaps, would have gone up in the manner a dog-cart does when the shafts are tilted up. An enterprising stranger eventually induced the beil with a notion to resume his place at the pole, and we elected to go on.

CHAPTER II.

Bombay—Malabar—Parsees' Houses—Fakeer—Dead Child—Weddings—Arab Horses—Religions—Tull Ghauts—Lord Napier—Nagpore—Road to Jubulpore—Wigwams—Narbada—Jubulpore—Native Territory—Allahabad—Cawnpore—Ganges—Meetings—History—Lucknow—Moshun-ul-Dowlah.

BOMBAY presents more diversity of attraction than any other town in India, I think. Its great trade in export and import, its fine harbour and much shipping, its population gathered from all peoples, its quaint diversity of town scenery, varying from the narrow native bazaar to the region of European bungalows at Malabar Hill, to reach which the brilliant houses of the Parsees have to be passed—all make a collection not met with in most Indian towns. Bycullah is where the best hotel is situated. Malabar Hill, facing the sea, and round which are dotted the isolated bungalows of the chief European residents of the place, is joined to Bycullah by a road of no great length. In another direction the main town of Bombay stretches down to the fort, where are the offices of the merchants, the different places of business, and where is, in fact, what may be called the town of Bombay; whereas Malabar and Bycullah are suburbs. Mohammedans, Parsees, Hindoos, surround you at every side.

If you happened to look out of Claridge's on a summer's day, and saw a man six feet high, with a black shock head, and positively nothing on except a small string round his loins, acting as a means of support to the most diminutive of rags, you would be, to say the least, astonished. Can you

adduce me a sound reason why, when looking at the same object from the windows of the best hotel in Bombay, you should not be surprised? For there, as we look, is such an object.

Passing him by, our eye wanders to the hospital opposite, which is surrounded by a low wall. A man climbs over it, a woman hands him a dead child, and off they go to bury it. "Why did he climb over?" said I. "Oh, probably," was the answer, "to-day is an unlucky day, so they cannot carry the body out by the door for fear the spirit of the body should be able to find its way back and come in again." Had the child died in their own mud cabin, they would have made a hole in the wall, passed the body through, and then filled up the space again, so effectually preventing the spirit's return. But as the hospital authorities might object to such treatment of their walls, the cunning device has been adopted by the bereaved parents of lifting the child over the wall, in the hope that its spirit may not be able to find the way back again.

But there are more sights. A "buggy," a sort of London gentleman's cab, properly holding only two, but containing, on this occasion, bridegroom, dressed in yellow, about twelve years old, his mother, and about six other bairns, comes in view; and this is followed by a cart holding the more distinguished guests, and by a small crowd carrying sweetmeats, beating tom-toms, and dancing. Then come up three monkeys and a goat, and go through a sort of serio-comic performance; then a serious European funeral drives into sight, a hearse, but no mourning coaches, and passes on.

Five or six "Goa-men" come and dance a rude sword-dance under the window, and remind one of the old sword-dancers of England.

The place is alive with constant matrimonial processions, matrimonial music, matrimonial illuminations, and matrimonial fêtes. As a week, at least, is consumed in the ceremony of getting married, telling your friends you are going to be, and telling your friends that you have been married; as this week is given over entirely to receiving guests of high and low degree, of close and distant relationship; as these entertainments require light, dress, music, dance, food, and drink, it stands to reason that the happy father has the double advantage of half ruining himself and of making himself a public nuisance.

I remember a certain Mr. Numeramjee Cusowjee, pleader, who lived in a low house within a wall a little off the main street that led from Bycullah to the fort at Bombay, who was marrying his daughter for certainly a week, if not two; whose house by day was the haunt of a host of people revelling in the sound of fife, tom-tom, and a sort of bagpipe, and by night all these with the extra advantage of a blaze of light.

In addition, too, to these stationary marriage festivals, there were the peripatetic ones—things that, turning a corner suddenly, met you, overwhelmed you in a moment, and reduced you from the state of an active and enterprising explorer to that of a passive moraliser on a crowd of torch-bearers, of men dancing backwards, of tom-toms and fifes, and of the rajah for the nonce, *alias* the bridegroom—a gorgeous hero on a gorgeous horse, with a gold sword on his triumphant shoulders.

We were asked to assist at one wedding, that of the daughter of a Hindoo gentleman of high caste. We drove

down to a house in a region of Bombay that may have been Belgravia or Hackney for all I know, but which was in a narrow street, with, at the front door, a cow in a cage, like a tiger, but "for air." Through a row of the poorer friends of the bride's father, who were outside the inner sanctum, in a sort of hall, we marched, cheered and greeted by a splendid (?) brass band that played what we must call a selection from the National Anthem—at least, it had one or two notes of that well-known hymn in it, and a dozen of oriental composition—the result to the ear being "bang" (on the drum), "bray" (on the cornet), and a flourish of squeaks (on the fife). Marching with proper dignity through the good-natured and welcoming guests, we arrived at a small room, brilliantly illuminated and carpeted with a rich English carpet. Here, were our host's greater friends, all dressed very much alike in white dresses, tied round the body, and with loose skirts, showing a liberal quantity of bare legs and feet, and with head-dress of conical shape, apex tipped with gold. The host crossed the room, and greeted us courteously, and then we took our seats among the other guests on sofas ranged round the room. Immediately on our sitting down, a large salver was handed round, on which were quantities of bouquets; and another salver with a confection —a three-cornered affair, pinned through with a clove— enveloped in a betel leaf, and areca nut inside; then we were sprinkled with rose-water, and so fitted to take part in, or rather, appreciate, the entertainment. This consisted of vocal and instrumental music, the latter emanating from the most feeble and ineffective of instruments, the former from three little women, dressed very prettily, with shawls hanging about them, and rings in their noses and ears. They stood in front of the musicians, and gave vent to tremulous

and shrill notes, altogether from the head and nose, varying the same from time to time by jingling the little bells on their ankles, or by raising their little fat hands in the air, very deliberately looking at them and giving them a gentle and rather melancholy sort of twist.

Nothing is much more disappointing to the European, on first arriving in India, than the Arab horses. In vain he looks for the large eye, the pointed ear, the perfect shape. What he does see are long rows of horses ranged in the various dealers' yards in half-open sheds: small, shaggy animals, fourteen hands and a little over in height; misshapen, rough-coated Arabs, Persian horses or Gulf Arabs; many of these probably covered with sores, but destined, nevertheless, notwithstanding their misshapen appearance and small stature, to carry a weight impossible to the English horse, and to bear the hot suns of India in a way equalled by no other horse of their stature. For such you give not less than £50.

If we shall find it hard to get a peep, clear, curt, and not wearisome, at the history of the places and the people among whom we move, how much harder at their religion? and yet so intimate a relation exists between peoples and their prayers,

therefrom grows so many outward forms in habits and in buildings, that it is impossible to pass pleasantly along the road of time and travel without at least knowing something of the reason why things were and are. Let us glance our eye over the map, and sweep within our vision all that tract of country away north, half way through Asia, south to Singapore, east and west from Egypt to Japan. Over that vast tract of country there reigns five religions: the Hindoo, the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Parsee, the Christian. And yet, when I say vast region, am I right? Suffer for one moment the mind, as a rocket soars heavenward, to peer an instant at the starry host, our universe, and not the universe only, and there see the nearest out of twenty million stars, itself 19,000,000,000,000 miles away, and then tell me, is it a vast region? It is well to let one's thoughts linger on the great host of heaven, then over the millions of souls living in the tract of land through whose religious history we wish to glance, and then to rest, weary and exhausted, on that, to us, centre and pivot of all worlds and space, and time and eternity, and cry out, "One God!"

As far as I can make out, the Hindoo religion is the most ancient of the five I have mentioned; of course excepting the Christian, with its lean on the Old-Testament histories.

Some time during the reigns of the Solar kings, there reigned one Divodasa at Cashi, who was a good and holy king, ruling his people kindly, and serving his gods reverently, according to the instructions contained in the four books of the Vedas. But the gods, alas, got angry with this good king, and planned his overthrow. Ganesha in vain strove to shake his faith, Vishnu succeeded. Of these facts there can be no doubt, and therefore I think I am justified in saying that the religion of Buddha is of later origin than the

Hindoo religion, because the Brahminical religion was taught in the doctrines of the Vedas, which Divodasa was vainly striving to comply with.

"So we shall begin with Brahm, the creator of the world, the author of the four books of the Vedas, the former of castes; to wit, Brahmins (priests), from his mouth, the seat of wisdom; Kshatriyas (warriors), from his heart; Vaisyas (shepherds), from his belly; Sudras (labourers), from his feet. Brahm was the revealer of himself as Brahma (the creator), Vishnu (the preserver), Siva (the destroyer). Thus Brahm inaugurated the true faith. The Brahmins, whose life sprung from the seat of wisdom of Brahm, by far the most holy, divided themselves into seven subdivisions, of which the Rishis, the dwellers in the holy north, and the Gymnosophists, the guardians of the four books of the Vedas, were the highest. Of these the greater number venerate the three hypostases of the godhead equally, but some exhibit a preference in their homage; to wit, the sects of Nama, Vishnu's devotees, and Lingam, Siva's. These again are divided into many subdivisions, and the lower castes intermingle."

"In the life of a Brahmin there are four stages: Brahmachari, Grihastha, Vanaprastha, Sunnyassi. In the latter two stages the most holy deeds are done. The Djogis pass through fire to propitiate deity, and torture their bodies; the Panduris promote devotion by indecency."

The great work of Brahm as affecting our day was the introduction of caste; a prejudice, a passion, a pride, so deep that, rather than yield one of its demands, country, comfort, freedom must itself yield. Certainly Brahm, or caste at least, is answerable for our being in India; for hardly without the aid of the antagonism it begets among themselves

could we have conquered it; but also as certainly is it a weapon that any day may turn against us, if controlled by unskilful hands.

Taking the Hindoo religion as the great foundation of the religions of the East, and passing by the sad perversion of Divodasa, to which we alluded above, we shall look at the religion of Buddha in the year B.C. 623. But first remark that, though a Hindoo very properly views a Buddhist in the light of a non-faithful man, yet he is in some way involved in his religion; seeing that Brahm himself, in one of his impersonations as Vishnu, chose to subvert the ancient faith, and cause poor Divodasa to believe that no credit was due to the sacred books of the Vedas, that image-worship and sacrifice were wrong, that at death the elements of the body dissolve and transmigration is not; that pleasure, the body, women, are the only objects of worship, and abstinence, piety, charity, a mistake; that the world has not a creator or cause, and that Brahm, Vishnu, Siva, are mere creatures of fancy.

In B.C. 623, at Kapila Wastu, was born Gotama. He is the recognised head of the Buddhist religion, but to apprehend how is not altogether so easy. He was the son of a king, married at sixteen, at the age of twenty-nine took a peep at his new-born child, then ran away from it and his wife, and took to the life of an ascetic. After six years of such life, he grappled with the powers of darkness, overcame, and became a Buddha, having attained to the "extinction of desire." At thirty-five he sent from Benares sixty missionaries to proclaim that a supreme Buddha had appeared; was not daunted either by the persecutions of his brother-in-law Dewadatta, or by the assertions of equality on the part of other sects, especially the fire-worshippers, but on the contrary, confounded scepticism, proved the emptiness of sen-

suous desires, and died at eighty of indigestion from pork given him by one Chunda, a smith, at Kusinara. He was beautiful in person, graceful in manner, inoffensive in disposition; and now Ceylon, China, Siam, Burmah, Thibet, 483,000,000 souls, claim his worship, accept his law as inspired, and ponder thereon with delight and astonishment. "All things proceed from some cause. Avoid all demerit; obtain all merit." Gotama claimed for himself an intuitive, underived power of intelligence. He was Buddha; that is, he to whom truth is known. He alone, by his sole intuition, knew of three previous appearances (of *his* three previous appearances) of Buddha; and one Maitree is still to come, but after a lapse of time that can only be reckoned by an array of figures 44,000 feet long. Gotama visited Ceylon to neutralise their reverence there for Rama, and to substitute himself. He succeeded. It was a radical change. Rama was a great king of the Solar race, B.C. 1400, who made himself of such note, that his fame and his worship travelled from the extreme north to the south of India.

The pith of the creed of Buddha is the extinction of desire, which attained, there follows nonentity. His teachings were preserved in the memory of his followers for four hundred and fifty years before they were put in writing, so perhaps they may have forgotten something; though as there are eight hundred large volumes of Buddhist scriptures in China, they ought not. By abolishing caste and permitting priests to retire from the priesthood temporarily or permanently, he fused, as it were, the social and religious life in one. When, however, a Buddhist is a priest, he ought not to take life, or say what is not true, or take what is not given, or have sexual intercourse, or drink intoxicating liquors, or eat solid food after mid-day, or amuse or adorn himself; he ought to

shave his head, wear one yellow dress and have three, an alms bowl, a loin girdle, a razor, a needle, and a piece of rag. The temple may be rich in which he serves, but not he. There is no reward to be expected from the worship of Buddha or the sacred tree; it is its own reward. If you do wrong you will suffer; if you don't you won't. Meditation and abstraction will produce perfection, and when you are perfect you are able to do anything; but few are perfect. Buddhism teaches that all creation is derived from a non-intelligent power, and man a temporary creation. It suggests that great results will follow from small acts, is mild in its teaching, "and carries weight over a theatre of action without a parallel in extent, over half the population, and half the period of the present economy of man's existence on the earth."

A branch of the same religion is the grand Llama of Lassa, in Thibet. His claims are acknowledged, and he is worshipped almost, if not quite, by all the wandering tribes of Tartars from the Volga to Corea.

And now we shall glance at the only other religion, except the Christian and the Mohammedan, the Parsee. Subverted, A.D. 651, by the introduction of the Mohammedan faith, a remnant still clings to their ancient, simple, and beautiful faith, the purest of all.

Hormazd, the good principal or god, is worshipped. The sun, fire, light—the highest visible suggestion of the Great Light—is accepted as a means whereby to approach that Great Light; and so at the set of sun you may still see the Parsee, unmoved by all about him, offering up his prayers for light. Whether or not I idealized I don't know, but I remember once standing by the sea-shore at Bombay, and near to me was a Parsee at prayer. He stood facing the

sea. The great red sun sank gradually in the calm and motionless ocean, and as it sank an increasing agony of prayer seemed to come over the Parsee. His attitudes were those of one supplicating, imploring the refulgent emblem of his faith to stay its flight; and when it had sunk, the gloom of great darkness, the dejection of despair, overwhelmed him. For a moment or two he stood motionless and dumb; and then, as though hope dawned on him, he appeared to utter a last short prayer of glad expectation that light would rise on the morrow, and so went away.

Of the Christian and Mohammedan religions we need not speak. The latter is dwarfed to the religion of a sect, when we remember that the date of its birth is as late as A.D. 620.

This shadowy outline of a great subject helps me, when I enter the vast caverns of Elephanta, when I see the tomb of the tooth of Buddha at Candy. It helps me a little better to realise why things are, by whom they were, what was the spring of the motive that made them; and it leaves me bewildered. A world thousands of years old, millions upon millions of souls alive, dead, and still to be: a centre of faith on which we believe the world has turned from its foundation until now, and to its dissolution: and yet there are to-day, Hindoos, 120,000,000; Buddhists, 483,000,000; Parsees, 1,000,000; Mohammedans, 120,000,000; Savages, 189,000,000; Jews, 8,000,000; Christians, 353,000,000. So that there are now (and what have there not been?) 921,000,000 non-Christians to 353,000,000 Christians in the world. Why?*

* Is it possible that an answer is found here? Mr. Forsyth, who has already preceded us where we hold account is taken not of deeds only but of words, in his "Highlands of Central India," thus speaks on page 162: "But so long as the vast wildernesses of these central highlands remain uncleared, which physical causes will in great measure render a permanent necessity, so *long must human inhabitants of a type fitted*

From Bombay, if you will come with me, we shall now start and go over a continuation of the Ghauts we crossed from Poonah to Bombay, but here called the Tull Ghauts. We shall wind up them by means of a gentle gradient; and then, when we have surmounted them, we shall pass through miles of stunted wood, carpeted with withered grass, burnt up with the heat. We shall leave this forest, and emerge on to a bare, flat, burnt-up plain, hardly broken even by a tree; perhaps every now and then a few thatched peasants' huts are seen, but otherwise there is nothing to vary the monotony of the scene, extending over most of the 519 miles which separate Bombay from Nagpore. The time occupied in passing over this uninteresting plain, where the stations with few exceptions seem only needed as water depôts for the engine, was twenty-seven hours, and we got to Nagpore at 4 P.M. on Thursday, the 18th of March, 1869. Lord Napier was in the same train, and was met at this place by a small respectable-looking company of volunteers, whilst a few men of a detachment of the 90th assisted as spectators.

Nagpore has two distinctions—it is one of the hottest, and one of the most central places in India. In appearance it is not altogether unattractive. It has a hill, a few trees, and a little grass. Here we left the train and took the road to Jubulpore, and here also we made our first introduction to a country inn in India. How shall I describe it? A bungalow must first be conceived, with its mouth, eyes, ears, all open

to occupy them continue to exist." Is it possible, I say, that this remark applicable to the Gónd may be amplified, paraphrased, and read thus: "But so long as the vast wilderness of the imperfect nature of man—moral or mental—remains as it is, which divine laws, working by physical causes, at present render a necessity, so long must human inhabitants of a type suitable continue to exist." This conception does not invalidate Christianity, but, if true, it throws the door of charity wide, and heralds slow but certain change.

to catch the smallest puff of wind; but there is not the smallest puff to catch: a dead, heavy, sultry air lies motionless all around; a punkah wallah, with one eye, struggles to animate the limp forms of the Europeans inside, who lie listlessly on their lounging-chairs, their feet as high as their heads; they hope thus to mitigate the oppressive feeling of the blood's stagnating about the calves of the legs and inside the knee, and hope by propping their nether end up, to give it a hoist back again to the heart. The hotel has a centre reception-room, with green, open-work, blinds acting both as outer door and as doors to the smaller rooms opening from either side of it. Loads of bare-footed native servants glide about, each seemingly assisting the other to do nothing; and you, like the ostrich who covers her head in the sand and says, "nobody will see me," get behind the open chick, undress, take a bath in a round tub, and say, "nobody will see me." About seven o'clock came dinner, and we prepared to start at 9 P.M., and really get off at 1 A.M. This detention arose in consequence of a brilliant storm of purple lightning, rolling thunder, and torrents of rain.

The drive from Nagpore to Jubulpore occupied from 1 A.M. on Friday to 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and we accomplished a hundred and fifty miles. The features of the country through which we passed were chiefly woody. Surmounting two so-called passes, the Kurae and the Silwa —which passes were themselves in the Sat Pura range of mountains—we finally sank on the Narbada river, crossed it, and reached Jubulpore. Interest in this road, now that the railway is opened, has lessened, but it is not devoid of beauty. In itself well made and broad, it passes over elevations of several hundred feet, now affording you glimpses of far-off ranges of wooded hills, not unlike distant views in

Hampshire; again passing mid forests of trees, where lack of undergrowth enables you to see far into their midst, and from which you hope to see a tiger creep, and verify the reports that reach you of So-and-So having been crunched up by one only that day week. Every now and then your driver wakens the echoes, by a blast from a huge horn, with which he is armed, and so warns the little bullock hackeries and pony carts to get out of the way. Sometimes you come on a wretched collection of wigwams, booths of interwoven branches and mud.

You stop me. You tell me you don't know what a wigwam is. You tell me you don't understand how these wretched savages live. Ah, Theassia! how can I explain it? Let me see; to-day is Sunday. Borrow the dear duchess's carriage, and come with me. I fear I can't ask you to drive farther than to Stewart's Terrace, Corunna Road. We must stop there. Henry will let us out, and you and I will leave the carriage and pass but a very few paces on to Battersea Fields. There, my dear cousin, you will see a wigwam. Yes, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, you will find your fellow-creatures living in wigwams worse, ay, infinitely worse in construction, in protection against cold and wet, than the wigwams of those horrid savages whose dwellings, as we were passing, you stopped me to explain what they were like. On Battersea Fields, on this same hot Sunday in July, you will see the Christian peppering sparrows and running about in the full bliss of infinite ignorance from out a construction he calls a home, worse, in all appliance of mechanical skill, than the worst wigwam that ever was invented by the savage. Let us forget such matters, go back to the carriage, and tell Henry to drive us to Lady Chatterbox's drum.

I have almost forgotten myself. Your questions have carried me away from the booths of interwoven branches that we have just passed, and made me almost forget the strings of all but naked coolies, men and women, working on the roads. Seoni is a place of some slight pretension, at least it owned, I believe, a resident civil officer, a piece of water, a collection of natives, and a good traveller's bungalow. We passed strings of laden camels, saw an elephant, an excellent representation of a wild one, as he was feeding by a tank, loose, and in the forest, and assisted at a gorge by vultures off some carrion. The Narbada was crossed with the help of two bullocks and two buffalo. There was little water in it; a few small boats laden with fruits of the soil, some coolies who were mending the road, some rather bold but not high rocks, a few mud huts, a temple and two priests, composed its *mise en scène*. Jubulpore was now only five miles away, and as we arrived just too late for that day's train, it left us ample time to find out the excellences of Palmer's Hotel and the beauties of the place, but not enough to visit the famous marble rocks a few miles away. Jubulpore itself, like so many other Indian places (a sort of oasis of bungalows in the midst of a bare plain of sandy soil), by reason of some grass, and some good trees, and of the graceful clumps of bamboo, is not devoid of attraction. We left it at 3 P.M. the following day, and reached Allahabad at 10 A.M. the next morning.

By a good map you will see that a portion of the line between Jubulpore and Cawnpore runs through a district not ours, but only under our protectorate, and is flanked on its north and west by the huge tract of country marked as Rajpootana, so recently the scene of famine. The territory of two Rajahs, at least, is passed—Meyhar and Rewah—

whereto a comparison in productiveness and general comfort goes very much in favour of the countries directly under our rule. Meyhar's land lay chiefly in a valley, made to be fertile, but apparently unproductive. A river ran through its midst, by which it could be drained if too damp, or, by streams collected from the hills that framed-in the valley, irrigated if too dry. As it was, it—and much country extending over many miles—was the home of deer, bear, tiger, wolves, and poverty. A few wretched peasants herded a few buffalo. The stations seemed conveniences merely for through passengers—the dining place at Sutna, to wit—or water depôts for the engines; but assuredly not for the use of what did not seem to exist—a population.

Cawnpore! what a mist of blood, of bitter agony, of fear and of death, rises up still at the sound of that name! Were the place to be re-christened and, instead of Cawnpore only, called the Massacre at Cawnpore, it would sound only natural to an Englishman, so familiarised has his mind become to the coupling of the two sounds; but now life goes on there as though death had never been. A large, wide, dusty, chalky plain divides the station from the town, itself quite uninteresting, and spreading over a considerable extent, with a semicircle of shops, and the Ganges. Yes, here is our introduction to that sacred river; and if visions of pure water, inviting the body to sink in it and there find death, or the soul, having found it, and having passed into flame to float quietly down on its glittering surface, have filled the mind, dispel the illusion and accept the fact of its being an ugly, sluggish, muddy river, not even wide enough here to command admiration or astonishment.

The monument over the well at Cawnpore delighted me as much as it displeases many. Marochetti made the statue;

but old Indians, because the sprig of cypress in the hand of the colossal figure somewhat, to them, resembles a sweeper's broom, condemn it. The monument stands in the midst of a garden—a wilderness, if such term may be applied to a place beautifully kept up—of roses, their beauty and fragrance commingling with the fresh green of shrubs and of grass. On either side of the monument are buried some of the victims of the great mutiny, whilst the monument itself consists of an octagonal but roofless wall of gothic windows, surrounding a large statue of an angel in white marble. No band or picnic is allowed in the gardens; but the memory of those who passed from amongst us, mid agony and bloodshed, is enshrined in the midst of the beauties of art and nature.

The evening of the morning we arrived at Cawnpore we left it for Lucknow, and arrived there after dark. It is always polite not to forget people, and as I knew I should meet at Lucknow a cousin whom I had not seen for years, I was prompt enough to shake hands very kindly, and greet affectionately a general officer who happened to be at the station, but who didn't happen to be my cousin, so that deception failed. Talking of meeting people, I never shall forget a little Swiss girl I came up in the train with from Folkestone. It was a full carriage, bringing the boat passengers up to town; and after we had been seated a little while, I overheard a conversation going on in French between this girl and a gentleman. At first I thought he was part of her effects, but soon gathered that he was as much a stranger to her as I was, and so felt emboldened to listen. Her tale seemed to be that she was going to Edinburgh, and probably was a governess; had come from Switzerland, had stayed a night in Paris, and positively did not know one word of English. She didn't know a soul in England but one, and

that one she had to meet at Charing Cross Station. It was a cousin whom she had not seen for years, not since he was a boy; but who had to declare his identity by holding up his umbrella. "Where did the cousin live?" said the gentleman. "Oh, in Vardoor Stree," was the answer. When we got to Charing Cross it was dark. There was a great crowd and confusion; and the gentleman to whom she had been talking got out of the carriage, with considerable activity, possibly fearing he might be saddled with the young lady in her explorations in "Vardoor Stree," if the cousin and the umbrella didn't turn up. Truth to say, I was rather glad. Out of the train got this little girl, perhaps about seventeen or eighteen years old, without power to open her lips except in French; and there, in the midst of all the bustle, she stood perfectly still, looking for an umbrella. I placed myself on guard, and had already planned the most refined schemes of Platonic gallantry in the event of there being no umbrella; when, at last, alas! there hove in sight a he animal with a waving pennon, in the shape of a *parapluie*, and to this haven I saw the girl dart. No doubt she asked if it belonged to "Vardoor Stree," and finding that it did, I had to relieve guard. But suppose he had been late, or ill, or a thousand "supposes?" Ah, well, then I should have begun, a bow first, "Pardon, Mademoiselle."

Will Mr. Sewell forgive me if I here borrow a little from his excellent "Analytical History?" and so endeavour to get some vague notion of those who speak to us still in their works?

How shall we begin? Let us realise, in fancy, the year A.D. 999, and stamp on it the name of Mahmud of Ghazni. From him and from that date we shall see falling, as water over a cascade, now dashed against this stone,

now with irresistible impetus flowing steadily and swiftly over some smooth scarp of rock, again broken, foaming, and troubled, but always going on—we shall see, I say, a clear sequence of events, however broken the surface, a cause and an effect, and read on a page man's works from Mahmud to Mayo. But though I have asked that we should fix our entrance into Indian history at A.D. 999, let us not forget that that date was but the little child of A.D. 570, when a great cause of wonderful result, Mohammed, was born; whilst he, too, toddled on the footsteps of generation on generation that had preceded him—generations of people with instincts of love and passion as we have, to whom, as to us, the minute events of their own lives was everything. Yes, when, in A.D. 1001, Mahmud of Ghazni, the son of a slave, carried the sword of the prophet into India, he found there men and women to whom the acts of the invader were everything or nothing, simply as it affected themselves; but who ate and drank and slept and fought just as we do, and who in themselves formed for themselves the pivot of their own world. Round them it revolved, and if they stopped, for them, at least, it did. But I gather that of such reflections Mahmud had little store when he drove his invading armies to the sacred city of Somnath, and there heeded not the supplications of the priests to spare "only that little idol;" but, breaking it up, found it filled with diamonds and treasure. It was those of like feelings with ourselves that saw, with horror, this rude conqueror invade their holy temple, break their idols, and carry off their sandal-wood gates—gates of such beauty then, that Mahmud carried them from Guzerat to Ghazni, and Lord Ellenborough, eight centuries later, to Agra. Their beauty is gone, but their sacredness remains; and when we saw them at Agra, we

were told that the Hindoos would give a million for them.

Mahmud's rule so affected India, that when he died, in 1032, his descendants held sway for a hundred and eighty-three years, fighting, of course, always fighting, and being driven out of many places by the Hindoo kings of Delhi, even so soon as ten years after the death of Mahmud. As an elephant about to uproot some rather larger tree than ordinary, shakes it and loosens its root-hold with his great trunk and head, so Mahmud had shaken the Hindoo powers that were then, and the tree was ready to fall. About 1193, Kutb-u-din, an ennobled slave (the Hindoo kings of Delhi overthrown), announced himself the first Mohammedan king of Delhi. Thus, built from out the ruins of this Hindoo capital, already of twelve centuries' duration, there was to rise the new city of Delhi.

It is A.D. 1217. A descendant of the first slave-king of Delhi is on the throne, and there comes sweeping down from the north a hurricane of wild inroad; an army of ruthless and rapacious invaders, destined still more to change the aspect of men and things on the plains. Genghiz Khan, a Mogul, one of a race of shepherds occupying Mongolia, Thibet, Manchuria, a professor of the religion of Llama, and chief of an important clan, leads it. First, by the aid of the union of brother clans, and then by the absorption into his own army of the Tartars whom he had conquered, he swept over the country lying north of India, and then invaded India itself.

Yet Genghiz Khan's invasion was but the herald of that greater invasion which was to come a century later; when Tamerlane, the descendant of Genghiz on the female side, came, conquered, and left his indelible mark.

Let us glance at the period that intervenes between the years 1217 and 1398. The slave-kings reigned in Delhi in 1217 and up to 1288, and were succeeded by the house of Khilgi, from 1288 to 1321; during which time the Moguls were again attempting to force their way into Hindostan. The Mohammedan power was spreading, and in 1309 had crept all down the east coast among the Tamils, even to Comorin. The house of Khilgi was succeeded by that of Toghlak, 1321 to 1414. During the reigns of this house disruption occurs, and the eastern coast, Bengal, and the Deccan, gain independence. Malwa, Guzerat, Candeish do likewise; and then there comes terror on terror, and the dread Tamerlane. Timur the Tartar hies him down on the trembling Delhi, 1398, devastates it, and, loaded with booty, gets him back by Cabul into the country beyond. And then there follows, on the ruins of the house of Toghlak, the rule of the Seiads, 1414—1450; and then the house of Lodi, and then——Ah! then, the cataract of the sequence of events breaks from the rocks and stones of rising and falling families, over which, up to now, it has been fitfully dashing itself, and falls in an unbroken line from Baber, 1524, sixth in descent from Tamerlane, to Mohammed Bahadur in 1857.

Striving, as we have been, to get a history of events in one glance, we have kept Delhi as the central point. With such point we easier admit into our mental vision the claims of rival capitals; capitals rising and falling as the stream of time passes over them; made now by the successful ambition of deputies, and again marred by the decadence of the same power. When Baber the Mogul wrenched Delhi and Agra from the house of Lodi in 1526, he found that there was not much in the rule of Delhi but the name. There were independent rulers at Guzerat, Malwa, Candeish; there were

many Rajput; one "Jeypore;" with whose descendant Lady Mayo, first of all ladies of Europe, danced at Simla in 1869. Whilst at Ahmednugger, where we were but a short time ago, there was in 1526 a little kingdom founded by a celebrated Brahmin; and from which little kingdom sprang the Mahrattas, of whom we spoke when we were at Poonah.

What, then, have we now seen of Indian history? "Nothing." True; yet have we seen that the great plains of Hindostan have been subject over and over again to the inroads of those who have sought by might to conquer right; and we see that, however indefensible in logic our own sway in India may be, yet, so far as goes the judgment of short-sighted mortals, it is wise, beneficent, and just. It causes to cohere elements that would burst into ten thousand sparks, were the weight that condenses them to be removed; and, acting for the general good, is often personally unpopular. We have seen Hindoo princes ruling Hindoo people; Mohammedan kings ruling over both Hindoo princes and people; and Christian governors ruling Mohammedan kings and Hindoo princes and people all alike.

Lucknow, a collection of fine buildings, generally separated from one another by some short distance, of good dwellings for Europeans, and of good shops, is one of the gayest towns in India. It has not a long history, and its palaces and tombs are all nearly connected with the people who have lived not many generations ago. We had but a few hours there, and, as we hurried on, picked up scraps of information. That is a fine building standing by itself in a sort of park; what is that? "The Martinière College, founded by M. Martin, who seems to have had some good in him, though he did make himself marvellously rich some time between 1735 and 1800." "This grand building, under which he is

buried, seems to have been offered to some Nawab Vizier, but eventually to have been set apart and endowed as a school." And these gardens, with their exquisite roses and pretty marble house for the band to play in, have they a history? "No: merely the public gardens." "But there, you see that great walled-in garden?" "Secundera-bagh that is, where Lord Clyde, in 1857, driving the rebels before him, killed two thousand of them." And that mass of masonry, of priests' rooms in the outer circle, and of a small temple within, one mass of glass lamps? "That is Sha-nu-jee, the tomb of Ghazi-u-din, 1814—1827, first King of Oude; and those old Mussulmen squatted about are repeating the Koran; and those two hunting chetahs are out for exercise. They belong to some native swell here away, and are very beautiful. When they do hunt well, which generally they don't—a small nullah turning them from their quarry, or a false spring making them sulk for the rest of the day—they are very valuable; and when they do, stealthily crawling, sneak up to their prey, and there make the fatal and beautiful spring, then it is the hunter is repaid for his trouble, and the deer ends his. This old palace, standing on the banks of the Goomtee, has been turned into a club; and that grand old fort, the Mutcheebhawan with its, they say, largest vaulted room in the world, the tomb of Asoff-u-dowlah, 1775—1797, is what we could not hold during the mutiny, and where we blew up two million cartridges. Here again, too, is another lamp-begirt temple and death-place—that of Mohammed Ali Shah, king between 1837 and 1842." But let us not always linger amongst the dead, but accept the invitation of Nawab Moshun-ul-Dowlah, and call upon him. An elderly gentle-man, in a semi-European morning costume, with a pension

of £15,000 a year, and the blood of the kings of Oude in his veins, living in a house in the town, greets us. He has a stable full of horses, and a house full of servants; an elephant, which he offers us to ride through the bazaar on; and receives us with a kind, gentle, and courteous manner. We decline the elephant, bid the old gentleman good-day, and, preparatory to leaving Lucknow, pass through the king's palace, and think of the days when, with all their concubines, the old kings used to delight to dwell amid the graceful and large collection of buildings which make up the palace. They say that, some generations ago, there was a succession of miserly kings or viziers of Oude, who hoarded vast sums; and that on these there followed those who spent the hoards, and found ready for the spending 15,000,000 lacs of rupees, about £1,500,000 sterling; a pretty little sum, which they soon spent.

There is a short branch-line from Cawnpore to Lucknow, and again from Toondlah Junction to Agra. Of the country of the main line, richly cultivated, I shall not say much here, for we have to run over it again on our way down to Calcutta; but the short piece from Toondlah to Agra did not seem so fertile as that extending for miles and hundreds of miles along the main line.

CHAPTER III.

Agra—Armoury—Gates of Somnath—Taj—Delhi—White Street—Jumma Musjid—Hunayun's Tomb—Umballa—Shere Ali, who is he?—Arrival of Viceroy—Native Retinues—The Durbar—Salutes—Shere Ali's Sayings—Sunday—Monday—The Return Visit—Tuesday—The Review—Viceroy's Dinner—Durbar ends—Start for Lahore—Kunna—An Ekka—Umritsur.

HOW shall I give you, how shall I convey to myself any recollection of Agra? It would be easy to turn to a gazetteer and copy much of what is there said of the place; but that would not certainly please me, and I hope not you. Yet my notes are not copious about Agra. In these Indian cities you are left very much to guess at things. There are no cicerones; and when you don't speak Hindostanee, and any one you happen to pick up as guide doesn't speak English, the information you gain is only slight. Still I am bound to tell you what I remember of this capital of a district—of this town that claims a joint capitalship with Delhi. A place where great kings of yore lived, and built palaces and tombs—a place that, by reason of the great work of Shah Jehan, claims the exclusive homage of the world. Why we etched for ourselves the history of India was, that as we passed through these towns we might have some faint knowledge of those who built the places that we see still remaining; and now, therefore, we know that Shah Jehan, to whom the immortality of Agra belongs, was of the Mogul dynasty. As we neared Agra, the great features of the place—the magnificent red sandstone fort, the matchless white marble Taj—stood out well

to view. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and as the Taj can be best seen by moonlight, we hurried to the fort, to see all that the few remaining hours of daylight would let us see. Passing underneath the massive walls, we ascended the steep rise within, and went from amidst the uses of the present age, in the shape of the tent stores of the Viceroy, to the useless and beautiful relics of the past. Here we found the beautiful marble mosque; the court overlooking the river, with its tessellated marble pavement, whereon one of the old kings of yore used to play at chess, his women his chess-men; and the gardens overlooking the Jumna. We sought the armoury, and saw the old sacred gates of Somnath, the scent from whose sandal-wood is gone, and the glory of whose carving age has dimmed and blurred, but whose value to the Hindoo remains still. And then, as the day waned, and the brilliant Eastern moon illumined us with its silvery light, we sought the Taj.

"It was built by Shah Jehan, 1627—1658, to the memory of his wife Mumtaz Mahal; it stands on a marble terrace, is flanked by two mosques, and is surrounded by gardens; it is of white marble, with a high cupola of four minarets. In the centre of the inside is a lofty hall of a circular form under the dome, in the middle of which is the tomb, enclosed within an open screen of elaborate tracery formed of marble, and mosaics of lapis lazuli, jasper, blood-stone, golden-stone, chalcedony, agate."—(Elphinstone.) But that is not what I want to tell you. I want to tell you of the exquisite effect that its conception, its design, its execution, its proportion yields. As the soft glittering light—seen either by sun or moon—thrown from it steals over you, you think you see the bride whose memory it hallows. A sort of mystic, ethereal beauty girds it, and the eye rests on its perfect pro-

portions with a sense of relief and repose. Nor is the eye only charmed; but standing mid the flowering shrubs of the garden, the orange, the myrtle, resting in their shadow, the sense of smell is delighted, and the ear accepts even the sharp scream of the green parrot and the coo of the dove gratefully. Altogether I consider the Taj as the most beautiful thing in the world. It seems to have succeeded so wonderfully in fulfilling its object. A tomb, it softens and stills you; a woman's tomb, it is even more entrancing, so peculiarly chaste and elegant is the effect of the light on its white marble, and open-worked windows of white marble, bathed in a gentle glittering halo. As the work of an architect, it delights through its perfect proportions, no less than in the care and minute beauty of its inlaid work. You are refreshed by the shade of its garden, and strengthened by the cool air within the sepulchre. It is sacrilege to light and flare it up with smelling torches. If it must be lit, let it be lit somewhat more scientifically.

Time and tide and Shere Ali Khan wait for no one; and so we must press on through places whose objects of historical interest and special beauty would justify a year's stay and a volume's writing; and we have only time to get a glance at them. It was 3 P.M.—mark the accuracy of my observation—on Wednesday, the 24th of March, 1869, when we arrived at Agra; 11 A.M. on the 25th of March, of the same year, when we left it; 7 P.M., on the same day, when we reached Delhi; and 5.30 P.M., on the following day, Friday (Good Friday), when we quitted it for Umballa. Delhi! what a world of interest does it not call up! From the days of Mahmud, A.D. 999, to those of Mohammed Bahadur, 1857, how has it not quivered as each fresh storm of conquest and lust has broken over it! The

pivot, as one may say, on which the history of India has turned; ruined to-day, to-morrow rising up in the glory of magnificent works of art, surrounded with a double ring of walls challenging conquest; conquered, it stands a monument, a stone record of the acts of man from those of Mohammed Toghlak, 1325 to 1351—who moved twice, if not the stones of the capital, the people at least from it—to those of the two heroes, who, at the bid of their commander, lost their lives in forcing the Cashmere gate in 1857. For us though there is time only to take a bird's-eye view of the whole, to ascend to the top of the present hotel—formerly Colonel Skinner's house, who built alike mosque and church—and see, from there and from a minaret of the Jumma Musjid, Delhi as it is now!

The most attractive spot seems to be the main, or White Street (Chandna Chowk), wide, with trees down the centre; men selling water and clanging their little brass cups together with a pretty noise; young native swells caracoling on Arabs; fruit-dealers crying their goods; and in the open shops the workers in gold lace, in Indian shawls, plying their delicate trade with a cleanly, if somewhat effeminate, zeal. Then from the modern prospect you are carried back into the far past, when you stand in the court of the splendid Jumma Musjid, built by Shah Jehan. It, no less than the Taj, impresses you with one excellence, and that is proportion. Vast in extent, there is, nevertheless, as you look at it, a repose felt in the eye which can arise from no other cause; and for the mind there is rest too. No place of worship, not even our own, adapts itself so thoroughly to the thinking mind as a mosque. There is beauty, there is gaud, there is grandeur in a Greek, in a Roman Catholic, perhaps even in a Protestant place of worship; but in a mosque there

is simplicity. There the soul can worship its Maker, but the soul only; no monument, no picture, nay, not a chair or stool, no organ or lectern; nothing but the simplest covering or enclosure where man may fall down and worship; or hear, from the humblest of low elevations, man expound his views of other men's duties and a common hope. I do not say all mosques are like this, but certainly the Jumma Musjid, the St. Peter's of Mohammedanism in India, is.

Then there are the fort and palace, still, though too much neglected, speaking of the lavish grandeur and luxurious waste of the past, perfect in architecture, glittering with white marble and gold and inlaid precious stones. In the outskirts of the present existing town there are the ruins of the old town; a splendid heap of ruins, from out which stands, every here and there, some relic of bygone ages, defying time. Such is Humayun's tomb, built of red sandstone, Saracenic in architecture, enclosed in a garden. Here it was that the last of the Mogul race fled in 1857, and that his sons were slain. The widow of Humayun built his tomb, and expended in its erection sixteen years of her life, and fifteen lacs of her rupees.

Delhi has also a pleasant park, a sort of zoological garden of tigers, panther, deer, and that amusing jungle-bird, the *minor*, who, in any number of keys, will inform you that he is not yet within the pale of the law.

Our next halt is at Umballa. We have been breaking our necks in order to get there in time, and now we are nearly there; but in accordance with our usual custom, we shall pause at the railway-station, to take a glance at what is about to happen, and why. We have time to do it, for we get there at 2 A.M. on the morning of the 27th of March, and we shall not leave the carriage till daylight.

Let us try and find out who Shere Ali Khan of Afghanistan is, and why he and we are here together. On this particular historical excursion of ours, however, I think we will begin at the end, and work backwards. Shere Ali is a son and successor of Dost Mahomed, and Dost Mahomed was an usurper. It will not take us a minute to run through Afghan history, from, let us say, A.D. 997: still it is difficult from out the mesh of their many conflicts to unweave a distinct people of Afghans. For instance, it was a Turkish slave, Alptegin, that in A.D. 997 founded the dynasty of Guzni, which we may accept as the foundation of the Afghan people, as they, as such—that is, as a practical race influencing others—now exist. If we want to be more accurate, we must break a distinct unit of a people, represented by Shere Ali, into what they are, numerous, turbulent, and rude democracies or tribes, acknowledging or half acknowledging one superior (Shere Ali), but many minor chiefs. Such essentially are the Khyberees, who will hardly let Shere Ali either in or out of his own kingdom. The length and breadth of Alptegin's kingdom was about 600 miles each way; included Cabul, Huzareh, Candahar, Herat, and consisted of about 14,000,000 inhabitants. I admit that I am very wrong in placing a beginning for the Afghan people in 997, as they say they are derived from Afghan, son of Irmiah, son of Saul, King of Israel. But I must leave you to grope back into the vault of time if you will, for I will not. After this dynasty (that of Alptegin) there arose the Ghor dynasty, and then Genghiz Khan and his successors held sway; and then, at the death of Baber, the Mogul, Afghanistan was divided between Hindostan and Persia. The Afghans proper herewith escape to their mountain fastnesses, and make an unsuccessful rebellion against the Persians in 1720, and a

successful one in 1847. This latter one is effected under the leadership of an Afghan officer of the Dooraunee tribe, Ahmed Shah, and is of more interest to us, as it directly involves in its historical sequence the man we are so shortly to meet, Shere Ali. The way it occurs is this. After the death of Ahmed Shah, there arose, as there seems always to arise, dissensions in his family, and Runjeet Sing, a Sikh (the Lion of the Punjaub), took advantage of their quarrels to deprive them of Peshawur, their then capital. Weakened by this loss, all the territory held by Ahmed Shah passed away from his descendants, except Herat, which was still held by one of his blood, Camran by name—passed away to the brothers of the minister of the late sovereign, the most noticeable of these brothers being Dost Mahomed, the father of Shere Ali. And now we English come on the scene of action; and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, we have proof of the badness of our then policy, in the discomfiture and bloodshed through which we have waded, only to be back again now at the point where we left off in 1837. We, in fact, got frightened about Russia, and so endeavoured to come to some agreement with Dost Mahomed. He declined to see as we saw, and so we suddenly saw that he was an interloper, a rebel, a thief; and said we would support the rightful heir of Ahmed Shah, Shah Shuja by name, and oust Mahomed. He held Cabul; his brothers, Candahar. We, having got Shah Shuja to provide a contingent of 4,800 men, and Runjeet Sing to lend us 6,000, put the whole, that is, these and 28,350 of our own troops, under the command of Sir John Keane, and sent them into Afghanistan. Well, we got what we wanted, for we first installed Shah Shuja at Candahar, and then, at Cabul, in August, 1839; we took Mahomed prisoner, sending him and his little boy, Shere

Ali, into exile; and then, leaving 8,000 men behind us, came back to Hindostan. Alas! the glory of our policy lasts only till 1841—it is during Lord Auckland's administration—for then an insurrection breaks out in favour of Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mahomed. Poor Sir A. Burnes, Sir W. Macnaghten, and others, lose their lives through treachery: we agree to evacuate Afghanistan, January, 1842 (Lord Ellenborough succeeds Lord Auckland); but out of 4,500 soldiers that leave Cabul, only one, Dr. Bryden, arrives at Jellalabad. Of course we must avenge this; so another expedition is fitted out. General Pollock takes 12,000 men through the Khyber pass, joins Colonel Sale at Jellalabad, is joined by Nott from Candahar, and plants the British flag at Cabul. Having done this, having rescued our prisoners, having destroyed the enemy's forts, having learnt that our old *protégé*, Shah Shuja, has been supplanted, we march back to Hindostan, and send Dost Mahomed back from there to Afghanistan. *Sic transit gloria.* At Umballa you and I are going to see Shere Ali, son of Mahomed, to put out whom, and to put in, we wasted so much blood; and are going to hear that poor Shazadah Shahpoor, Shah Shuja's heir, begs in vain for restoration to the throne of his father, and even for pension.

The natural amiability of the Afghan may be gathered from the following anecdote, which I purloin from Mr. Sewell's book. It happened only so recently as about 1816; and though of course it would not be fair to say that what was done to Shere Ali's family, Shere Ali or his family would do, yet the probability is that they would, on account of the fine Afghan blood that runs jointly in either's veins. The Baruckzye and the Suddozye (branches of the reigning house) were fighting, grappling, biting each other, like two boys in

the street, and whilst they were fighting Shere Ali's uncle fell into the hands of the excellent Mahmud and his son Camran; whereupon these two worthies had him cut up before them, joint by joint, and limb by limb, till the ghastly spectacle ended in death. How it must grieve and annoy an Afghan that a perverse victim will die when he is tortured!

Umballa, as may be imagined, was in a state of excitement and bustle on the morning of the 27th March. The station was in wild confusion, the Viceroy hourly expected, and the officials were duly anxious that all should be as it should. For ourselves, we were grateful for small things, in the shape of a biscuit, a cup of coffee, and permission to see as much as we could see without getting into any one's way. As far as the place itself is concerned, we found it to be situated on a vast plain, with a splendid background of the Himalayas, over which towered the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges. It was laid out many years ago by the present Commander-in-chief, Lord Napier, and is now a very favourite station. On this occasion the bareness of the plain was relieved by innumerable tents, from the gorgeous town of tents which formed the Viceroy and Commander-in-chief's abode, to the humble group of those that composed the home of the army. Tents, bungalows, compounds, all were put in requisition to house the official or private stranger, and hospitality was lavishly expended on the part of the residents to the visitors.

It is 6 A.M. A whistle, a scream, and then that peculiarly important thump, thump, with which the express train of royalty always seems to come into a station, proclaims that the Viceroy has arrived. On the plain outside, drawn up along the road that crossed it in front of the station, were the escort of the 4th Hussars; those who lined the road, the

14th Bengal Cavalry, in turbans, long black coats, buff trousers, and jack boots; and the Viceroy's body-guard, fine men on good horses, in long red coats and turbans, a cummerbund (sash) round their waists, and jack boots. Interspersed among these were generals in full uniform, carriages with four horses and two black postilions in red, and natives of every degree of fine dress and no dress. The most gorgeous of the dressed natives were clad in dressing-gowns of green, or blue, or spangled silk, their feet slippered and stockinged, their horses' housings more gorgeous and grotesque than it could have ever entered into the mind of Astley to conceive; their (horses') necks hung with ivory and tigers' teeth, and adorned with gold and silver ornaments, whilst the frontlets consisted of broad bands of gold, if not mixed with precious stones. Amid all this glitter of gold and ornament, the Viceroy mounts a grey Arab, and in some sober suit of mourning mufti, betakes himself to his tent. We follow, and as we go see the trains and followers of the various native princes who have come to do honour to the occasion; elephants more richly caparisoned than the horses, a mass of cloth of gold, of silver howdahs, of jingling bells and ornaments, horses, camels, and regiments — regiments of horse, and regiments of foot, and such regiments! There was one that would have made the fortune of Kean, if he had reproduced it at the Princess's, perhaps a hundred strong; with a band that produced sounds comparable with nothing except itself, or its familiar, in the shape of a lot of natives with European instruments; and with officers mounted on small ponies of no shape, culminating in one small and sorry sorrel, that bore a bed-gowned adjutant, major perhaps, but who, as he ambled along, it was impossible not to expect every moment to turn into pantaloon.

Guests of the 4th and 21st Hussars, we were soon made comfortable and ready to attend the Durbar, which was to take place in the afternoon. It was held in one of the Viceroy's tents, to reach which you had to pass along a magnificent street of them, in proportion and comfort far beyond anything we know in England. At the foot of this street was the tent of reception, enclosed within walls of canvas, where, amid servants in scarlet and on floor of scarlet, mid flowers of nature and of art—if ladies will pardon me for saying their toilet is artistic—mid generals with medals and cornets without, mid dresses more diverse than flowers in spring, mid blue ribbons and stars of India, mid natives in many-coloured silks and much jewels, we wait the arrival of the Viceroy. But first there come the lesser stars—the Maharajah of Puttialah, the chiefs of Nabha, Jheend, Kuppurtulla, and Maleir Kotla. They come in one at a time, each with his due salvo of guns, and each as he enters, his shoes off, is led to his seat by some of the many officials on duty. Some are dressed in grey silk, some in green; in turbans, and jewels of pearl and emerald, they come, and are seated. Then all the tent rises, and Sir William and Lady Mansfield pass down the centre aisle; and then a salvo of twenty-one guns, and Lord Mayo, in the rich dress of our court, and with a blue ribbon, passes down the risen crowd, and ascending the throne at the end, stands there waiting to receive Shere Ali. But there is some delay, and it is not till we are all again seated that another salvo of guns proclaims the arrival of the guest of the occasion.

The exact number of guns a native has to receive is a source of constant disturbance to his mind. Here, though a certain check was placed on the zeal of the different Rajahs' gunners, salutes for "Jheend," and salutes for "Nabha,"

salutes for all the other chiefs, kept the air alive, and—who knows?—may have been the cause of producing a beautiful mirage, which covered the plain with a lovely sheet of water, isleted with the various encampments.

Shere Ali arrives in a carriage and four, attended by Sir Donald M'Leod and accompanied by his son, a boy, or perhaps child is nearer the truth, Abdullah by name; and, alighting at the entrance of the tent, Lord Mayo, with that mixed grace and *bonhomie* peculiarly his own, advances down the centre aisle, greets the Khan cordially, and leads him to the seat on his right hand. Then Captain Grey interprets the soft nothings of the interview, says the *Times* correspondent of that day, "so well and so clearly, he could hear everything;" and in that same so much the more fortunate than your present correspondent, for he could hear nothing. We must believe that journal, then, when it says that Shere Ali spoke of the terrific dress of the Highlanders; and that when Lord Mayo said, on presenting him with his own sword, "With this may you be victorious over all your enemies, and defend all your just rights," Shere Ali replied, "I will use it not only against my enemies, but against those of the English government."

My own recollection of the Afghan ruler is, that he looked rather like Jullien, Jewish but handsome. I can easily imagine those cold eyes of his glaring with insanity, as they say they did, when his then favourite son and heir was killed by his own uncle in single combat under the walls of Candahar; and I confess to a thorough belief in the statement that Shere Ali is a cruel, relentless barbarian. Let us be charitable, and say he acts by his lights. His dress was very simple, "reratee" by name, and of the same sort as that worn hundreds of years ago by Genghiz Khan; a long loose plain

choga—dressing-gown we should call it—a black sheepskin hat, trousers, and boots.

After the conversation of the Durbar came the giving of presents, and as servant after servant, in their handsome scarlet liveries and shoeless feet, noiselessly deposited tray upon tray on the ground at the feet of Shere Ali and the Viceroy, not a sign of pleasure or gratification passed over the countenance of the usurper; and yet the whole cost of this his entertainment was reckoned at £50,000. £5,000 worth of presents, borne on fifty-one trays, are now at his feet, and consist of gold and silver ornaments, watches, clocks, vases, musical boxes, rings, shawls; whilst on their way to Afghanistan are a nine-pounder battery, some elephants, horses, and a gift in money of £12,000. In exchange for this Shere Ali offers a Russian teapot or two, a few carpets, a few horses, a few mules, and his friendship, but nothing else, not even the fine plains of Kohat, which General Lumsden thinks we ought to rent from him at the price of this entertainment. And beside the presents for Shere Ali, which will all be converted into money, plate melted down, so they say, to pay his army and consolidate therewith his power, Sir Donald M'Leod, rising, presents to the boy Abdullah a magnificent watch sparkling with diamonds. This ends the Durbar. The Viceroy leads the Khan back towards his carriage, and both vanish from amongst us spectators. Then the blue silk and the grey silk, the emeralds and pearls, that adorn the various Rajahs, vanish too; and we are left to ourselves and a common herd of "Europe" people. Shere Ali stayed at a bungalow, a guard of honour mounted at his gate, and he lived there in a sort of rude, barbaric splendour—the splendour of dirt; the splendour of confusion, of cooking; of little, small tents pitched in

the compound; of dogs brought to view, to buy, to accept as presents; the splendour of dirty, armed, rude, mop-headed attendants. He whom we delighted to honour was said to be shrewd and rude. Diplomatically, he declared the advances of Russia on his northern boundary, and Persia on his western, to be as terrific as the Highland costume of the 79th. Socially, he said, "Ah, I see, you only let your ugly women be seen." (N.B.—I beg to remark that all the ladies at Umballa were out on every possible occasion.) Practically, he asked which was the best kind of gun, and politely remarked, "Ah, then I see you have given me the worst."

SHERE ALI.

On Sunday there was a cessation of civilities, but on Monday the Viceroy paid his return visit, and was received by the Khan in another tent. There was the same ceremony attending the return visit; guards of honour, lines of soldiers, elephants gorgeously caparisoned; four camels drawing the open carriage of some magnate; salutes and music. The boy Abdullah, glittering with his diamond watch, went to fetch Lord Mayo, and escorted him in the carriage to and from the tent of interview.

On Tuesday Sir W. Mansfield held a review of some ten thousand troops; and the Viceroy, doubtless endeavouring to cheat himself into the belief that the Umballa plain was the Curragh, and the troops the Kildare hounds, put on a pair of jack-boots, and galloped away with the best of them, cheering on the cavalry charges. It reminded me of the late Prince Consort, who,—and it was one of his last reviews,—carried

away in the excitement of the moment, cheered on an irresistible charge of cavalry far beyond where the General meant it to go, and with such dash that nothing less than the racecourse railing in front of the grand-stand at the Curragh could have stopped it, but it did. Shere Ali got on an elephant, a splendid elephant with a gorgeous car on its back, weighing I dare not say how much, and all in pure silver and gold. From this elevated position he made caustic remarks, and gave his opinion freely on general warfare and on the peculiar engagement going on at his feet. If the fight was somewhat slow, the sight was very attractive. The *mêlée* of camels and elephants, and horses and carriages, the rich contrasts of colour, the gorgeous caparisonings, the bright clear morning air (it was 6 A.M.), the wide plain in the fore-ground and the grand Himalayas in the back, all clothed the sight in a rich coat of many colours. That day the Viceroy gave a dinner, and an entertainment in the evening; to which latter Shere Ali and Abdullah came, the latter taking some interest in a small "Bourke" and the piano, but still with more of the supreme indifference of his papa than altogether became, according to our ideas, youthful and laudable curiosity. The other days of the Khan's stay were spent in uneventful quiet, and on Monday he left by train for his return journey. Characteristic of the man was an interview he held at Peshawur with some of his chieftains; men whom we were accustomed to receive with deference and courtesy. To them, however, when they were presented to

STATE ELEPHANT AND CAR.

him, Shere Ali never vouchsafed even a look, but every now and again broke out into "Dogs!" and declared that death should be their instant fate if everything and all things were not according to his mind.*

* I congratulate myself that before this book has got into print it has been my good fortune to read the accompanying letter, which appears in the *Times* of the 23rd April, 1872. It does honour alike to Shere Ali and to the memory of him about whom it was so sorrowfully written.

For myself, I will not unsay what I have said of the ruler of Afghanistan, but shall reflect that proof (if proof were wanted) is given in this letter of the common worth that underlies humanity, and which is brought to the surface when the ruder and less cultivated mind finds itself suddenly cut off from the sympathy of that which it can appreciate, viz., candour, honesty, a good heart, and truth.

"CALCUTTA, *March* 29.

"The following remarkable letter, which I have this moment received, has been addressed by the Ameer of Afghanistan to the Acting Viceroy:—

"'After expressions of sorrow and affliction, be it known to your friendly heart that I have just been shocked to hear the terrible and mournful tidings of the death of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

"'By this terrible and unforeseen stroke my heart has been overwhelmed with grief and anguish, for it can scarce occur again in days so out of joint as these that the world will see another so universally beloved and esteemed for his many high and excellent qualities as him who is now in the spirit land.

"'All great and wise men have ever regarded this transitory world as a resting-place for a single night, or as an everflowing and changing stream, and have never ceased to remind their fellows that they must pass beyond it, and leave all behind them. It is, therefore, incumbent on men not to fix their affections on perishable things during the course of their short lives, which are, as it were, a loan to them from above.

"'Naught remains to the friends and survivors of him who is gone from among us but patience and resignation.

"'The unvarying friendship and kindness displayed towards me by him who is now no more had induced me to determine, if the affairs of Afghanistan at the time permitted the step, to accompany his Excellency on his return to England, so that I might obtain the gratification of a personal interview with her Majesty the Queen, and derive pleasure from travelling in the countries of Europe. Before the eternally predestined decrees, however, men must bow in silence.

"'A crooked and perverse fate always interferes to prevent the successful attainment by any human being of his most cherished desires. What more can be said or written to express my grief and sorrow.

"'It is my earnest wish that your Excellency, wherever you may be, will in future communicate to me accounts of your health, and inform me of your name and titles that I may be enabled to address my letters correctly.'

"The most curious fact in the letter is the assertion by the Ameer that it had entered his head to go to England with the Viceroy. I fear he would have found his intention impracticable, but that he should think of the thing at all is a proof of the ascendancy of Lord Mayo's character."

The Durbar ended, the Viceroy went off to shoot, Lady Mayo to Simla, and the world broke up, some for Cashmere, some for their 1,154 miles' journey of fifty-two hours, and at a cost of £12, to Calcutta, and some to remain on these already sweltering plains. For ourselves, we must prepare to start to-morrow, and to-day thank, if possible, as cordially as we feel, our kind hosts, the 21st Hussars, for their hospitality. For the first and last time in my life probably I was carried free on a railway. The fact was, the rail then was not opened between Lahore and Umballa farther than to the Beas River, but as it was an assistance to Sir Donald M'Leod to go as far as was practicable by rail, a train was placed at his disposal, and I was allowed to go in it. There was a large gathering of natives at the railway-station to bid good-bye to Sir Donald and Putealah, who went so far on his journey home in the train. The grouping of the natives at the station was very picturesque; dresses of the richest silks and colourings abounded, and jewels of great value were not rare. Maleir Kotla, a huge young man, with a tendency to corpulence and dog-skin gloves, had on a mauve dress, white skin-tight trousers, a white and red turban, silver shoes, and gold girdle with a splendid buckle of emeralds and rubies. Whilst here and there were green silk dresses, brocade dresses, turbans in red, gold, and green; gold shoes, massive gold ornaments, and handsome swords.

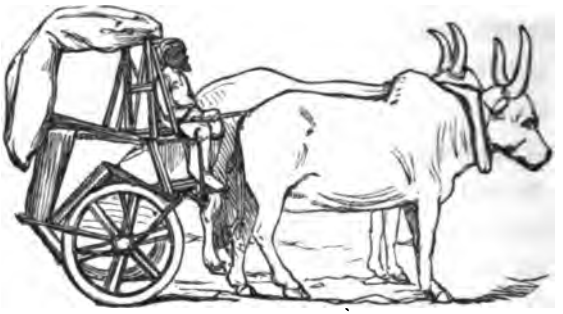
Kunna was the then terminus on the Umballa side, forty miles from it and twenty-seven from Loodiana. Luncheon had been prepared there for Sir Donald, and for him gharries were in waiting. But what was there for me? Nothing. I had hoped here to have found some ekkas, but Shere Ali, a perfect locust of locomotion, had eaten up everything, and there was neither food, friend, nor fiacre.

I sent Francis to try and waylay an ekka on the main road which ran hard by, but fruitlessly, and then sat down on my boxes and wished. I wished for a gharrie and I wished for grub.

Now I don't think it is in good taste to run round the world, and then sit down and give the names of people you have met; but there are exceptions to every rule, and if I mention Colonel Perkyns' and Mr. Burns' names here, they will pardon the offence in the cause, for the cause is gratitude; especially to the former. He reappears on the scene of our travels quite unexpectedly, and again in the same Samaritan character. My case at Kunna was one of want; I wanted to get on and I wanted food, and these gentlemen came forward, fed me, and then by their exertions procured me the how to move. Certainly that "how" was an ekka, and of all means of progression an ekka is the most inconceivably uncomfortable means of any that can be conceived, except perhaps a Japanese norimon, and I am not sure if I do except even that.

An ekka is a conveyance on two wheels, to which a horse is attached, or a couple of beil. It has a cover, and for a seat a sloping board. A native male of Japan or Hindostan, having acquired a pernicious habit of coiling himself upon his hams, puts at defiance all ideas of comfort to a "Europe" man; and thus when he, the Western, happens to have to avail himself of an Eastern conveyance specially adapted to the wants of the native, he finds himself in a position the reverse of comfortable. For me besides, on this occasion, there was added the extra luxury of baggage, into which, on to which, among which, I scrambled, and eventually reached Loodiana. From Loodiana to the Beas River, where I rejoined the train, there was no particular interest. We passed one

or two dirty, wild-looking Cabooly men trudging on far in the wake of their master; and at the station at the Beas River we came on more of Shere Ali's followers, bearing with them some of the treasure which he had received at Umballa. Loodiana, Jellundur, and Umritsur are the three largest places lying between Umballa and Lahore, which we reached on the 8th of April; and as we stayed there a few days, till



AN EKKA.

the country somewhat recovered from the drain which the Afghan and his retinue had made on its conveyance resources, we ran over to Umritsur, and visited the Golden Temple. It was here the cholera was so fearfully bad in this year 1869, and no wonder. As you pass through the narrow filthy streets, full and overflowing with humanity, you feel as though disease could not get out of the place if once it found its way in. The Golden Temple, built by Runjeet Singh, is a gorgeous offering to worship. My recollection of it is, that the approach is by a narrow street, which opens on to a square, in the centre of which is a large tank, in the centre of which again is a temple. The surrounding houses are large and picturesque. At the threshold of the sacred precincts of the temple we had to take off our shoes and substitute slippers, and then we passed among the crowd of worshippers. The

tank was full of naked devotees—for it was a great fête day at Umritsur—their loins girt with a cloth, their teeth chattering with cold, though the sun was blazing hot. The gorgeous causeway of inlaid marbles, guarded by huge silver gates, which leads from the outer side of the tank to the temple in its centre, was lined with beggars, whilst in the interior of the temple a great crowd of the faithful kept surging about; or, squatting in a ring, listened to their priests as they monotonously droned forth the duties of the living or the virtues of the dead. Cowries and money were freely thrown into the centre of the inner circle of the priests; where, amid a *débris* of roses, seated under a splendid canopy of spangled velvet, these leaders of the faith gave good-will, flowers, and sweetmeats, in exchange for good money and shells. The outside walls of the temple are inlaid, as is the Taj, but not so well done, and the general effect of the whole is rather more showy than attractive.

CHAPTER IV.

Lahore—Lion of Punjaub—Lord Gough—Unett and his Grey Squadron—Dhuleep Singh—Objects of Interest—Preparations for Cashmere—Dawks—The Start—Goojerat—Wuzeerabad—Jelum—"Beil, chelo!"—Thunderstorm—Rawul Pindee—Start for Murree—Trete Hotel—Ince's Guide—Murree awakes—Dishonoured Cheque—Rhunbheer Singh—Golab Singh—Transmigration and its Consequences—Start for Cashmere—Kohala—Cavalry Encounter—Maharajahs—Bungalow at Dunna—Chikar—Huttian—Chukoti—Ooree—Naoshera—Baramula—Vale of Cashmere—Language—Boat to Sopoor—Dirt—Wulloor Lake—Capital of Cashmere.

AT Lahore we are in the centre, at the capital of a territory, which, though in its history only a dot in time, is yet to us one of no small interest. It was the capital of Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjaub, and our staunch ally. He, as we know, owed his elevation to power to Zemaum, Shah of Afghanistan, who had made him Rajah of Lahore; but from small beginnings Runjeet spread himself abroad till he became the greatest power in the north-west. His elevation took place about 1806, and his death in 1839, during which period he had consolidated for himself a kingdom; and had there not, unhappily for his heirs, arisen dissensions, his power would still probably have existed. As it was, however, at his death, the weakness of his successors, the turbulence of their armies, and the intrigues and murders of their viziers, forced a war on us, the faithful allies of the old Runjeet. As we push on our way to Cashmere, we cross soil red with the blood of friend and foe, we pass over the sites of the brilliant blunders and the dauntless courage of foe and friend, ending in the total overthrow of the new-

formed kingdom of Runjeet, and in the substitution, under British rule, of order for anarchy. But those were glorious days. Moralise as we will, recognise as we must, the miseries of war, the individual cold and hunger, and fear and ignorance, and disease and death, yet when a country or an army looks back on victory, especially when the conquered lay down their arms with tears in their eyes, a witness of the bold, proud, lofty spirit that was beaten but not broken, it is impossible but that country's pulse must throb with gratitude towards those who have conquered, and with hope that if again called upon, the wreath of the father's victory may fall on the son. Yes, there was a world of spirit and of fire in the "Let me boys at thim! let me boys at thim!" of the then commander; albeit that we know that wisdom did not dwell in the fire that found expression in the words. I believe the judgment of the thinking is against much of Lord Gough's tactics, and they tell a story of his —I think it was at Goojerat—being up in a windmill somewhere, overlooking the action, and of his staff taking away the ladder, so that he could not get down, and let "his boys" at (as he was always wanting to do) the enemy. True or not true, however, this, it is certainly true that the last and final victory of Goojerat in '49 was won by the pounding which Day's heavy guns gave the enemy; whereas the disasters of Chillianwallah were in great measure attributable to the hurling of our army on an enemy entrenched in a most favourable position amid jungle. But let us not search too narrowly into the minute facts of the past. Did we not break the power of the sons of the Lion of Lahore in two campaigns—the first in '45 and '46, whereat the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshur, Alliwal, Sobraon still make the blood tingle and the heart leap, and wherein at Ferozeshur

we still, with bated breath, see the 3rd Light Dragoons dash over the bodies of their comrades, on the ramparts of the Khalsa camp and into the guns. And then, when the power of the gallant foe was shaken, but not destroyed, and they rise again in '48, do we not see their final overthrow after Ramnugger, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat, in all which battles, except the last, it was hard for the victors to know if they were vanquished, or for the vanquished not to cry out victory? Mentally we thank each man engaged—Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, Lord Dalhousie; and as we severally may chance to know special acts of regiment, of wing, of individual—the gallant charge of Unett and his grey squadron at Chillianwallah, the sweep of the 3rd on to the ramparts at Ferozeshur—we exultingly call out to ourselves, "Ah, c'est magnifique! c'est magnifique! et c'est la guerre!"

The heir of the Lion of Lahore, Dhuleep Singh, a Christian, married, a country gentleman, and a sportsman, is in England; whilst we, in the capital enriched and embellished by his great predecessor, are surrounded by that race of nature's noblemen, of which he is one—the Sikh.

Of objects of interest at Lahore, Runjeet Singh's tomb and the palace are the most noticeable. The latter consists of a large mass of building, but with little in it worth seeing except a splendid room, of glass walls, and roof of small pieces of coloured glass; so that, when lighted up at night, it must be dazzling. In an inner room there is an Oriental window, from which a really pretty park-like view is got, and in the deep recess of which window let us imagine the Lion of Lahore permitting his sterner mood to be stolen from him, alike by the beauty of the scene on which he looks and the soft caresses of his wife. It was here Shere Ali received his chieftains, and growled forth his "Dog!" as they passed in

front of him. In the town of Lahore, of about four hundred thousand inhabitants, there is a museum, and in the museum a model of the Koh-i-noor. Questionable the taste that exhibits to the Sikh his lost gem in his lost capital; but as the battle, so the Koh-i-noor is to the strong, and so let us hope our possession of it is acquiesced in by them, and its loss not too deeply deplored. This celebrated diamond dates its birth as early as 1070, and from that date to 1849, when it went to Victoria, Empress of India, it has adorned successively the brow of the mightiest. It passed from Malwa to Mohammedan, and from Mohammedan to Mogul. It travelled from Hindostan to Afghanistan; and then, when poor Shah Shuja, the Afghan, fled for refuge to Runjeet Singh, it came back to Hindostan, remained for a few years with the Sikh and his family, and then made a long and final journey to the Tower.

We spent from the 8th to the 12th of April at Lahore, in the dry, dusty, oppressive atmosphere of which we purchased our stores for Cashmere. These consisted of two tents each, and innumerable stores of wine and eatables. The details of travel and its vicissitudes are so much easier grappled with on the spot, and the circumstances of the day and hour so alter cases, that it is best to let people make their plans on the spot. Suffice it here to say the tents we bought were cheap and good, the stores far too great, and purchaseable as cheap, considering the difference of carriage, at Murree as at Lahore.

"Ah, Sahib! burra Lord Sahib Shere Ali got all the gharries, all the biel, all the horses. Ah, Sahib!" "But I must have some." "Ah, Sahib!" And so it ends. Kiddernaut supplies three gharries. We have to start at intervals of twelve hours. You and I go on Monday, 12th April,

10 P.M. There are, no doubt, worse things than a gharrie. In them you lie at full length, read, look out, and sleep; but it is impossible to imagine anything worse in the shape of a gharrie than Kiddernaut's. We had to pay eighty rupees for our hundred and fifty miles' drive from Lahore to Rawul Pindee, and considered ourselves fortunate we hadn't to go in ekkas or bullock-carts.

Let us get in, lie down, and take an inventory of the effects by which we are surrounded. There is a sheet over the seats—or the bed, as it practically is; there is that bag that carries the odds and ends of life; there is your helmet hung up somewhere overhead, and on the shelf at your feet is your soda-water, your loaf of bread, your slippers, and possibly a pistol, without any cartridges, or cartridges without any pistol. This shelf is a constant distraction. First the bread, then the slippers give indications of falling, and then the whole shelf itself appears to be ready to give way. In your frantic efforts to remedy this evil, your head hits your helmet, and you are calmed. However, we start, or at least we get in, and then begins the battle of principles. The "encouragement"—as I call the tatt in the traces—is perhaps prepared to start, but the horse in the shafts objects; so he is beaten, and so (to make things equal) is the encouragement; this unjust infliction causes him to make such a sudden and violent plunge that his trace breaks. That begets much hard language and much delay. However, it gets mended somehow, and then there is another attempt, another violent pushing of the gharrie on the heels of the horses, and a violent resistance on their part — what you may call a stern resistance. This having gone on for various periods of from five to fifteen minutes, you become conscious of the final triumph of the biped over the quadruped; and looking

out, you perceive that he in the shafts has entirely altered his previous views of resistance, and has taken it into his head to run madly away with himself, the encouragement, the gharrie, the ghorra wallah, and the burra wallah (that is, yourself) inside. Such are Kiddernaut's dawk starts, if not Geeto's and Howard's; but I am glad to say it is not altogether the same with the government dawks. Poor brutes of horses, how one's heart bled for them! and yet one must get on; and there one had to lie, knowing that one was the unwilling cause of the extra agony which blows added to already existing suffering, in the shape of starvation, wrung shoulders, and cut fetlocks.

Ten o'clock P.M. on the 12th, Monday, when we get into the gharrie; two o'clock P.M. on the following Thursday when we get out, not by any means for the first time, but finally. The first time! I should think not, nor the fifty-first. You are out now to help to push the gharrie; again, to catch a stray peasant to catch a stray beil to get you over some particular portion of the stage which the poor horses positively cannot draw you across; again, to catch Francis, who has gone off to catch some one else to catch the stableman to catch a horse; again, to interfere in proper person between two combatants, the one your irate servant, the other the indignant and bewailing stableman, who declares he positively has not got a horse, or an ox, or an ass, to lend you. And probably if he had, they would have been so done up by starvation and previous travel as not to be fit to go on.

However, we did get to the end of our journey, and in passing by Goojerat thought of the great fight of yore, the site of which, by reason of cultivation, knows it no more. We come to Wuzeerabad and the Chenab River, in which we spend an hour, the poor little beils tugging and tugging in

vain to get us across in less time. We breakfast at Wuzeerabad, and spend a couple of hours there, which of course is not used to grease the wheels in; but after we have gone on about a quarter of a mile, then forsooth we must stop for that operation. We come to the Jelum, and spend another anxious period amid its dull muddy waters. It flows in a fine sweep half round the town, girt in as it is by a grand amphitheatre of the Himalayas, whose snow-capped summits here more particularly call for admiration. The country is rather altered in its appearance; there is not the same rich cultivation; and only a little farther and we come on the first inklings of mountain land—low spurs that have rolled down on to the plain; low sandy sterile ridges, covered with green bushes. But we have not yet quite got there, for "positively there is neither ox nor horse" to tug us out of Jelum. Nobody can make them to order, and what are we to do? But somehow or another it is wonderful how things or their substitutes do come, though they say they can't; and so eventually a meek-eyed little cow and a wheezy buffalo pant, pull, blow, and draw us at a walk wearily out of Jelum for the first stage.

I have horsed, I mean oxed myself for more than one stage by the magic of only two words, "Beil, chelo!" (Oxen, quick). I have been where there had been declared to be nothing, and I can only account for the oxen I nevertheless got by reason of *a look!* It must have been a look similar to that which Captain H—— gave the sentry when he tried to stop him, saying he was not an officer. "What did you do?" I said. "Did!" he said, "I gave him a look."

It is six o'clock P.M. There is a distant roll of thunder, and then a slight gleam of lightning. You cast your eyes over the uninviting waste of low sandy elevation up which

you toil. Your ear is deafened by the noisy chorus of crickets, and then the darkness of a storm shrouds you. The blue lightning flashes instantly; the thunder rolls and rattles over your head; the wind howls round you in such wild gusts that you involuntarily hold on to the gharrie to keep it from going over, and the rain pours down in one wide remorseless splash of water. In the midst of this wild scene, wherein there is just enough light to reveal the wilderness in which you are, a Sikh police, that your imagination colours a Thug, a robber, comes out of the darkness, speaks to your driver, accompanies your gharrie through his beat, and leads you from out the storm into the clear vault of heaven, studded with innumerable stars, and glittering with the pale light of the moon. But the storm has left its trace in the road, and the poor wretched horses suffer only more than you do in seeing how much they have to endure. You get out and push, and lighten the weight. You wish you could induce one of that long string of camels to come and give you a help, and you positively do bribe some guardian of a team of bullocks to lend you one. You get so hungry too, for one loaf of bread will not hold out for ever; and though of course there are bungalows on the way where you can get something, yet these bungalows never seem to come at the right places, or to have anything ready cooked; and you are not yet sufficiently Indian to know that that Europe feeling of "getting on" is completely out of order in the East; that there the thing to do is to rest. It always was a marvel to me how anybody got on at all. The great strings of bullock-carts seemed to me to be in a perpetual state of coma. You caught them resting by day, and you caught them making themselves snug for the night. However, somehow or another they do get on, and so did we; and by the help of

some chepatis and milk at Rowat, we were enabled, weary and tired and cross, to roll up to the door of M. de Mars' hotel at Rawul Pindee.

From Thursday to Tuesday we stayed at Rawul Pindee, one of those places that render life more endurable in India. The air is crisper and fresher; the view of the Himalayas and their cool mantle of snow refreshes you; and you feel that though you may be prostrated with the heat at Pindee, yet you have cool air, good hotels, a club, and agreeable society at Murree, seven thousand feet above you, but hard by. There are soldiers at Rawul Pindee; and, as a quarter, it is much more healthy than Peshawur, our frontier station, or Meeanmere, which adjoins Lahore. If, therefore, strategetically it was as advantageous to concentrate our forces here as to divide them into three, as at present, it would be better in a sanitary point of view.

Our heavy baggage and ourselves had converged to this point of Rawul Pindee, and the next thing was to get it up to Murree. There were three modes, and we tried all three. The first was camels; and a string of them, groaning, roaring, and gnashing their great wicked-looking teeth, came. They knelt down to receive their load; but when it came to be fastened, there was found to be no rope, and no means of keeping it on their backs. So they had to go. Next came coolies, who differed with us as to pay, and they went. Last came a bullock-cart with two fine white bullocks, and the lares and penates were packed on it. At last everything was ready, and we congratulated ourselves on the great Europe "go" that overcomes all difficulties. The road to Murree runs across a plain in front of M. de Mars' hotel windows, and I was watching the majestic progress of the penates, when all of a sudden I saw a thorough and complete collapse

of the whole business. Something had given way, I don't know what, and all our objects of vertu, marmalade pots, claret bottles, biscuit boxes, and clothes, lay prostrate on the road. After this I looked no more, and only wondered if they would get to Murree in four days, which was the limit of time allowed them, *provided* they got across the river. We had now nearly completed our order of march. There was an advance guard of cavalry, consisting of two ponies; one, a small black, that with saddle and bridle cost £5, a very noticeable creature; the other, a grey that had belonged to a bishop. There was a support of infantry with the cavalry advance-guard, in the shape of a cook, the ponies' "boys," and the valets: whilst the main body consisted, at starting, of Francis and the bullock-cart; but eventually it formed itself into a rear guard, and we constituted the main body.—"We," are the Major, Peter, and I.

Esharvoosa! Esharvoosa! into the bangey let us get. Esharvoosa! Esharvoosa! Gallop you two little mites of tatts, with your load of three Europe men and Her Majesty's mails! Gallop over the first two out of your eight stages of thirty-eight miles, from Rawul Pindee to Murree; because those first two stages are over the intervening plain, and you have not yet begun your seven thousand feet of ascent.

It was 10.30 A.M. on the 20th of April when we started for Murree, and 7 P.M. on the same day when we got there, having toiled up the twisting but good road somewhat wearily, as the recent rain had kneaded the soil into holding clay. The scenery of the ascent was not grand or very beautiful, but picturesque. On the plains close to Rawul Pindee there is cultivation; as you near the mountain-range, and small undulations rise and fall, which herald your approach to the great mountains beyond, you find the unpro-

ductive soil covered with a wild bush, in appearance not unlike, but not azalea. As you begin your ascent, you pass amid a denser undergrowth of trees, large intermingled with small, lovely flowering ones with those whose only beauty lies in their foliage; and as you pass out of this again, you look down deep kuds—valleys, as we should call them—their sides clothed in tangled forest, and their base the bed of a running stream; whilst upwards you look to forests of pine, or to bare and unclothed mountain-steeps. There is a certain danger in the road, in consequence of the sudden floods that sometimes pour down the torrents you have to cross; but when we passed, where only last year some poor officers lost their lives, a lamb might have toddled over. Half-way up, an hotel, the Trete Hotel, is met, which commands good views, and induces many a loitering traveller—not tourist here—to rest and be thankful. Does any one, though, wish to travel in these parts? Let me advise him. Procure at once Ince's "Guide to Cashmere," published by Wyman of Calcutta, and perhaps procurable in London; it contains fairly accurate and full information.

Murree had not thoroughly woke up when we got there. It was still yawning and giving that final stretch before actually rising after its winter sleep. The shops were not opened; the hotels had only half begun to expect visitors; so that we were not sorry to accept an invitation to dine at the club, and to be there received, even though in muddy boots and with no change. Our hotel was the "Rookery," a nice, clean, comfortable place, with a civil and obliging host, whom I rewarded for his civility by borrowing some money from and giving him in payment a cheque that was dishonoured. Poor man! or poor me! I am not sure which was most to be pitied—I think I, remembering the amount

of trouble I had to wade through before getting the affair finally settled. I can give any one a receipt how to do what I did, and let them find out how to undo it. First, put £100 in a bank at Lahore; second, draw by cheques on that amount till you unintentionally overdraw; third, place yourself in such a position that communication between you, the person to whom you have paid the cheque, and the banker, extends over a matter of weeks. Given these postulates, oblige me by saying how you have to repair the error, when it is not safe to send money, and you have no credit. Mind, it can be done, because I did it; but how would you do it?

Murree is a favourite hill station, though pronounced by many rather slow. It is perched on the slopes of the mountain; its houses are buried in pine forest, and it is dependent for exercise on the made pathways that connect house with house, and on them only. There is no open space where you can ride or drive on the level, and this is a disadvantage; but it possesses most of the requisites of a good hill station —good church, good houses, good doctor, and good bazaar. Here it was we laid in our final stores, reviewed our army, to which we had added a contingent in the person of Pathan, as we christened him (he had a name, but it was a long one, and as he was a Pathan we called him so), and a most excellent and useful auxiliary he proved; and leaving dawks and all the other requisites of civilization behind us, we set our faces and feet forward for the territory of the Maharajah of Jummoo and Cashmere. You know all about him, don't you? how, as they say, his name is Rhunbheer Singh, and that he is a son of Golab Singh, who bought Cashmere from us in March, 1846? It is a great pity he ever did; there is no doubt about that, though they say it was a necessity of the time. We had just come out of that series of defeats which

our foe was pleased to call victories; and we were somewhat fearful lest our late enemy should discover his mistake, and find out that he was not beaten after all. Golab Singh at that time was master of Jummoo; not, as some say, by reason of very long descent, but still he was Rajput Rajah of Jummoo, held under his sway a considerable force, and was rather a doubtful ally. To make a firm friend of him, and to recoup ourselves for the expenses of the war against the Sikhs, Lord, then Sir Henry, Hardinge agreed to sell him Cashmere for seventy-five lacs of rupees (a lac of rupees, 100,000, is about £9,270 or £9,898). To the deed of sale there were several conditions attached, and among them one that, as an acknowledgment of our superiority, he should present annually to the British government one horse, twelve goats, and six shawls. This sale may have been, as I say, a necessity of those times; but it is no doubt a source of regret in these. It has given Cashmere so patriarchal a government, that not only cannot a peasant make a pair of shoes without asking leave, but when he has made them he must sell them for a fixed price, and pay the Maharajah so much when he has sold them. The whole nation is absolutely under the iron hand of the ruler. Some people say it is wholesome. Perhaps it is; I don't know. But I do know this, that there exists in Cashmere the most lovely fertile district in India; mountains full of auriferous matter; a handsome, amiable, cheerful, dirty, lying people; and towns that are utterly indescribable from the existence there of filth of every description.

They say that the present ruler figures himself as a piece of meat in a sandwich—he is not sure if he will be eaten first by Russia or by England; and they say also that he is the richest man in the world, and that is a pretty "tall"

saying, "I guess." Not long ago, Rhunbheer Singh stopped all fishing in his rivers and lakes, and nothing would induce him to rescind the order until peremptory hints from the British Government advised him so to do. His people were starving. What mattered that? was not Golab Singh, his father, dead? Hadn't he afterwards turned into a bee, and hadn't a fish in some sportive and unwary moment swallowed the bee? Clearly then, no one must fish; for suppose some one fished the fish that swallowed the bee that swallowed the spirit of Golab? Possibly—and, O fates defend!—some unbelieving dog might swallow the fish that swallowed the bee that swallowed the spirit of Golab! So no one must fish. And yet what a handsome man Rhunbheer is, intellectual too withal; but a Hindoo of the strictest caste, and under the thumb of his priests. Crowds of loathsome fakeers haunt, fed by him, the tomb of his father at Sreenugger; whilst innumerable exorcisms are practised by him and in his name, from those used to stay the rise of the waters of the flooded Jelum, to those that strip the sinner of his sins in the cave of Umernath.

We have a journey of about 138 miles before us, broken into twelve marches; and to do this we shall enlist in our behalf that aërial feeling that greets us only in sleep, and wherewith we glide in ecstatic swiftness and ease over distances and difficulties invincible to our waking faculties. And if only we can, with our feet on the fire, lolling on some scented bank of wild flowers, or basking by the sea, realise what we read, we shall be reaping the full pleasure of travel. As Albert Smith said, the pleasure of it lay in retrospection and anticipation; but he had not realised the still higher enjoyment of those (you?) who see just what they would have seen, without trouble, and without being victims

to the minute necessities and wearinesses of life which dog incessantly the footsteps of the traveller as he moves along his course.

It is the early morning when we leave Murree; not so early as it will be on future mornings, for the inevitable delays of the first start take time to surmount. The servants have let the mules, our expected beasts of burden, escape, and coolies have to be substituted. Out of these at least one has, I mean says he has, fever, and declares he is unable to move. Tears meet expostulation, and broken sobs appeal unavailingly to the unflinching Sahib. All this takes up time; and before the few but necessary blows terminate a contest of subtlety on the one part and necessity on the other, the risen sun already foretells a hot march. The road from Murree to Daywul leads through a grand forest of oaks and deodar, among which evergreen intermingle, and from out which glimpses of distant snow-clad mountains are every now and again caught. Through this you go till you reach Daywul, where you can breakfast, and then press on to Kohala to sleep; press on through a district not unlike Cumberland in some of its features; cultivated, studded with a few isolated flat-roofed houses and villages, and peopled with a wild race who are tainted with the robber spirit of those who, from their Hazara fastnesses, still defy the power of the British. As we approach Kohala we find we have sunk to the level of the Jelum, by whose rushing current this last bungalow under British rule is situated. When we were there the bridge, which perhaps ere now unites the dependencies of Great Britain with the country of Rhunbheer Singh, was in course of erection, and the passage of the Jelum had to be effected in boats. These, loosed from the nether bank, were borne broadside across the river, victims

apparently to the play of the boiling waters, but really guided by long-experienced and accurate pilots from point to point.

The bungalow of Kohala lies in a nest amid the high and wooded mountains that line the Jelum on either side; in a nest of grass that struggles from out the dense undergrowth of forest, and forms itself into a small and sloping plateau. It was on this small field that a great battle of our cavalry took place. The time was early morning, and I, weary and worn, like the pilgrim of love, was returning to the bungalow, after vain efforts to start the coolies in good time, when what should I see but our picket out, literally, on the loose. It is not a pleasant sensation to see your horse entirely unfettered in Hindostan. What is there to hinder him from taking himself off to the river Amazon for a change? You may hope to catch your horse in England if he gets away; but in India! why he has nothing to do but to walk up to the top of Asia, jump, swim, or slide if it is frosty, across Behring Straits, and trot down to the Amazon, or Terra del Fuego if he is not tired. To prevent such length of march, on this occasion I acted with great promptitude, and seeing that the horses were running away, ran after them. The result was that they soon lost themselves in jungle, and I, myself; but following on, came out of the denser growth of wood into an open space, and there witnessed a funny scene. I found the grey paying a fruitless court to three mules and a cow; but the black was not in sight. Presently, however, and without a moment's warning, unless a short and indignant neigh may be called so, out of the surrounding jungle rushed the black, ears back, eyes glaring, and mouth open; and on to the grey he cast his mighty self. As far as size went, he had the worst of it;

but for vigour and dash he had no equal. There was no quarter asked or given; they fought with teeth and feet; they caught each other by the fore legs, pulled each other down, and wrestled. Again loosing their hold, they sprang up, whirled round, and lashed out at one another. I regretted to see no great mathematical precision on the part of the grey. He fired too high, and often kicked clean over the black's head. However, on one particular occasion he happened to catch his enemy a good broadside, which knocked him over a tiny precipice, and produced an armistice. All this time, you, knowing me to be a Briton, are aware that I was neutral. I certainly had an interest in the engagement, and was deeply touched by this exhibition of savage butchery; but I have an instinctive aversion to being hurt, and reconciled my duty with my feelings easily. When, however, there appeared on the scene a certain number of coolies, I felt myself strengthened by the presence of allies, and allowed them to interfere, secure the combatants, and lead them back in triumph. My triumph!!

On this day, Saturday, we continued our march, and passed from Hazara to Cashmere. The road led us first across the Jelum, then up through forest of low wood, of pomegranate, oaks, pine, and thick undergrowth of bush; and then over the somewhat bare but cultivated ridge of the Dunna Duk, at the bungalow of which place we gladly rested on Sunday. This was our first experience of a bungalow provided by the Maharajah of Cashmere; and whilst it would be uncourteous not to thank him for the shelter offered here free of cost to the traveller, yet it is open to question whether a small charge and more comfort would not be better than no charge and less. In the Indian bungalows you are almost sure of a table and bedstead, and also of cooking materials

and things to eat with; but in the Maharajah's you have nothing but mud walls, mud floor, and a roof, certainly no windows—except at the palace at Sreenugger, there is hardly such a thing as a bit of glass in the whole of Cashmere—and possibly no door.

On Monday we started to go from Dunna to Chikar, about sixteen miles, breakfasting on the way at Meira. It was not a very early start, about a quarter to six; and the first part was down one part of the Dunna ridge, and up the commencement of the opposite ridge, the Chikar Duk, on the other side of which lay the small town and bungalow of Chikar. The second half of the march, that is from Meira to Chikar, led us through lovely scenery. We wound through pine forests; looked down on numerous flat-roofed châlets, scattered over a foreground of lower hills, broken into peaks and knolls and basins; and up at snow-capped mountains. It was latish in the afternoon when we reached Chikar, and the setting sun had already begun to glorify, with those lights so peculiarly its own, the scenery that we passed through. The road was rough, and oftentimes as the little black scrambled up great boulders of granite, imbedded in the path which overhung a precipice, I wondered how ever he could manage to climb so securely.

The next day's march from Chikar to Huttian brought us again by the border of the Jelum, which hurried on in an irresistible torrent at our feet. The order of march is generally much the same. Up at two, three, four o'clock, whatever hour suits the length of the march in front of us, a cup of coffee, chepati (a sort of girdle cake), perhaps an egg swallowed; and then the beds rolled up, the kiltas packed, the string of coolies, servants, and sahibs start. Arriving at the final halt, we breakfast, snooze, write, read, bathe, dine, go to

bed. Sometimes, but not often, we breakfast half way; for though on a long march it is a great advantage not to go too long fasting, yet, on the other hand, it is a pleasure to feel, when you have got to your breakfast, that your day's work is altogether, and not only half, done.

On Wednesday, we went from Huttian to Chukoti, a weary march of some fifteen miles; for the pathway, instead of keeping on the even tenor of its way as it skirted the left bank of the Jelum, was for ever climbing up this ravine and down the other; ravines, torrent-beds, that intersected the path, coursing down at right angles to the river which they went to feed. They were building a fresh bungalow at Chukoti; so we had to content ourselves with the stable, and borrow one end of it from the ponies. There was a difficulty, too, about breakfast that day, though after long waiting we managed to get something. I was served to tea first out of a milk-jug, and then out of an egg-cup, whilst a third tried a soup-plate. But there was a grand bath at the place, a stream with a waterfall so nicely adapted to your need, that as you bathed you drank, and as you drank you bathed. Surrounding the bungalow was an open plateau, itself girt in by an amphitheatre of grass-covered hills, and divided into small slushy fields for rice.

The next morning we made an early start. The moon still shed its silvery light over the scene, and in the soft balmy air there rung from out the scented wood the notes of the first song-bird I had heard; clear, cheerful notes, yet with a sweet melody in them that was very pleasant; probably a thrush —the pagoda thrush, Moore's thrush, the thrush of Lalla Rookh. It may seem strange that this is the first bird or beast I have mentioned; but the truth is, that as you march through Indian jungles—I mean by main routes, or through

Cashmerian forests—you hear very few sounds, and see fewer animals. A bulbul, with its little white body and its long white silvery tail; a kingfisher, hanging like a ball of blue glass over some still and motionless river; the cry, very rarely, of a peacock, or mayhap the crow of a pheasant, is likely all you see or hear. In my short sojourn in Ceylon I saw and heard more beasts and birds—and I didn't see very many there—than I did during all my longer stay in India. The march from Chukoti first lay, as before, by the Jelum, amid forest of deodar, carpeted with dog-roses, ferns, and wild parsley, and then broke from the forest on to a plain, arid and sunburnt, but being prepared for crops; passing which, it ascended—after crossing a broad stream that fed the Jelum—a grassy hill on which, perched amid a circle of higher mountains, stood our bungalow for the night, Ooree. From here to Naoshera the road again led us by the river, but now in a valley whose sides, clad in deodar, towered high above our heads. Here, cabined amid its narrow walls, the Jelum, impatient of restraint, rushed madly on. In this march, seated under a great block of limestone, we came upon a poor blind fakeer, who propitiated his deity and obtained alms by sitting year after year, his back rounded, his brow whitened, and his naked body oscillating slowly backwards and forwards under the shadow of the rock. His long black hair was done up in a coil, and his features lacked neither symmetry nor benevolence. There, from day to day and month to month, he sits balancing himself on the soles of his feet, praying and begging. We breakfasted half-way on this march, and great was the trouble the faithful Francis had to get the tea-kilta coolies along.

The next day we went from Naoshera to Baramula; and there our weary marches came to an end, and we exchanged

the fatigues of the road for the luxury of a boat. The march was one of excessive beauty and varied characteristics. Skirting for some time the turbulent waters of the Jelum, we suddenly quitted the forest that curtailed the view, and found ourselves in a valley encircled by mountains, amid which flowed a swift, placid stream, that only reason could convince us must be the same river whose wildly rushing waves we had so lately quitted. In this valley nestled a hamlet or two, the occupants of which, as we passed, were hastening out to till the fields that winter had so long guarded as its own. From here we ascended a range of mountains that crossed our path in front, and from them looked down upon the real Happy Valley—the Vale of Cashmere. The early day had clothed the distant hills in a deep blue misty cloud, hiding all but their snow-capped summits, which glittered and shone in the light of the rising sun. The valley in front of us and below us lay a picture of calm peace. Here and there a little puff of blue smoke curled from out the lower wooded hills that fringed the valley on which men were already at work, ploughing with their little one-handed ploughs, by the side of the Jelum, that lay motionless, like a silver band, in a green setting of forest. Sheep bleated, and a cuckoo welcomed us and spring. Immediately below us, and a little to our left, lay Baramula, nestling under the protection of a wooded mountain,—a collection of quaint and picturesque wood houses, with balconies and overhanging roofs, and huts of every shape and size, nestling under the hill and bathed by the broad stream of the river. Here at Baramula we embarked in the long covered boats of the country, and exchanged rough paths and weary marches for the luxury of a "doongah." Our crew, as usual, consisted of four active bodies—a couple of males, a couple of females, with a supple-

ment of inactive ancients and moderns. The women of Cashmere are said to be, and I don't deny that they are, beautiful—oval faces, dark lustrous eyes, and white teeth; but if the most perfect brunette that ever walked were to forget to wash herself or her night-gown—worn alike by night and day—for a year, were she to wear neither shoes nor stockings, and were she to plait (and unplait *very* rarely) in long thin plaits, her luxuriant dark hair, she would probably detract somewhat from her beauty.

As you live on these boats sometimes for days together, you are now and then obliged to reconcile yourself to occasional inspections on the part of the crew, seeing that the little bit of rag that divides the for'ard (the first-class place) from the steerage (or third class, the family's residence) sometimes falls down and leaves you exposed.

The language of Cashmere is said to be "a Pracrit of the pure and original Sanscrit; and as out of a hundred words twenty-five are Sanscrit or a Pracrit, forty Persian, fifteen Hindostanee, ten Arabic, and a few Thibetian," it results that our conversation was of the most meagre nature.

It was about noon when, embarking on three boats, we let ourselves lazily enjoy the luxury of being pulled through ever-varying scenes of beauty. The Jelum here is wide and smooth. After coiling and twisting itself about after leaving Sreenugger, it flows into the Wulloor Lake, and emerging therefrom, runs in a tolerably straight line to the range of mountains that crosses its path at Baramula, where we are. The banks afford a path which the boat people avail themof to drag the boats up-stream by, allowing them on the return journey to float down with the tide, merely guiding them to where the strongest current flows. The boats

(doongahs) are long and narrow, the centre roofed, and covered by straw mattings, with straw curtains that roll up or are let down at pleasure on either side. To the guest the lion's half of the boat is ceded, whilst in a portion of the steerage part, a curtain dividing, the family and your servant live, and their and your cooking goes on. Your part you furnish with your bed, and rig up probably a table,—mine consisted of two gun-cases as the top, and some portmanteaus as the legs. In the luxury of idleness you let the hours glide by, enjoy the scenery, read, write, or walk, as it suits the whim of the moment. It is very pleasant when all things go smoothly; but when from the kitchen there roll volumes of acrid smoke, filling your eyes and nose and mouth; when mosquitoes make a relentless attack; when a sudden storm of wind and rain sweeps into your boat; or even when you find that, by the fall of the curtain, you and your most secret acts are exposed to the gaze of the boat people, you are conscious that with every sweet there is a bitter.

Our halt for the night was at Sopoor. We reached it at six o'clock. We had had throughout our sail a panorama of snow-clad mountains before us, whilst to our right and left lay low shores being prepared for harvest, or on which herds of horses, cattle, and sheep grazed. But to what a pest-house have we not got! Lying in the midst of scenery which for combination of grandeur and peaceful beauty is unsurpassed in the world, Sopoor is itself nothing but a collection of half-ruined mud-huts, standing amid heaps of filth of the most impure nature, and peopled by a cheerful race of unwashed boatmen, fishermen, and shopmen. Cashmere seems like the talent laid up in a napkin: nature has done so much, and man so little. I suppose it would be

impossible in any other country to find towns more absolutely filthy than are Cashmerian towns. Bijbehara, Sopoor, Sreenugger, rival each other in dirt, and prevent description; and yet there is a cleanliness about the people, too. After passing through smells, seeing filthy sights, and expecting pestilence, you may chance go from some narrow and foul alley into the dwelling-house of a craftsman, and find it clean, swept, and sweet. As you go into the mountains, the people are actually encrusted with dirt. In Baltistan I do not believe the people ever have washed, or ever will; but in the plains the faith of the Hindoo and the mildness of the air lead to many personal purifications; and the inhabitants of the capital of Cashmere avail themselves alike of creed and river, and wash, leaving the outside of their houses filthy, pestilential, and obscene.

As night, the still, starry night of an Eastern spring closed in around us, and we lay moored to a polluted bank in the polluted water, sounds familiar and unwelcome broke in on our rest. Cats, more hoarse and vociferous than our own, screeched out their peculiar wishes; dogs dashed distant defiance in long howls at one another; a monotonous dirge of women mingled with the other more common-place sounds, and the ping of the mosquito gave point to the whole.

From Sopoor the boats cross a portion of the Wulloor Lake, which extends northwards for some distance, and which, by reason of its sudden storms, is greatly dreaded by the boat people, and from which therefore they, as soon as they can, take refuge in a canal which skirts its southern side. For miles we pass along this canal, the banks hid in low marshy land, on which are grazing many horses and cattle up to their knees in water, in lotuses, and in reeds, their noses

buried in the water, cropping the grass at the bottom. Then the boat passes again into the Jelum at Shadipore, and again leaving it to avoid the current, strikes into one (the Kut-i-Kul) of the many canals that bisect and gird Sreenugger, and so arrives in the capital of Cashmere.

CHAPTER V.

Sreenugger—The Bridges—Houses—Palace—Temples—Poplar Avenue—Tukht-i-Suliman—Dul Lake—Gardens—Fort—Arrival of Rhunbheer Singh—The Review—The Dinner—The Flood—Kismet—Rice but no Pice—Anooman and what he looked upon—How to live in Cashmere—Down the Jelum—Pandruttun—Avantipore—Bijbeharra—Shar—Islamabad—Our Shikarree—Atchibul—Tent at Cherpoora—Afghan Bread and Francis—"Pop" and "Go Miss"—Tiger as big as an Ox—Kreer and the Danseuse—Karpoora—Bear Drive—Valley of Bring—Kandewara—If it had not been for his Dog—Plants—Coolies—Phonetic Spelling—Return to Boat—Things to buy.

SREENUGGER, Venice of the East, surpasses her European rival in the beauty of her position and in the possession of, for a grand canal, a swift flowing river; but in all that man can do she is as far behind Venice as the North Pole is distant from the South. Intersected by the Jelum, she owns as accessories thereto two large canals (the Nallee Mar and the Kut-i-Kul), whilst her main canal, the river itself, is crossed by no less than seven picturesque deodar bridges—the Ameeri, Hubba, Futteh, Zaina, Hailee, Naya, and Suffa Kudul (Kudul is a bridge). The population of the place is reckoned at a hundred and fifty thousand souls, of which twenty thousand only, including the Maharajah, are Hindoo; the rest are Mohammedans. These all live in wooden houses; houses whose exterior, resting in filth of every description on the banks of the Jelum, or lining the sides of the canals, present every variety of shape, size, and stability. With pent roofs and balconies, with windows of open trellised wood, propped up or leaning over, narrow, broad, tall, and short, they feast the eye of the artist, and disconcert that of the philanthropist.

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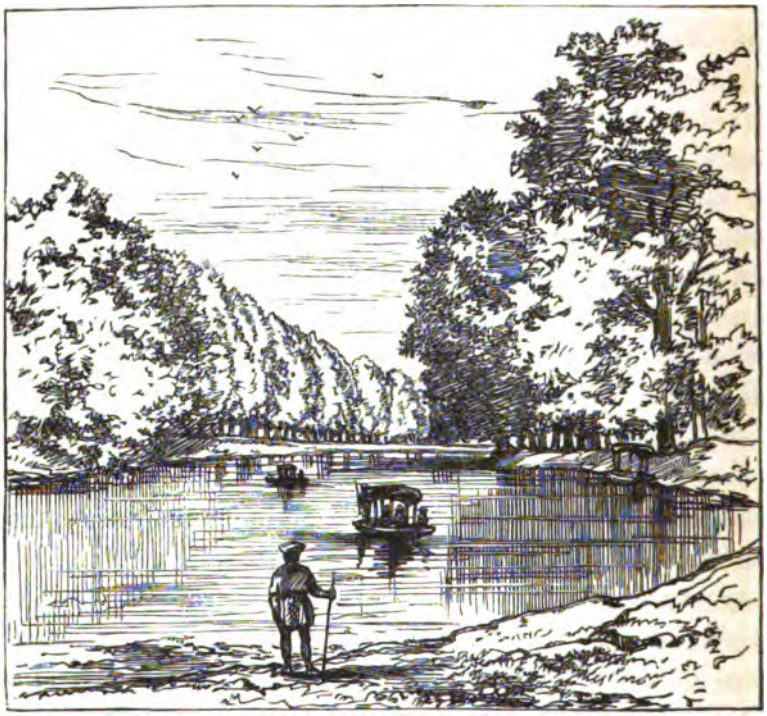
The palace of the Maharaj on the left bank of the Jelum, by the absence of almost all signs of culture, astonishes and

A BIT OF SREENUGGER AND JELUM RIVER.

disappoints the stranger; nor is his disappointment overcome by the announcement that the glittering dome-shaped roof near, the Maharaj-ke-Mundir ("royal temple"), is formed of plates of pure gold. Other temples and mosques, commingling with the heterogeneous mass of houses that line the river, are dotted here and there. Among these the finest is the Shah Humadan Musjeed, a mosque, the interior of which is composed of dark pine, somewhat elaborately carved. Farther down the river are the larger houses of the various shawl merchants, their front walls, as are those of the palaces at Venice, picturesquely situated in the river. Farther up, you come upon the isolated bungalows ("baradhurie," I believe, is their proper name here) which the Maharaj has kindly built and set apart for the use of his foreign guests. Such is the view of the town of Sreenugger; a commingling of wooden picturesque and uncomfortable houses, temples, and mosques, lining the banks of the various canals and the river; streets, narrow, tortuous, and badly paved, reeking

with mephitic odours, and disgusting with abominable sights. But in what a garden of delight is this town not situated! Within what amphitheatre of grand mountains! As you leave the more immediate precincts of the town, and your boat creeps up the side of the swift-flowing river, you find yourself running almost parallel with the matchless poplar avenue, whose long vista of 1,714 trees passes in a straight line for one mile and an eighth from the town to where it fitly ends at the base of the Tukht-i-Suliman. This sacred hill, 6,263 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,038 above its immediate base, claims veneration alike from Hindoo and Mussulman. The temple that crowns its summit is Hindoo; in fact, the Maharaj will not suffer either it or the Tukht ("hill") to be called that of Suliman, but Shunkur-Charah. The story that Suliman, having flown through the air on a carpet, seated himself here, and gave the hill its name and its veneration to the Mohammedan, is forgotten and ignored by the Hindoo, the visible witness of whose worship is found there in the shape of a temple raised by a Persian some seventy years B.C. in honour of Mahadeo. This building, in shape like a pepper-pot, is supported inside by four limestone pillars. Within these, in a sort of basin, is the "lingam," a block of limestone eighteen inches high and two feet and a half in circumference, most useful to ladies who love their lords fruitlessly. Round the lingam is coiled a serpent, and the whole crowns the summit of the Tukht, and is led up to by a long and weary flight of steps and a steep path. Worshipped as god of fructification, Mahadeo receives the offerings of many pilgrims in the shape of pice (money), milk, flowers, and fruits. A priest receives them on behalf of the god. There is a sentiment of beauty and truth in the climbing pilgrim propitiating his god by the offerings

of a bountiful nature, appealing to him by the show of what had been done for it, and claiming for himself a like bounty. But, alas! intermingled with these rites of a pure sentiment there is mixed worship expressed by the basest thoughts of human depravity, depravity not alone in morals, but in taste; as though the fallen nature of man, in seeking to ascend to his God, fell short of its purer idea, and, deeming Him like himself, sought to propitiate Him alike by the expression of his carnal and baser nature as by his spiritual and higher.



BIT OF SUNT-I-KAL CANAL AND CHENAR BAGH LYING AT THE BASE OF TUKHT-I-SULIMAN.

Beyond the Tukht-i-Suliman lies the Dul (or City) Lake, full of the poetry and romance brought by Moore home to

more graceful thoughts, but, I am bound to say, lacking somewhat in natural beauty. Cashmere is the garden of the world, and Cashmere culminates, we think, in Shalimar, Nishat, and Chusma, gardens on the borders of the Dul Lake; but it does not. Nothing that man has done in Cashmere—and these gardens are man's handiwork—can enter for one moment into comparison with the works of nature, and nature has been less lavish on the Dul Lake than on other parts of the country. This superiority of nature over man is a peculiar feature in Cashmere, and is a perfectly legitimate remark to make; for many places, Agra to wit, owe their notoriety entirely to the possession of some treasure of human skill. The banks of the Dul Lake are too tame, the water too covered with lotus and lily; even the floating gardens hardly add to the general beauty, though they give to the lake a feature almost peculiarly its own. The work of the great ones of past ages, the three gardens named, have been suffered to fall into decay, and their silent fountains, untidy walks, and straggling orchards, gave me too much the impression of a tea-garden by daylight. The Peri Mahul, on the other hand, is a ruined gem of man's work—man's ornament to the lake; as the Nusseeb Bagh, a splendid grove or garden of chenar-trees, and the Char Chenar, an island of the same trees, are nature's. Built for a college by Akhoon Mullah Shah, the tutor of the Emperor Jehan Gir, the Peri Mahul (fairy palace) stands on the slope of the southern mountains that hem in the Dul Lake, and offers to view a series of three terraces of broad but wasted gardens, and of ruined pointed windows, with a centre in each row of buildings dome-shaped.

As you pass from the Dul Lake and betake yourself down the Jelum to the town of Sreenugger, you see on your right

the fort of the Maharaj rising commandingly above the town; and, sweeping under the first bridge, you reach the palace, whose bare halls we shall enter with the sovereign. It was a lovely day in June, when two large state barges were seen winding their way up the still waters of the Jelum. In the former of these, rowed by thirty-six men, and seated on chairs under a canopy of red, was Rhunbheer Singh, Maharajah of Jummoo and Cashmere, his staff, and a few guests invited to attend him in his triumphal entry into his capital. The priests of his order had delayed his arrival for some days, seeking to discover one over which no portentous cloud of ill-luck hung. As the result proved, their hopes of success were doomed to disappointment, and the waters of the Jelum rose, and swelled, and overflowed, because the Maharaj had come to Sreenugger on an unpropitious day: but this overflowing did not occur till later. Crowds of small boats greeted the arrival of the king: in some Europeans, in some the people of the place, in some the beautiful, frail, oval-shaped, dark-eyed peris of this earthly paradise, their heads ablaze with spangles, their noses and ears heavy with rings of silver and gold. On the banks were soldiers, whose duty it was to keep pace with the swiftly-propelled boat, and to act as a running escort of foot. And thus amidst a glitter of light that shone from the eyes of the dark houris that greeted his arrival, from the glancing waters of the Jelum, and from the gorgeous sun that emblazoned all, into the cool shadow of poplar and chenar, and from out it to the shelter of a royal tent passed the son of Golab. In this tent the Maharaj received his guests. Come of a handsome family, Rhunbheer does honour to his race, and I thought, as I looked on his symmetrical face, set as it were in a framework of jewels, feathers, and harmonizing colours, that I had never

seen anything before so fully carrying out my preconceived idea of an Eastern prince. His son and heir unfortunately has no pretensions to the good looks of his father, and, if not deformed, is so short and has such unusual hip formation that it gives him almost the appearance of being so. A score of Englishmen lined one side of the tent, a dozen natives the other, and then, in front of the open square of canvas that formed it, and where we sat, the army marched past. First came a regiment of Ladakians with incomprehensible head-dresses, centre clothing of some sort or another, and bandages as their nether garment. Three or four regiments of infantry in red coatees and white ducks passed next, their words of command all given in English. Colonel Gardiner's artillery next, but without guns; and next to them a regiment that bore huge guns, or small cannon, which they prop up on spikes when they fire; the whole finishing with a grand display of some hundred cavalry, that pranced by in threes, apparently somewhat to the inconvenience of the flat brass helmets with black brush atop, the red jackets, scimitars, and white trousers of their riders. The army having been reviewed, the Europeans left, and the Maharaj immediately got off "those nasty uncomfortable chairs," and squatted on his hams preparatory to receiving a native Durbar. That evening or the next he entertained us at dinner. Gliding down the river from the visitors' bungalows, we soon reached the ugly block of building, his palace, whose walls are let into the Jelum and Kut-i-kul Canal, and alighting amidst numerous other boats, ascended a flight of wooden steps that led from the river into an open court above it. Arriving with the Commissioner, we were received by Rhunbheer's son, and led by him, amid a crowd and past sentries, their muskets in red cotton bags, to an open hall or wide balcony

overlooking the river, where the Maharaj received us. This hall, with a room to which as yet we had not access, divided the honours of the reception of the evening. Covered with white cotton cloth, it had on its three sides chairs, on which ill-dressed Europeans, the Maharaj, and his son alone sat, the other side being occupied by a bevy of Nautch girls squatting on the floor. As the Ruler and the Commissioner talked in Hindostanee, though the son speaks English, these girls rose, and half a dozen at a time, heavily clad in long muslin dresses, with frontlets, ear and nose-rings, danced their uninteresting and monotonous dance, or sang some war or love song discordantly through their noses. This went on till about half-past eight o'clock, when the Maharaj led the Commissioner to the door of the feeding-room, where he turned us Christian dogs, beef-eating unbelievers, in to dine. We had sent down our own plates, &c., and ladies of benevolent natures had superintended the preparation of our food; but when it came to be served there resulted the most abominable scramble conceivable. Too few places, and a room chock full of all sorts of make-believe attendants, who had forced their way in to see how the infidels fed. It was necessary, however, to eat, inspected or not, and I for one did so very fairly, though not according to the strict rules of etiquette, on chickens, sardines, and pillaw, soup, and pudding; all, or very nearly all, off the same plate, eating first whichever came first. We were Englishmen mostly, so, of course, after supper we must drink healths. The Commissioner gave "The Maharajah," and we drank it with a proper three-times-three. Then some one, with more brass than brains, proposed "The Commissioner," which, being entirely an impromptu of his own, was received by the company, there being no cue given, in silence. The

Commissioner, however, after a long pause, responded, and suggested "other merry meetings." Now seeing that we were the guests of the Maharaj, to suggest other meetings at his expense was, to say the least of it, unusual. After we had sufficiently fed our bodies and edified the natives, we repaired again to the balcony. The Nautch girls again danced us a dance and sang us a song. The natives on the river let off some squibs, and lit up the little oil lamps which formed their illumination, and we, after about half an hour, made our bow to the Maharaj, and rowed back to the bungalow.

I said that the priests tried hard so to arrange events that the ruler's arrival in his capital should be propitious. It was a task of some difficulty, as it was said he always does bring a flood, and it failed. Rhunbheer Singh had not been long in Sreenugger before the waters of the Jelum rose and rose, and there occurred the largest flood that had been known for decades of years, proportionate loss and destruction of crops, but the most lovely sight it ever has been, and probably ever will be, my good fortune to witness. It was on the night of the 8th of June that the heavens, giving rein to the waters that longed to be free, announced that the flood had begun, and by Friday, the 11th, the vale of Cashmere had become a lake. Bungalows, sapped at their foundations, had crumbled and fallen; crops of barley, of oats, of rice, of wheat, poppies, saffron, potatoes, cotton, were covered with four feet of water, which laved the overhanging branches of the cherry, mulberry, apple, pear, quince, apricot, and peach trees, and twined itself amid the vines clinging to the avenues of poplar and chenar. We did not finally take refuge in a boat till the morning of the 11th. On that morning the river was sweeping along in front of our bungalow, muddy, swollen, sullen; whilst, higher up than where we were, it had

made a breach in the mud banks that hemmed it in, and with almost inconceivable rapidity kept pouring its tide of resistless waters on our rear; so that before we had finished breakfast we found our cooking-shed flooded, and our servants and their pots huddled for refuge in the bungalow, from which we were warned to fly lest it should fall. Just as we had finished transporting all our worldly goods on to a huge sort of barge that we had captured, much to the grief of the owner, I spied, standing motionless on a small tuft of grass a foot square, the tall figure of a Persian. The swollen Jelum was at his feet, around him miles of water, beneath him one spot of earth, but he evinced no fear, he made no request. Whether to him it was "Kismet," or he revolved the doctrine of chances, and came to the conclusion we would offer him a place in our boat, I don't know, but he never asked for one; and when we held out to him the right hand of succour he accepted it with the same courtly nonchalance with which he seemed heretofore to view his insulation. How he had got there I cannot say. I suppose, bit by bit, his retreat had been cut off, and he finally brought to a point on the last spot of available remaining land. Safe in our huge lighter, we set off across barley fields, beneath mulberry branches, and over banks and ditches to the base of the Tukht-i-Suliman, up to whose summit it was hoped the flood would not reach, and under which the boats of the Europeans nestled.

The day was gloomy to a degree; heavy clouds hung overhead. It rained; it thundered. The waters rose and rose with unknown force. Let but the Dul Lake break from its banks, burst through the gates that barred it from the Jelum, and the town of Sreenugger would be engulfed; destruction, and ruin, and death would supervene. Hun-

dreds and hundreds of coolies were at work on the weak point of the embankment, and the Maharaj and his priests, by invokation, incantation, and prayer, no less than by more practical advice, assisted and succeeded in arresting the flood at the gates of the Drogjun. This realisation of danger, and dread of more, was on Friday.

On Saturday all was changed. The day rose joyfully; the sun, with a few fleecy vapours hiding its too great splendour, chased away the clouds and welcomed the subsidence of the flood, painting it as it lay like a mirror beneath it with the lights and shades of its transcendent power. It was an exquisite day, and scenes of surpassing beauty met you at every turn. Imagine a boundless lake set in the frame-work of the Cashmerian hills, a carpeting of still water glittering in the sun, covering up all the pestilences and foulings of man's ignorance or idleness; a garden of water and wood;—for this portion of the vale of Cashmere on which we floated may be best described as an intricate orchard, the parterre a collection of cultivated fields and fruit trees, broken in upon only by chenar, poplar, and willow. And all that is now visible of this is the water and the wood. No lake that can be conceived could equal the beauty of this flood; for every lake has a margin, this had none. And yet it had, for every now and again, as your boat skimmed over its unruffled surface, you would be suddenly brought by some turn on the deep shadow of the chenar, or amid the entanglement of mulberry branches floating on the waters. These formed a margin without being a margin, for through them you saw glimpses of the still unending lake, and the eye waited for other fairy scenes. The very Cashmerians revelled in their own disaster, and laughed and joked as their boats carried

them underneath, the mulberry trees, the fruit of which, with unaccustomed ease, they plucked and, idly recumbent, ate, consoling themselves and saying, "Ah, yes, the Maharaj won't let us starve. We are too valuable for that. No; he will give us some rice, though not any pice." These Cashmerians are almost always merry and kind. If Rhunbheer's shawl tax sinks from six lacs of rupees to a quarter that sum they are merry. If their old women go out to gather sticks for firewood and fail to dodge his fire inspector, who sits on the road, like Giant Despair, to levy so much tax from each bundle for the Ruler, and one stick at least for himself, they are merry. If the Baboo, set to overlook the interests of the Europeans, and to hide from them too many truths, beats one because he dares to do something without first getting leave, they are still merry; so now, when the flood had half ruined them, they joked, and laughed, and were kind, and continued as immoral, and lied as much as ever.

At the height of the flood I visited, in the boat, a street or bazaar which ended in a bridge over the Jelum, a very narrow street, with overhanging two-storied houses. At one end of it was the bridge; at another, Anooman, or uncle to Anooman, a hideous Hindoo god with a sort of comical and puzzled expression of face; and well he might, if it was his duty to keep the passage clear. For, as it was, every one wished to get to the end of the street where the bridge was, and as there was nobody to arrange anything for any one, every one determined to arrange matters for himself, and there resulted such a jam of boats, of bare legs, and noisy voices, that it might well puzzle more active people than even Anooman or his uncle. The shopping was all done out of the first floor, for the ground floor was flooded; but the people seemed to think it rather good fun.

There are four ways to live in Cashmere. One is to remain in the bungalows at Sreenugger, and this is somewhat tame and slow; two is to visit in a sort of dilettante manner the many beautiful valleys, Lolab, Wurdwun, and others; three is resolutely to set your face northwards for a march of some hundreds of miles; four is to follow the snows upwards as the summer sun melts them in the lower valleys and hills, and to seek for barasing, markhor, and ibex by the edge of the snow-line. For ourselves, we are about to embark once more on the doongah, to submit ourselves once more to the supervision of the black eyes of the boat-women, when the curtain that divides the employer from the employed having fallen, we find our waking moments watched by her and hers. We leave on Tuesday morning, and yet we shall not arrive at Islamabad till Wednesday evening, though the journey by land is only thirty miles. The strength of the stream of the Jelum, the windings of the river, are, however, so great, that our time is thus consumed. As we pass up stream, we see near to us, on our left, the range that hems in the valley of Cashmere. To our right, a wide intervening breadth of plain divides us from the framework of hills that lines the other side of the valley; whilst before us the two sides of the frame join in a point, or rather in a short semicircle of snow-capped mountains.

Let us land and stroll along the banks on this the early morning of Wednesday. It is so early, we catch nature at the bath, and find her bosom studded with glittering drops of dew. The sun shrouds her rays behind the eastern (our left) mountains, and sends from out the cloudless vault of blue heaven only a lovely reflected light. The cuckoo sings her plaintive matin, and the lark, with somewhat less energy than with us, responds to her two notes with her

own brilliant song. The kingfisher glitters in the morning light, and, poised in mid air, falls prone, with one dead splash, on his prey beneath the limpid stream. Nature rejoices with us, before the risen sun, too mighty in its power, has passed the top of the sheltering hills. And as we pass now by fields of barley or of bearded wheat, now over sward short cropped as a lawn, and scattered all over with the sweet smelling iris, now by the ridges made ready for saffron, again by a group of peasants carefully tilling the land, or by a collection of mud-houses buried in mulberry, willow, and chenar trees, we respond with our own glad feelings to the pleasures of the early day.

The sail takes us first by the old ruined Hindoo temple of Pandruttun; then by the ancient capital of Cashmere, Avantipore, where the vast blocks of limestone, the fluted pillars, the pointed windows, attest the religious zeal and architectural skill of the Hindoo many hundred years ago; and then leads us where above us, on the high banks of the river, stands a collection of mud-huts and of narrow streets, filthy, excrement covered, pariah dogged, to an extent only conceivable when seen. But before you, through the lovely deodar bridge that spans the river, lies a *coup-d'œil* of matchless beauty. The bridge itself, of huge crossed trunks of deodar, forms a fitting frame wherewith to look through and see closing in the scene a group of chenar-trees, a small Hindoo temple, and a snow-capped mountain rising fourteen thousand feet. Such is Bijbehara; and then the river, narrowing and dividing into the Liddur, passes on to Islamabad. You may remember that, as we glided along, we left our boat and walked, and our walk carried us farther than we thought, and away from the immediate banks. It was near to Pampoor, a place before you get to Avantipore,

and as we left the river, and pressed farther and farther inland to the right, where the plain opens out, the sun rose over the eastern hills on our left, bathing the somewhat barren soil, not yet blooming with the saffron for which it was being prepared, in a red grey light. We were bound for Shar, to visit the iron mines and works of the Maharaj, and as we passed over the dusty fields that intervened, first came on the pleasant shelter and clear waters of the sulphur springs at Weean; from there to another spring and tank of clear water, shaded by the grandest chenar and elm trees; from thence to Shar. But Shar offered little that could guide me speechless to the object of my search. My guide led me to a tree, whereat two native travellers politely offered me an old stump for a seat, and then looked, and looked, and wondered, and so did I; but my wonder was how to let the small crowd that soon collected know that I desired to see the works where the iron was smelted; theirs was to know why I was there. It is hopeless to try and carry you through the maze of pantomimic gestures I offered and the contradictory opinions they elicited. If I cried "Arg," they brought me a light for smoking. When I hammered on the earth, they produced flint-stones; and it was not until I had gone through in pantomime the whole process of gathering the iron-stone, breaking and smelting it, that they woke up to my wants and carried me off to the place.

The iron works at Shar, at Soap, and Urwun — the Cashmerian representatives of our great furnaces—are all of the same nature and extent. That at Shar was contained in so small a collection of mud huts, that they were buried in a few trees, invisible though hard by. The ore, which is of the richest kind and most plentiful, is first broken up by a couple of old women with hammers, then carried off

and placed in a large crucible, and charcoal put on the top of the ore. A couple of men with hand-bellows blow air into the crucible, and the iron, when smelted, runs slowly out from the bottom. The broken and smaller bits of iron are saved and used by the Maharajah's soldiery for shot; and this rude work is all that is effected in a country in which gold has been found, and in which silver and copper and lead abound.

It is thought that Rhunbheer rather desires to hide than to develop the resources of his country, having no desire to see it overrun with foreigners.

Arrived at Islamabad, we were met by the "Kotwul" of the village, whose son was to act "Shikarree" for us; and having made all necessary preparations—procured coolies to carry tents and provisions—we leave the boat behind us, and start on an expedition up one of the many valleys that cleave the closely surrounding circlet of mountains, the girdle of Islamabad. Indeed, from here many beautiful excursions may be made, and it is one of the places selected by the dilettante travellers in Cashmere from which to visit Martund, a ruin that has from its "isolated and massive grandeur been thought to be one of the finest relics of architectural antiquity in the world;" the caves of Bawun, scarcely worth the trouble; or Atchibul, whose exquisite *mêlée* of water and wood, elm, chenar, willow, poplar, deodar, and pine, capped by snow-clad mountains, and overlooking a fertile and extensive plain, is scarcely enhanced in beauty by the now deserted garden and pavilion, built by Shah Jehan, 1627 to 1658, but is by the strength and purity of its matchless spring of water, which bubbles up here and flows in a strong current away on to the plain beyond.

In writing a book you are like a man between two stools. If you say "I," you are egotistical; if "we,"

indefinite. I prefer the "we;" but on this particular occasion I must cry your mercy and say "I." It was I, then, who woke up in one of the two tents that were pitched on the grassy slope at Cherpoora, some few miles from Islamabad, on the 26th of May, 1869; pitched in the midst of a Cashmerian jungle of chestnut-trees and rose-bushes, of apple, pear, and walnut trees. By day the silvery long-tailed bulbul flits across my path; by night the fire-beetle lights it. Homely sounds greet my ear, the bleat of a sheep, the crow of a cock, and as I lie thinking which particular spot in the stream I shall select for my morning tub, I reflect, not ungratefully, on the perfect cuisine which Francis will prepare, even—if time and temper permit—to that consummation of gastronomic bliss, Afghan bread—a sort of girdle cake. I reflect; and as I reflect, I lie in my bed and think I will rise and bask under the shade of that great walnut-tree, when the dim vision of future enjoyment flits away, under the stern reality that it is raining. Now, though I grant you that wind and rain, and cloud and fog and sunshine, heat and cold, are the luxuries of climate, yet I am bound to protest against the idea that there exists a vast surplusage of enjoyment when the circumstances are a steady and somewhat cold down-pour of rain, your only shelter a tent. You do not like to go out and get wet, or to stay in because you are bored. You cannot read all day, or sleep all day, and your faculties are limited to two sensations—the sensations of anticipation and hope. You anticipate that the rain will come through your tent, and you hope it will not. My Shikarree wished me to go out and look for bear, but I hit upon a happier idea, and suggested that he should go and look for me, which he did, and came back with rare accounts of "barasing" which he had seen, but which were "bargay," that is, "gone." I

have promised though to go out at five o'clock P.M., and have made great preparations for this inroad on the bears. I have released Mr. Dougal's (of St. James's Street) two excellent weapons from their cases, having previously christened them "Pop" and "Go Miss." I have loaded "Pop," the rifle, with a ball-cartridge and shell, and "Go Miss," the gun, with two ball-cartridges. I have made a judicious selection of the means of offence and defence in case there should be anything like a charge of bears, with a slight onslaught of chetahs and barasing to herald it.

It is 6 P.M., and three—that is, the Shikarree, a coolie, and I—are *en route* for the bears. We pass over rice-fields, the thin stalks of green blade scarcely yet peeping from out their muddy bed. We cross two brooks, creep through low wood, and climb up a slight rocky height, from which we see, as the evening quickly deepens into night, that we are in the midst of pine woods, but immediately surrounded by a somewhat open space which lies beneath us. Our transit is undertaken in the most profound silence. Breathing is interdicted. You might as well have left your whole body behind as brought your nose if you mean it to sneeze, and it is questionable whether seeing might not be carried on somewhat more inaudibly than usual. It is, however, permitted to think, and I, having anticipated every possible event, having prepared "Pop" for instant action by loosing all those contrivances which have been devoted to a rifle to prevent its going off at an inopportune moment, and having placed "Go Miss" at full cock, thought. There was a dense pine-wood around me, and that utter stillness which seems to be intensified by the distant hoot of an owl, or by the constant tremulous whistling croak of frogs. As I thought, a chetah popped his head over a small bank in front, and also thought.

The two currents of thought disagreed. His was to the effect that he had better be off instantly; mine, that I wished "Pop," in his action of offence, should precede him; but it did not. Evening passed into night, light into darkness, and still, breathless and stationary, we watched. As we watched, I felt a whisper. Motionlessly the Shikarree pointed to our right front, and fruitlessly my eyes searched the dim obscure that everywhere prevailed. It was no use; night conquered, and, after a somewhat adventurous march, we got back to camp. On my return, I requested Francis to discover what the Shikarree had seen so clearly in the black darkness, and his reply was that it was a great big tiger, as big as an ox. Now I think myself very fortunate in this; for though I cannot exactly say *I* saw the tiger, yet as the Shikarree said he did, it must have been there of course, and there has not been another tiger seen in Cashmere for about a quarter of a century.

THE CHETAH THINKING.

The next morning, long before the day, I was out in another direction, with the same restrictions as to breathing, and the same results as to game, but from a different cause; for as the night expedition was overpowered by darkness, the morning one was by light. When the cuckoo woke, when the pale light of the moon ceded to the day, and the forest, hung with dew-drops, perfumed the air with its fresh morning scents, then we left our lair and tracked the camp to Kreer, beyond which, by the banks of the Arput, and under the shade of some magnificent chenar-trees it had stopped to breakfast.

As I breakfasted, a lady of a certain age, attended by three old men with a long drum and two guitars, solicited permission to dance before me. I assented. The lady had

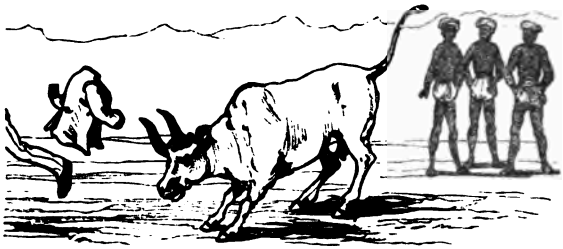
retroussé features and a remarkably large ring in one nostril. In fact, it would be impossible to call her handsome, notwithstanding her good eyes, and her decorous but most monotonous dance hardly added to her charms. I forgave her for not giving me more than a little dance, as I hope she did me for not giving her more than a little "chilki."

From the chenars our road led us through coppices of natural wood, beautiful and valueless. Here a group of firs, there of rose-bushes, a horse-chesnut, a thorn, honeysuckle, beech, and nut, all grouping together in lovely but wasteful profusion. Then it ascended through a fine forest of deodar and pine to the crest of the range that divided the valley of Cashmere from a valley beyond, and then it sank down on our halting-place for the night, Karpoora. From under a pine-tree which overlooked the new site of the camp, and which commanded a view over the district on which we had entered, different from that we had left in being less covered with trees, patches of which only grew in the gullies and ravines which clave the mountain sides—from under this pine I was summoned by a coolie, as the Shikarree had determined to have a bear drive through some of these wooded ravines, and my instant attendance was required. Amid the shade of a few isolated trees, and by the precincts of the camp, about a dozen coolies had been collected, showing the same amount of apathetic eagerness and pleasurable reconcilement to their duty that an equal number of English beaters would. Gradually, as they warmed to their work, they lost that vacant stolidity of expression which generally disfigures their countenances. They were very dirty, however; their necks encrusted with dirt, their whole lives ignorant of soap. Our plan of action was similar to what it would have been had we been driving for pheasant,

only that instead of there being many guns and much game, there was only one sportsman, and not more than one bear even expected. The coolies entered at the bottom of the wooded dell, swept its base, and as it gradually narrowed in the cleft of the rock, drove the game up to that point where were stationed the guns. As they gradually ascended the ravine, they gave vent to cries and shouts so similar to home cries, that they compelled me to a belief in the common nature, at least of beaters. The most inventive "god" could not have whistled louder for the curtain to rise at the play, nor could the huntsman of the Craven or the Quorn have given an inch to the worst of them in a "view halloo," only I fear they hallooed when they did not view. It was just a little exciting, when crouching at the end of the wood, to realise that it was not a pheasant but a bear we were waiting for, and that it was just possible one might come waddling up through the vista of low underwood down which we looked, and finding himself as it were in a *cul-de-sac*, "run-a-muck" on the group waiting his arrival. Alas! however, he did not come, and the battery had not to be discharged. Our battue had been as unsuccessful as our stalk, and we left the neighbourhood for some other happy hunting-ground.

On our way to fresh scenes, we passed by the river and along the valley of Bring, amid an orchard of natural fruit-trees, intertwined to a height of twenty or thirty feet with garlands of wild roses, and amid fields of Indian corn, or outlying rice. I say outlying, for the whole bosom of the valley, from one side of its wooded banks to the other, and where the water of the river was most easily available for irrigation, was a mass of small rice-fields. After breakfast at our new camping-ground, this time by name Kandewara, we agreed to start with an accession of coolie force up the steep moun-

tain-side that overhung the camping place by the borders of the Bring, and again try for the missing bruin. Over the score of coolies that assisted was one "Akbar" by name, clever on the tracks of bear, and knowledgeable in all their ways. To him as spokesman for the rest it was given to know that each coolie would receive "char (four) anna," if there was a bear; "do" (two), if there was not. Full of hope, we started, my red-brick coloured canvas coat an object of grave suspicion to any semi-tame cow or buffalo we came across.



AN OBJECT OF GRAVE SUSPICION.

Our plan of attack was this. The coolies were to form a long line, and stretching over the surface of the mountain up which we climbed, were to drive any sleeping bear in our direction. Silence was especially enjoined, and generally kept; but occasionally when Wahabe, my particular Shikarree, or Akbar, wished to convey a message to some far distant coolie, a cry piercing and loud enough to wake an icthyosaurus would ring through the still atmosphere. We had been climbing for some time up the bare grassy slope of the mountain, when a halt was silently called, and I found myself a witness to Rooselnager's (a head man among the coolies) stealing higher up the bare surface and commencing to hurl stones violently down. The process conveyed no definite

conception, only I observed within twenty feet of me a sort of hollow cavern. Towards this Rooselnager's rocks were bowled, and towards this a foolhardy coolie would occasionally draw near, only to bolt precipitately when fancy beheld the bear rush forth to punish his intrusion. I suppose we remained close to the cave a quarter or half an hour. There was not the smallest chance of escape for the bear when he should come out; the distance of the place of exit was too short to admit of a total miss by even one barrel, but there were four barrels waiting for him, and a perfectly clear stage all round for scores of yards. The bear slept on, and the coolies, gathering pluck from his lethargy, gradually neared the mouth of the cavern, keeping well above it. It was all in vain. Stones, shouts, invocations, imprecations, all failed to arouse the monster. At last a hero led a forlorn hope to the very mouth of the cave, looked in, and saw—nothing. It was terribly provoking, particularly as Wahabe declared that if it hadn't been for his dog, he would have been devoured yesterday on the very spot where the infuriated monster was not to-day.

"IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR HIS DOG."

To divert my mind from this sad disappointment, I turned, as we toiled up the mountain, to botany, and found growing around me or within easy reach, barberry, St. John's wort,

mint, convolvulus, teasel, wormwood, sage, onion, turnip, carrot. The coolies ate the turnip, and cleaned their beautiful white teeth with the carrot, whilst they gathered for me bouquets of lovely roses, growing there in rich profusion.

In the midst of these deeper studies I was aroused by the actual sight of a bear that passed, long out of range, from out an adjoining wood into the open space around it, and back into the wood again; a large black bear that, notwithstanding the maledictions of Wahabe, the coolies, and the world generally, would not come to be shot. It was growing dark, and we had a long walk before us in order to reach our boat at Islamabad, waiting there to take us back to Sreenugger; but there was still something to be done, and that was to pay the coolies. Now though this may seem a very easy process, any one who has ever been in a similar situation will know that it is not. There were three things to be achieved. One was to satisfy justice by assuring yourself, as the payments were unequal, that the weakest did not go to the wall. The next was to satisfy the coolies; and the third was to make them hold their tongues. The scene was enacted in the gloaming, on a slope of a hill in the forest, and after the last bear drive had been driven. Being pretty good at faces, and knowing which of the coolies had to receive the larger, and which the lesser sums, I ranged them in a semicircle in front of me, and presenting Rooselnager with five chilkis, I addressed the multitude in the following terms:—"Now then, look here. Sumja? (do you understand?) dars (ten) coolie (pointing them out), char (four) anna; do (two) coolie, do (two) anna. Sumja?" Then turning to Rooselnager, I said, "Cha (six) anna." Well then, as an old friend of mine used to say, in moments of enthusiasm, when describing the battle of Moodkee, "'Ere was me, and there was 'Woods,'

and there was the enemy;" so "'ere" was me, and there was the coolies, and there was Wahabe, who seemed at that moment their mortal foe, and whose retreat and mine they appeared determined to cut off. A babel of voices arose, loud, unintelligible, but the burden of which seemed to be "Wahabe." The situation was becoming desperate. Wahabe was being surrounded, and all depended on the prompt action of the leader. Instantaneously I placed myself therefore between Wahabe and the mob, and commanding attention with my staff, called out two words—only two, but enough. To them, "Chuperow!" (shut up!); to him "Jow!" (go!) (I write phonetically). The dangers of war were over, but there remained those of being lost. The night had closed in, rain had begun to fall, and we had many miles to go. Our road led us across rice-field after rice-field, by the narrow causeways that dam them in, and which all seemed exactly the same, suggesting the fear of one's being kept going round and round the same field all night under the delusive impression that one was going on. Wahabe was in the van, and as the rain increased in violence, and the lightning lent us but a fitful gleam, he began to make the most abortive attempts to proceed. So often did I hear a splash and a warning cry of "Pawnee!" (water!) in front of me, that at last I had to depend upon my own instinct to save me from the immersions which so constantly overwhelmed him. It was, therefore, no small relief when, just on the banks of the Arput, crossed by a narrow and defenceless deodar bridge, we saw a large pine torch handed over to us by a friendly farmer —a torch that, throwing all distance into a deeper and blacker night, ever and anon showed up, in the foreground, the spectral figure of a Cashmerian as he came out of the black darkness into the radius of our light; or it lit up with grand

shades a splendid grove of chenars under which we were passing; or illumined a group of elders, as seated in their shops in the narrow and dirty alleys of Islamabad, they looked out into the dark for the Sahib, whose approach was heralded by Wahabe's oft-repeated cry of "Wabash! Wabash!" or so it sounded to me. We threaded our way through the narrow streets, the natives squatted behind their worldly goods of earthen pots, of grain, of sweetmeats. We came on a group of Cashmerian swells, all in white, a humble retainer going backwards as he held a light down to the greatest one's feet; it may have been the Maharaj, for he slept at Islamabad that night. We came upon an encampment of his soldiers among the poplars, and heard a rude song of mixed vocal and instrumental music; and then to the cry of "Ho, Abaldaba, ho, ho, ho, ho——" to the boatman lost in the darkness, we reached our comfortable rest. Comfortable rest? I deny it. Francis had not got dinner ready, and the boat was full of acrid, pungent smoke. As we glided easily down the Jelum towards Sreenugger, there was time given to think what to buy there before starting for a long march north—whether we should buy those Indian shawls that Ahmed Khan, Summud Shah, or Syfoola Baba pressed upon us, desiring to sell them to us at the rate of one rupee, when we knew that their proper price was just half, and the nearer that we could bid them down to that limit the nearer we should be to getting an Indian shawl at its real value; or whether we should give Assud Jeu an order for silver, which he will sell us for the value of its weight, and work for us into beautiful side dishes or candelabra, charging only an anna in the pound for workmanship, adulterating it for nothing; whether, in fact, we can afford to buy anything; and we think we can, for a day's messing, whereat

three people are fed on bread and butter, and fish, and milk, and eggs, and potatoes, and a leg of mutton, only costs about three shillings. But whatever we do, we must be sure and get the Baboo's "perwana," otherwise we shall find ourselves unable to buy or move, and as every courtesy is shown by the Maharaj to his guests, and every facility offered them, it is a small thing to comply with his wish and obtain his permission to go among his mountains, and to buy from his people according to his laws.

CHAPTER VI.

Six Hundred Mile March—Our Forces—Boots—Flood subsiding—Sreenugger Early Morning—Watery Prospect—Wulloor Lake—Bandipore—Kralpoora—Rajdiangan Pass—Beito—Tragbul—Magnificent Panorama—Jotkusu—Three Marches—Kunzibun—Kishen Ganga—Cashmerian Home—Gourais—Bangla—Bridges—Sheep—Fakeer—Mapanon—Burzil—Ultima Thule—Chela, how far off?—Night March—Dorikoom Pass—Halt—Kurmun—Medical Missionaries—Godas—Sunday—Three Tongues—Naugaum—Nanga Parbut—Peenee—Persian Letter to Astor—Pareesing.

WE have now a long march before us, seven weeks in duration, 600 miles in extent, up thousands of feet, to where perpetual snow keeps its fleecy mantle ever girt about the granite mountains, and down again to almost the level of the sea. Through variations of climate as many as the elevations are different—sultry, temperate, frigid; by torrents, and lakes, and rivers, up precipices, and over plains we shall go; and so as to do so the more easily, shall reduce our impediments to the lowest scale. Let us organize our forces. There is first Peter, and then self; we compose the *haute volée*, the select few, the "gintry," and have for our special use one tent and two camp beds. Peter has a pair of boots made by a grand London man; I, a pair from my respected friend Walsh, Anglesea Street, Dublin; and Mr. Walsh's boots walked the London man's into ribbons. We each have a certain change of clothes, the smaller the better, as we depend on the streams for our wash, the sun for our dry-house. Next in importance to us comes a trio—Francis, Shadow, Pathan—followed by Beastie, in whose wake again

ome the coolies. These vary in number, from eight to a ozen, day by day, as the length or fatigue of the march, or heir individual feebleness compels us to take less or more. There is a second tent for the servants, and a couple of "kiltas" large baskets covered with leather) full of tea, sugar, sauces, brandy, &c. Behold us then at four in the morning awakened by hearing the accustomed sounds of "letting go," and see us arousing ourselves and emerging from underneath our resais to take a view of our start, and the subsidence of the flood. From out our artificial lake we soon—Peter in one boat and I in another—got into the swift-flowing waters of the Jelum, and passing by our ancient homes, some already victims to the flood, gradually neared the town, and speculated on the probability of being able to get under the arches of the different bridges. Before we reached these we had proof that the fairy scene of Saturday had gone. Banks had begun to reappear, nay, even an acre or two of corn showed forth, and we congratulated ourselves that as the flood, so we were going. To pass through the town of Sreenugger in the morning about five o'clock is to pass through a scene picturesque and quaint. Quaint in its groups of people making their morning ablutions, and in its women, who, at the bottom step of the many flights leading down to the river, are busy rinsing and washing out their bowls and jars, and making very clean the outside of the same; picturesque not only from the *coup d'œil* of the river, its many bridges and its many houses, but from the striking positions of isolated batches of the latter. In every shape, or no shape, these dwellings stand, or, more properly, seem to fall. They lean this way, they lean that way. To sit on your thumb is to presume a base transcendently beyond their base. They are broad, they are long, they are tall, and short; whilst to build

an upper story on a lower one, in proportion as two is to one, is to produce a dwelling matchless for ease and dignity.

Just enough of the river had subsided to enable us to get under the seven bridges, built like the houses, simply of pine-tree stems; if for a house, laid one on top of the other, and sometimes plastered between with clay or mud; if for the piers of a bridge, laid transversely and forming a square, and for the traffic horizontally, or sometimes like a lot of inverted V's, with their points under the soles of your feet, and a nice rough walk it makes. As we emerge into the open country, we find it submerged. Right and left of us is a waste of water: perhaps a mud village, surrounded by some mulberry-trees on some slightly elevated plateau, rises out of its liquid bed, round which cattle and horses graze knee-deep in water; perhaps, on some small spot of green bank, a wretched pariah dog has been overtaken by the flood, and lies there half-drowned, half-starved, with nothing to eat, too weak to swim—hoping, if hope has not also already left him; else all is water. Crowds of water-birds, water-pheasants, water-eagles, cranes, snipe, curlew, hover about. The air is not yet cleared of its clouds; and mid sunshine and showers of rain, mid low thunder mutterings and gleams of forked lightning, the mountains—close to us on our right, and far off on our left, stretching over Baramula—are brought now into relief, again thrown into shadow, as we glide easily and swiftly down the Jelum. A plunge from the bows of our

DON'T LOOK.

boat into its muddy stream may be forgiven, as warning to the ladies at the stern has been sent, and the strings of coolies, painfully dragging up-stream huge lighters loaded with wood, up to their arm-pits in water, their breasts crossed by a broad strap, their bodies bent nearly double, don't count. Thus floating down, we gradually approach the Wulloor Lake, whose near banks are indistinguishable by reason of the flood. This lake we skirt, and crossing only the farther end of it, reach our destination—Bandipore. The boat people are afflicted with chronic dread of a squall; but now as we pass over the calm and tepid bosom of the lake, amid a garden of lotus, lilies, and water-plants, among which the Zingara floats thickly and yields an edible nut much coveted by the natives, we see little reason to fear. As we pass along the somewhat steep banks that fringe the farther shore, we glide in among groves of mulberries and pomegranates, the latter brilliant with scarlet flower and green leaf.

We left Sreenugger about 4 A.M. on the 14th, and reached Bandipore about 4 P.M. on the same Monday, in June, having idly and enjoyably floated over about seventeen miles. The start next morning was not unattended with difficulties. First, none of the coolies came, and then some of them did not. Then we could not get rice; but at last, in about three hours, to wit, 7.30 A.M., armed with a "chit," and a man to carry it, to enable us to buy rice at Kralpoora, we did get off. We had slept at the base of the Rajdiangan (pronounced Rarjdane) Pass, on the plateau which, sown with rice-fields and melon beds, hid away among mulberry-trees, divides it from the lake. Our march on Tuesday led us through low copse jungle, lying at the base of the mountain: a short march, during which we crossed a rapid stream by means of

one of the extraordinary log bridges of the country, and found ourselves, at its termination, in an orchard, with one house, or hovel, and learnt that that was Kralpoora. Here we found B——, suffering from rheumatism, but hoping for bear—an officer of the ——, who joined us at our evening meal.

Our start on Wednesday was also a work of difficulty. "Rice could not be had at all." "We could have one maund only." In total ignorance whether we could or could not, we insisted that we should, and would, and did, have three. It was necessary to take rice to feed the coolies with. But our next difficulty was that we could not get coolies; though this, too, eventually we did, and so got off, after remarking to the Kotwall that he was "crab" (bad), and making him "beito" (sit down), as being a more impressive way—a sort of cowering down, to receive our opinion.

The road from Kralpoora to Tragbull led us straight up the mountain by a very steep climb. The coolies crawled, stopping for half a minute for every one they walked. Oh, those coolies! They stopped, they loitered, they lagged, they crept, and then they sat down to have their breakfast, and we had not had ours; but even that had an end, and so had our journey to the breakfast place, where, about 11 A.M., we were restored to our usual animation. The spot was at an opening in the wood, near the summit of the climb, and overlooking the Wulloor Lake; and before long, when we had resumed our march, we found ourselves close to Tragbul, our halt for the night, but merely a green glade and a greener pond in the midst of a splendid pine forest. There was no difficulty in starting next morning, for the coolies were all with us, and we got off in good time. A comparatively short

climb in the midst of this splendid pine forest brought us to the actual summit. There a splendid panorama of snow mountains was revealed. First there appeared one snow peak—yet not peak, but tower—standing with a princely pre-eminence from out the rest. Then, a little farther, a grand circle of miles and miles of snow-covered mountains showed themselves in all their quiet splendour. An inner and irregular circle of lower pine-covered mountains—now sweeping down into a valley, now round, now sharp—added vastly to the grandeur of the splendid whole. It was still the spring of the short Cashmerian summer. The sward at our feet was carpeted with wild flowers. The air was bright and cool, and the atmosphere, resting in a vault of unfleckered blue, lent that clear sharp outline to the scene that so enhances effect. An amphitheatre of the Himalayas, their broken and irregular summits glittering in snow, lay around us, calm and immovable, thrown out from the azure sky, by the lovely valleys of deodar and pine, which everywhere, in thoughtless confusion, in gorges and valleys, lay beneath us. This view from the Rajdiangan Pass—this matchless panorama of granite and snow and forest, blending in one the splendour of the Himalayas and the soft beauties of Cashmere—surpasses all of its kind I have ever seen. More rugged scenery, wilder heights, I have seen, but no panorama equal to this; and as we passed over the wild-flower carpet, over the yet remaining stretches of snow; down by the stooping birch-trees, borne crooked by the weight of their winter snows, into the pine forest again, and on to the rattling stream that coursed under snow avalanches, we rejoiced that we had enjoyed an atmosphere so fitted to the view, and that the too frequent mists, which often hide the scene, had been chased

away. This Rajdiangan Pass is 11,950 feet above the level of the sea, yet patches of snow were all that were met with, and such as presented no hindrance to the pony and offered no adventure to us—unless you call a spot where steps had been cut in the snow down a short, steep side of a low mountain an adventure; for there the pony and I selected the same means for getting down, the only difference being that the pony sat on his tail, I did not, for an obvious reason. We were longing for breakfast, but we could not rest on the snow, and greeted, therefore, kindly some gnarled and cranky-looking birches, their stems bent but not broken, which offered us a place whereat to breakfast. From here we descended to the camping-ground at the junction of two mountain torrents, along one of which, the Narg (*sic*, coolies), we wended our way on the morrow. About two or three hundred yards from our tent that night I discovered a pool made for a bath, and was not to be thwarted in enjoying its luxury by the fact of there intervening two bridges of two-tree thickness. These I crossed, having, like a great general, laid all my soapy and spongy plans beforehand. The clear water was certainly cold; but what matter? Hadn't I got my towels to dry myself with? Fate! What horrid thought flitted across my watery brain! The towels were the only things I had forgotten; so I had to set off once more across the bridges, repair my omission, return, and re-bathe.

I can compare Thursday and Friday and Saturday's march thus:—A bird might fly over the first, and luxuriate in the splendour of the panorama; an insect might crawl through the second, and wonder and joy over the minute and exquisite perfection and lavish distribution of the works of nature; whilst a man could walk through the third and enjoy—if

somewhat subdued by its weird grandeur, relieved by occasional glimpses of softer beauties—the general whole.

Our camp was at Jotkusu, where was afforded us a not unfrequent Himalayan treat—a treeless place whereon to camp; a sun that scorched through us, and suffocated us in our tent; perpetual snow lying at our very feet; water icy cold, in which to bathe; and, as night set in, a cold wind sweeping from off the snows hard by down the gorge and into our half-melted systems; alternations of climate alike trying to Hindoo and European. We were up and off though at 4.30, the pale dawn scarce lighting up the narrow wooded valley, down which the wind blew coldly over the snows; up and off down the left bank of the noisy stream coursing along under its recurring snow arches, over its rugged bottom, to join the Kishen Ganga, a few miles off. The coolies, as I say, called the stream the Narg, but I learnt to accept their nomenclature with suspicion; for before I found out the name of the Kishen Ganga, I asked, and the answer was "Dariya." Not long after we came on a "Europe" sportsman, also at fault as to the name of the river, and to him I confided my information. "The name? Oh, that's the Dariya," I said. "It may be," he replied; "but as Dariya is Hindostanee for 'sea,' and is used for any large piece of water sometimes, I doubt it." Whether the stream, then, was the Narg, the Goorya, or the Gorigobal, as it was severally called, it led us through a march of exquisite beauty. Let me beg you when you travel in Cashmere to select spring for your time of march. It was spring when we passed along on our outward journey, and the place was alive with a profusion of beautiful wild flowers. When we returned in a few weeks, the rank growth of semi-tropical vegetation had hid all the minuter beauties, and we passed

along in a sea of grass and coarse weeds. First we crossed two or three snow bridges, and on the bright hard snow walked over the water beneath us. Then we came on a sloping bank, a rich and varied carpet of flowers and wild vegetables; forget-me-not, cowslips, pea, roses, wall-flower, rhubarb, carrot, celery, strawberry, currants, beautiful grasses or waving stalks of hemlock and fern. Among these we walked, on the slope of a treeless range of hills, whilst on the other side of the narrow stream the mountains were clothed in dense forests of pine and deodar, then passing from the parterre of flowers into a jungle of low underwood, we broke from this on to a beautiful vista of the Kishen Ganga, set in a framework of pine forest and granite rocks. It was evening when we got to Kunzlibun, our halt for that day, and found a tumble-down shed of deodar stumps and a broken bridge, that did not stretch across the Kishen Ganga, offered you a hand as it were to get across, but didn't carry you over. There was no sign of a village, but we heard there was one above us; so after dinner, by the light of a clear young moon, Peter and I climbed up through a dense pine wood some hundreds of feet. We were rewarded on reaching the summit by finding, as foreground, some acres of cultivated ground, three wretched log huts, some cheerful peasants, a cow, pony, dog, and fowl or two; and as background, huge mountains of sheer stone, sprinkled here and there with an occasional pine-tree or patch of snow. It was a striking, beautiful, and to us original glimpse of the mountain home of a Cashmerian; and yet, though rugged, it did not lack that softness of feature which, in some indescribable way, is so marked a peculiarity of this country, making even the rough places smooth.

Ten miles to Gourais on Saturday; and this a place of halt,

a place where to get information, fresh coolies, and perhaps rice; a small village of quaint men and wood houses, out of Cashmere proper, in Tilail; a junction on our way towards the snub-nosed Tartars, with red poppies in their heads; on our way towards the one-dark-grey-flannel-gowned, unwashed women of Baltistan, hung with ornaments; on our way out of the soft luxury of Cashmere into that stern, cold region of granite and snow that cuts India off from the rest of Asia as with a knife; toward the isolated homes of chiefs, their hearts hardened as the rocks among which they dwell; away from the soft luxury of the corn, and the mulberry, and the vine, to barren rocks of granite, where little oases of cultivation is all that is found. This Saturday's march of ten miles from 3.30 o'clock in the morning led us first by the grassy flower-bed of yesterday, then into low wood, then round a spur of granite that barred our path, jutting out into the Kishen Ganga, along which we wound. The descent of this granite spur was somewhat hazardous. As we dropped from ledge to ledge, crawled down here, or walked there, the coolies offered us help; and at one particular bit, a place with about ten feet of a drop, one foot of a ledge on which to light, and two hundred feet of a fall (if you did fall), a decrepit old coolie held out his octogenarian arms for me to jump into. Suppose I had?

SUPPOSE I HAD?

Gourais lies in echelon of two lines of wood houses with

a watch-tower, in a small valley carefully cultivated by the dirty natives—women in red turbans and brass curtain-rings in their noses; men and boys with a loin-cloth or in grey flannel rags. Herds of cattle and sheep graze on the somewhat marshy meadows that line the Kishen Ganga, here flowing more smoothly amid lines of poplar and pine, round islands of willow and alder; the whole shut out from the rest of the world by enormous mountains of granite; that at the east end rising in a simple pyramid of stone, towering up to heaven—grassless, treeless, bare. Now that I have seen the Yosemite valley, I would say to those who have seen it, but not Gourais, you have seen what *far* surpasses Gourais, but is of its kind; and to those who have seen Gourais, but not the Yosemite, I would say, if by the undoubted grandeur, the mixed beauty of a fertile vale and bare granite rock, you have been somewhat struck, you will be able the better to realise the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the Yosemite; and to those who have seen neither Gourais nor Yosemite, but some of the rocky valleys in Switzerland, especially that lying at the foot of the Schingel glacier, before coming to Kandersteg, I would say that you can, from the same, gather a faint, but I fear only a faint, realisation of the two valleys of Gourais and Yosemite. As the pass of Rajdiangan is the immediate portal of the vale of Cashmere, so Gourais is the portal of that country which lies farther north, and which is directly led to over the Borji-la Pass. If you look at a good map of India, not such a one as I can offer, you will see the network of valleys and mountains into which a man must penetrate if he wishes to pass amid the Himalayas; valleys and mountains which render mountain warfare so difficult for us, mountain fastnesses so strong for the disaffected.

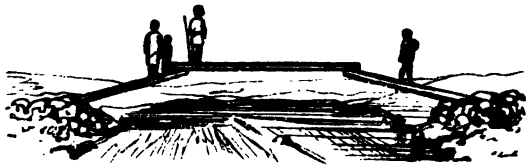
It was the 20th of June, and yet the snows had not melted

off the pass that barred our farther journey. We had not time to loiter; so after consultation with the Lumbadar (head man of the village), much animated discussion, and many contradictory opinions, we determined to start on Monday with "tatts" instead of coolies, and endeavour by a wide circuit to reach Skardo.

From this moment, the moment of leaving the beaten track to that of reaching it again, the troubles of not being able to get any truthful information began. You could go such a way. You could not. It was ten miles. It was twenty. Your pony could go. Your pony could not. There was snow. There was not. Whether it was ignorance or an innate love of lying that pervaded the people, we never could find out; but certainly the result of their contradictions was most perplexing, and resulted—well, never mind in what it resulted, we shall see in due time. It must be said certainly, in defence, that when we got a little farther on our route, unless the Maharaj had a soldier in the village where we happened to be who could talk Hindostanee, or unless Pathan lit on a friendly Persian, neither we nor our servants could exchange ideas with the natives. Still "Kitna kos?" (how many miles?)—a "kos" varies, but we reckoned it at about two miles—was understood generally by every one, rarely answered in the same way.

There was nothing very noteworthy in Monday's march of fourteen miles to Bangla. It was tiresome and hot, but getting wilder and less attractive. For a geologist, however, it would have been full of interest. The torrent's bed, by which we had breakfast, was full of the *débris* of all sorts of rocks, of bits of ironstone, shale, quartz, and what looked like onyx and agate; and even yet more precious stones are found in the mountains,—amethyst, garnet, opal,—and may

have lain at our feet. We had sickness in our camp this morning. The Beastie had to have twenty drops of chlorodyne, and Francis had to be vainly importuned to take care of his cold; but we got off about five o'clock with six tatts instead of coolies to carry our baggage. Before long we had to cross one of the usual rude bridges. A cairn of stones is built on either side, joined, if possible, by horizontal stems of trees, and if they are not long enough, then by slightly raising from the cairns other stems, resting their one end on the stones, their other on a centre stem. If ponies cross, a few rough stems are bound by thin twigs to the horizontal stems, and a few bush branches or stones cast thereupon. If ponies have to wade, and only the higher creation are privileged to cross dry-shod, one, or at most two tree stems are employed.



RUDE BRIDGE.

By means of a better map than we then possessed, I see that having crossed, we turned up the Burzil stream on our way to Bangla. The camp here was pitched on a swampy grassy slope, the only available ground, from which we were glad enough to get away on Tuesday morning, not before, however, we had purchased from a village, invisible yet not far off, our second live sheep. The first cost one chilki, but she was very lean; the second two (a chilki is a shilling and twopence). An apparently half-witted chap, a fakeer, bound for Skardo, has dogged our footsteps, foodless

except for what we give him; now we cannot see him starve, yet after we leave this place, to give him food is to give him more than money, as for three days we shall not be near a village. What shall we do? A happy inspiration seizes us, and doing the same to the Hindoo priest, we lead him to Francis. "Explain that neither bite nor sup shall he have from us, but here is a chilki. Let him go and provide himself food for the march." Then we go to bed happy.

Tuesday's march was long, perhaps seventeen miles, hot, and comparatively uninteresting. We wound along valleys which neither laughed nor sang, but bore nothing but grass, perchance a cypress or fir tree, and low bush now and then, if they even were not beaten by the ever out-cropping rock, bare, or covered with snow. Mapanon, where we meant to stop, we found to be a shadeless swamp, so uninviting that we determined to push farther on, believing we could not be worse off. After we had continued a short distance, the tatts were checked by the borders of a torrent so swift, I thought they would, or certainly might easily, have been carried away. As it was, their packs unloaded, they were shouted across the stream, and we, a little farther on, coming to a drier plateau, halted for the night. Our view was cold and sterile, but to a certain extent grand; rock and river the predominating characteristics, snow and fir-trees and grass the adjuncts. It was here we left the Kishen Ganga, and, turning to the north, ascended next day, that is Wednesday, the valley of Burzil. Burzil stands at the end of a short and narrow valley, down which a torrent flows, and is itself a rounded *cul-de-sac*, formed of sloping grass and birch-trees, terminating in snow-clad mountain passes; a place that seemed to us then a sort of Ultima Thule. A general ignorance of what was before us prevailed. The coolies declared there

was a march of twenty-four miles between us and Chela, the next available place for a halt, most of it on snow. A man, a peasant from Godaa, on the other hand, told us it was eight miles to Chela, and one and a half miles only on snow. Francis was ill with a bad cold, and both he and Shadow (Sadowa his real name) had never seen snow in their lives. Still we had to go on, either then or the next day. Our only choice lay between a march that evening from, we hoped, about five o'clock till seven or eight, or a halt for the night and a march the next day. We chose the evening's march, and started about 5 P.M. The road or track led us up north to the end of the *cul-de-sac*, and over a steep grassy slope, which formed our horizon at the late halting-ground. When we had surmounted the first ascent, we got a peep at a farther valley stretching out before us in a gorge deep in snow, on which we six, six tatts and their drivers, a native shopkeeper from Astor, his pony and servant, and the fakeer pushed. Quickly twilight gave way to night, but a night of short duration, for a brilliant full moon rose almost at once, throwing over the scene that cold blue colour which painters so truly imitate, causing the file of tatts to stand out picturesquely from off the snow floor as they marched. There was no track visible now, and as we went along perhaps some one of the tatts would sink into the snow, plunge, and rolling over unadvisedly, send the pack with which he was burdened in all directions. Then there ensued a chorus of coolies, a chorus of lamentation. "Why didn't the Sahibs take our advice?" "The sun has melted the snow." "The tatts can't get on." And there they stood, half silly, half sulky. "Can we camp here?" we replied. So, half urging, half ordering, half helping, we pushed on farther, rallying the servants, one of whom, at least, began to weep, and encouraging

the party, half by jeers, half by coaxing. Still our own faith in the wisdom of the start was somewhat damped when, on turning a corner, an apparently unending reach of snow lay before us. It was no use, however, to falter; we pressed on, the fakeer chanting some invocation to his god, and the Mohammedans singing their oft-repeated cry, of which "La Ilah illa Allah" was all I could make out, if that. On we went, but at last half sliding, half sinking, half wading in deep snow down a steep incline, we arrived where snow was exchanged for mud and slush and stones; and here all the force of will, and even the application of stick, was necessary to drive the coolies, as the moment their feet touched mud they squatted, and declared they would not and could not go farther. We were shod in stockings and straw shoes, excellent no doubt for snow, but hardly bearing that characteristic when used on stones and mud. It was a long and weary march; and when, about two in the morning, we finally reached a few fir-trees, the first sight of aught but snow or mud we had seen since quitting Burzil, we gladly hailed Chela, and halted for the night and next day. The party were all for immediate rest, and no doubt that would have suited the coolies, perhaps the servants, but certainly not the Sahibs. After miles of mud in straw shoes and worsted stockings, feet had to be dried, tents pitched, tea made, Francis's throat to be put into a mustard plaister, and Dover's powder put into Francis's throat. Then we went to bed. We had crossed, so I see now, over the Dorikoom Pass, 13,500 feet high.

I don't think Thursday was a very pleasant day; we were all tired. Clouds were above us, and the air felt like to that of a November day in England; the scene was but of a few fir-trees in a gloomy, desolate valley, by the side of a torrent,

whose birth in the snow we had assisted at; Francis—our major domo, our *chef*, butler, courier, valet—was down with Dover's powder, blistered throat and nitre. No, not down; that was the worst of it; ordered to be down and yet up. Dover particularly says if you take his powder you are to keep warm; and yet that perverse Francis would get up and keep cold. However, we had the day to get through as best we might. It was cold in bed at night, and it was cold in the early morning when we got up, and we were glad when the next day's advent permitted us to leave Chela for Kurmun. To call the camp, strike the coolies—tents I mean, of course—pack the kiltas, catch the tatts, light the fire, make the tea, start the party before four on a November-feeling morning, requires—requires, what shall I say?—nervous energy; but it had to be done, and the party set in movement once more. About half way we came on a very small village, Dars, and then Kurmun. We have now to have two interpreters; Francis for me to Pathan, who can just manage to speak a few words to these Tibetians, and Pathan for the Tibetians. The Lumbadar's wife at Kurmun greeted us, among half a dozen other women, with great volubility, and sold us milk and gee (butter). The dress of the women was much alike; one filthy flannel gown, often in rags, their head covered with a red sort of skull cloth cap, Mrs. Lumbadar having a gold tassel to hers, and round her neck a string of largish shells or coral beads. They never wash, but we did, and camped by the borders of a lively stream, in which we set a good example let us hope. They say a little knowledge is a great evil; but how I longed for a little, even a little, surgical knowledge. Now it is a child with sore eyes that we are begged to cure; and covering its eyes with our hand call out to the father "Gurum pawnee" and "dood."

He understands this quite as well as if we had said "warm water" and "milk," which is exactly what we did say, only in Hindostanee, of which his knowledge is *nihil*. Again it is a poor young fellow looking wistfully up at us, a huge open gash in his thigh, on which the flies are browsing, and which we can only cure with sympathy, a wish, a prayer even, cold water, and no flies; or perhaps a leprous old man hobbles up and wishes us to feel how bad he is, an exploit which we are not disposed to undertake, but are glad to purchase his absence with coin and good wishes.

And here I am bound, and wish to speak in honour of medical missionaries. However much missionaries, for reasons too deep and too complicated to go into here, may lay themselves and their cause open to the just criticism of those who do not sympathise with them with that entirety which renders criticism impossible, the due of the homage of the outer world is theirs. Instigated by a divine feeling, they sacrifice their bodies in seeking for the souls of the ignorant. But though to all missionaries so heartfeltly self-sacrificing our homage is due, most especially can it be claimed by that section of the great body of missions which proclaims the gospel of good-will toward men by means of the alleviation of the sufferings of the body. Of such is Dr. Elmshurst at Sreenugger. Such an one, among many, is he with whom we soon shall travel up the China seas, destined to spend years of his young life among an indifferent and strange race.

It may be impossible but what we must withhold approval from doctrines and acts of missionaries, but the passport of self-devotion, of human sympathy, and of a divine yearning for good, they hold superior to those who may have to disapprove their acts. Thwarted at first by reason of the bigotry

of the Maharaj, Dr. Elmshurst is now invited to his palace, and collects around him four or five thousand patients; to them, indirectly, by means of the Christian's money; directly, by means of his own skill and godly self-devotion; he, in the only practical way possible, explains the mystery of a creed which claims for itself humanity and divinity in one.

On Saturday we are off again, and camp close by the borders of the clear green stream we "took up with" in the snow—the Astor River apparently. Our march since that snow has been in the same valley—a valley of granite rocks and deodars; we climbing along the sides of the rocky mountains, passing over small strips of level, or, as here at Godaa, buried in a hole of water and wood and rock. No people, no houses, no cultivation almost; but, just above us, one mud hut and three or four little rice-fields, which a woman, all bangles and bed-gown and fear, is cultivating, by turning on rills of water that, coming from the mountain above, fertilise it, and which she deserts in instant flight when she perceives the unaccustomed stranger. Saturday is always a pleasant day. We have to wash our clothes, and not to get up in the morning—Sunday. That is the *summum bonum*. It almost beats the better dinner we get on Saturday and Sunday; perhaps two legs of mutton for two people, some chicken soup, some minced meat and mashed potatoes, rice, custard, and "comaneys," there! You try six days at 2 A.M. sixteen miles a day on foot, and then see if you begrudge the rest of the seventh, and the little service that makes you conscious of The Goodness that gave the day. Yes, that was a very pleasant Saturday night. The wind had got from the north to the south, and we had a great blazing pine fire. For our ensuing march a council of travel had to be held; a council at which the

Lumbadar of the place, in grey flannel cap, a flower in it, and long black hair, was our Minister for Foreign Affairs, and at which assisted two interpreters—Francis in Hindostanee to Pathan, Pathan in Persian to the Lumbadar. But as when through that channel it arrived at the Lumbadar, whose proper speech was Sheen, Tibetian, or Cashmerian, it produced little effect, it generally turned back on to the simple basis of the map and four words, "Kitna kos—bot buruf."* (How many miles—much snow?) The result of our conference was that the shorter route by Bomin was impracticable, and that we must push on by Astor.

It was an early start on Monday, about 2 A.M., for we wished to make two marches in one. Our road led us along the same sea-green torrent which we had brought with us from the Dorikoom Pass, and indeed we kept to this to Astor; but beyond Naugaum, where we breakfasted, it changed its course slightly, and its colour to the muddy hue of waters in sandy or ore-bearing districts. The march was not especially interesting till near to Naugaum, where the narrow valley opened out into a wider and, in fact, into what I may describe as looking like the base of an immense crater. Around us were huge mountains of rock, and to our direct front a grand mass, snow-covered, whose gigantic proportions neutralised the effect of sterility, so observable in smaller mountains of the same nature. The foreground of the picture was a broken intersected mass of lower hills rising and tumbling about in every way, mid which the river wound its course. The huge mountain to our front, Durmut, 22,368 feet, was but the herald of one of the kings of mountains; for, slightly turning a corner, Nanga Parbat, 26,629 feet high,

* I *believe* these last two words should be spelt "bahut barf," but I *know* they were pronounced by us as I have written them. Why should we depart from our phonetic style then?

rested majestically on our view. From this maelström of broken granite rocks, lying about in ridges, in peaks, in boulders, in broken *débris*, grassless, bare—little ants that we are—we climbed up some of the very smallest of the giant bits, and there, wearily pushing our way, came perchance on a rose-bush in full and beautiful bloom, or on a sweet white waxy-looking flower with green leaf, or on the gnarled and twisted stem of a deodar-tree. We stand and look at that vast mountain, its crest, robed in the soft lustre of perpetual snow, resting in the blue vault of heaven; its base, rugged, struggling upwards through avalanches of stones excoriating its sides, through cloak of deodar and pine, upward to grey, jagged, and pointed belt of granite, and crown of snow. It was indeed a striking and peculiar scene, surrounded as we were by stones that merged into rocks, the rocks into mountains; before us, around us, above us, rock. Up one small ledge of which, yet enough to hem in the world from us, we had to go, and to find at its summit an extensive plateau, itself bounded by a higher range dividing it from the long valley of Astor. In the centre of this plateau of short grass and corn-fields stood Naugaum on a small elevation of its own; a somewhat larger collection of mud huts, a rude fort, and a Wuzeer—of mud huts, the flat roofs of which afford room for so many different occupations. Here the good Mussulman standing prominently and picturesquely forth at even, chants his prayer: here Hindoo or Mussulman, Llama or Parsee, herds, at times, his small flock of sheep and goats, builds a booth of withies for shelter from the summer heat, holds sweet converse with his friend, and beats his wife. I know he does that, for, like the fly in the story of "Cock Robin," I saw him do it at Pooshiana. Next, said the Wuzeer, was he to the king in social status, dressed in

white with a turban, ruling for the Maharajah over his (the Wuzeer's) own people. Sheen, he called them; a people abutting on the Tibetians at Skardo, and stretching from Gourais to Astor; poor and civil, dressed in grey flannel, with long gaiters and shoes in one, of undressed skin, the hair turned in, and tied with a natural thong.

At Naugaum we breakfasted; and then pushing on over the plain, up the range of rolling downs covered with tufts of coarse grass and strong-smelling wormwood, and scattered over with firs and deodar-trees, the former the finer, crested the low elevation, and wound along the valley of Astor. This valley was very extensive and striking; for though bare in most parts, yet it possessed patches of cultivated land, which looked well as we gazed down on them far below us by the borders of the river we had so recently left, and which, after a somewhat arduous march, and down somewhat steep rocks, we were again nearly to rejoin a little beyond Peenee, where we halted for the night. The tents were pitched in a bean-field, under a walnut-tree, and joyfully enough too after our march of twenty miles. Here again we were at fault as to our route. The most contradictory reports were given us, and, utterly bewildered, we dispatched Pathan with a letter in Persian to the Maharajah's commandant at Astor—a place of soldiers, mud houses, and fort of some pretensions, two miles away on the other side of the river—to beg his advice. He kindly gave it; nevertheless, on Tuesday, in a perfect maze of possibilities, probabilities, and contradictions as to time and distance, and, to crown all, the chances, for or against, of the pony being able to go with us, we left. Our course had been north up the valley of Godaa, north-east to Astor, and to-day, turning into a hideous valley of stones and rocks, its base every here

and there villaged, and cultivated chiefly with bean, we took an eastern direction. The pathway led us, after leaving the main valley of Astor, up a precipice so steep and narrow that the tatts had to be unloaded to enable them to get up at all; and then we wound down to the level of a foaming torrent, and so arrived at Pareesing, where we halted for the night. Here we parted with the tatts and resumed coolies. There remained only our own little black that had come with us all the way from Rawul Pindee, of which Peter and I were co-heirs and joint-proprietors, and which had served more as ornament than use, though always available if required—a pony without fear and without reproach of the smallest stumble amidst the most difficult ravines and down the steepest precipices. The contradictory assertions about the capability of the poor little beast's getting on were so conflicting that we were determined to risk it, particularly as it seemed more difficult to arrange how it was to get back than to carry it on in hope; so on Wednesday it closed the *cortége* that, leaving Pareesing at 3 A.M., did not reach its destination, at the foot of the snow pass over which we were to go the next day, till 12.30 P.M.; and yet it was only a march of about twelve miles.

CHAPTER VII.

Uninviting Scenery—Don't Undress—Early Start—Pony left—Nature's *Chef d'œuvre*—Trongo Pir Pass—Buramagee—Indignant Sahibs—Dorgaybiri Camp—Harfé—Rondu—Its Chief—Fright—Shokoio—Gymnastic Cow—Pawnee—Gorge of Indus—Sunday's March—Barshoo—Aljoo—Kusoorah—Valley of Skardo—Hoton—What the Marches should have been—Skardo Halt—Shigar—The Sepoy—Mussik Raft—Conversation—The Pipe—Golapore—Tissa—Blue Beard—Shotroon—Hot Water and its Effect—Barshoo River—Schumick—Arendo—Its Appearance—"Guzumfur"—The Inhabitants—Bumboo—Boy and Hen-coop—Comparison.

WE were now fairly in the wilds of the Himalayas. Even the little villages that dotted the last valley up which we had turned from that of Astor, had left us, and we were pressing on over country that for nine months in each year is shrouded in snow. Generally the scenery was cold, repelling, uninviting, rocks and tarns and stones the foreground; and if by chance a little grass and a few flowers clung to the cold earth, it was with that creeping, clinging hold on it which lichens have, possessing a beauty of their own, but scentless, tight-packed, close-growing, as though they knew that their very life depended upon their grasp of the earth, nor raised their heads waving them to the breeze as the long grasses of the hot valleys do, but kept all tight and close, and low. In this neighbourhood we were not very far from the home of the late Zhor Ali, of whom Mr. Shaw, in his most interesting "Visits to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashghar," speaks. A ruler who "was in the habit of selling his superfluous subjects, leaving only a male and female to each home; and who used to make feasts, at which men were

sacrificed instead of sheep. He, when about to die, called eleven of his chiefs into the strong tower where he lived, and had them killed in his presence, so that their souls might bear his company." The journey before us seemed to have been untrodden even by the coolies, and when we met a peasant and heard from him confused accounts of distance and snow blindness, unformed apprehensions floated over the mind. Where we camped on Wednesday night, after a wet march, was close by the snow. That night I did not undress, but having, before the day waned, had myself shod in worsted socks, with a slit between the big and the second toe, straw shoes, and grey flannel bandages, lay down. So equipped, the camp was called the following morning as soon as the moon rising, at 1.15, enabled us to avail ourselves of its light to help us on our long march—a march that closed only with the day, at about 5.30 P.M., at a place called Dorway, twenty-six miles off. The first part of the march lay over snow, from which boulders of granite were standing out every here and there, and which proved the tomb, as far as we were concerned at least, if not altogether, of the poor pony. Gal-

MIRACULOUS PONY.

lantly he plunged from one rock to the other, now on hard snow, now sunk to his shoulders in a yielding drift—gallantly, till exhausted nature gave in, and, quivering in every limb, bathed in sweat, he stopped. For him, poor little beggar!

we could not dally nor turn round; and so, releasing from our train a sort of head coolie, we entrusted the pony to his charge, enjoining him to get it back to Gourais by some means; but from that day to this we heard no more of the deserted one, and whether he died in the snow or the coolie forgot where to send him, I am not at liberty to mention. If you go there, pray inquire. The pass was named Soorkung to us, and it was near the entrance of it where we left the pony.

After this misfortune our way led us over a valley of snow, now hard, now yielding, faced in by a lofty wall, ice-bound. Up this, had the pony got so far, it could not possibly have got without ropes, which we had not with us; and I, even, having outstripped the rest of the party, found it no easy matter to scale it. For them, steps were cut with a hatchet; but I, alone and ahead of them, found it difficult to climb. The summit reached, there was reward. Around was snow; before, dotted over the shining surface, was the little line of black specks accepted as men; behind, the rapid descent to the valley beyond; in the distance, the grandest view (for me) in the world. From things seen that are beautiful, I have presumed to select four—two in nature and two in art: in art, the Taj, and the tombs of the Shiogoons at Yeddo; in nature, Niagara and this. It would be impossible, I think, to surpass it. There was nothing to intercept the view. Standing on such a level that the distant mountains did not seem so far to o'ertop us, the eye was brought on a level with billows of snow mountains rolling up to their sovereign, Nanga Parbat—courtiers at his throne. Peaks, crested ridges, and irregular lines of snow foam; but all still, motionless, as though some enchanter had suddenly hushed into perpetual silence what otherwise would have been a tumultuous storm

of mountains. The morning sun was just beginning to gild, now here, now there, a sparkling summit. The heavens were one blue vault, and we were in the midst of, in unison with—by the isolation of the place, by the foreground of snow and rock—this magnificent spectacle of nature's grandest handiwork.

It is only now, at home, and by aid of Mr. Walker's sheets, that I know where we were. His names and the names supplied us by the coolies differ; for to us, then, the pass was named Soorkung, but to me, now, it is "Trongo Pir, 15,637 feet." What were the actual peaks on to which we looked I cannot say, but tens of snowy summits dot his map, rising to heaven in scores of thousands of feet; and it was over some of them—many of them—a sea of them—that we looked, and that I remember now as being quite unequalled, untouched, in Sierra Nevada, or Rocky Mountain, or Switzerland.

Our descent from this height, when about six o'clock the party had gradually assembled, was by a wide slope of snow ending in rocks and stones and torrents. As a means of more rapid advance, many of us selected "tobogging," if you can imagine "tobogging" with no caudal substratum; and when we had left the snow, often wearily soft and deep, and were filing down by torrent beds, one huge piece, loosened from above, rolled down in wild bounds, just giving Pathan time to crouch behind a rock and save himself from death, but not the gun, the stock of which was broken in two. Our breakfast was eaten at eleven o'clock by the borders of a stream that lined the valley, along which we hoped to go to our next halt. Buramagee the coolies called our breakfast place, and we hailed with delight the news that Rondu was only two or three miles off, and that there was "maidan" (plain) all the

way. What, then, was our astonishment to find, after we had resumed our march and continued it for some way, the coolies ascending a hill to our right, and, having done so, coming to a halt among some fir-trees. Most distinctly it was not Rondu. In fact, a few questions answered gave us the unwelcome news that Rondu was more than ten miles away and over two mountains. A storm of indignation was raised in the bosoms of the Sahibs at this disclosure, and after short consultation the most vigorous measures were adopted. "'Jow,' (get on), 'Jow,' I say! We will teach you to tell lies. 'Jow,' will you, and 'chell' (quick) too!" Those were the sounds we uttered. Thus were the recumbent coolies raised and driven before the enraged English. This *élan* carried us on for, I dare say, a half score of miles, over two mountains, across snow, and on to a ridge overlooking an extensive plain, far away in the distance of which we espied a village, and found that that was Rondu. The evening was closing in; so, dropping from our heights, we sought the first spring and fir-trees we met, and camped there, Dorgaybiri, near a village called Kargellus. On these days of long marches we used to pitch our tent in a sort of semi-pegged-down fashion; and one stormy night we two Sahibs had the pleasure of having our tent blown clean over our heads; and when we sat up in bed and looked at each other in astonishment, we did so by the clear light of the stars shining down on us derisively. Early on the 2nd, Friday, we were off again, Peter, Francis, and I forming ourselves into a sort of advanced guard or exploring party, in the hope of getting coolies at Rondu and pushing on to Skardo. Skardo! and yet our information was so vague and varied, such were the hopes with which we left our encampment. After hours of weary marching, down this ravine,

over a few rice-fields, up that ravine, we came at last on a village which proved to be Harfé, and here, tired and sullen, we threw ourselves down in a sort of open square of the village, and waited for events to develop themselves. A score of ringleted Tibetians came and squatted round us, bringing us mulberries, comaneys, and apricots; but to none could any of us speak. After we had sat for some short time, a man with some one or two running attendants, one of whom was a Sepoy of the Maharajah's, trotted up on a small pony; a young man, who had inherited his title from his father, and was dressed in white gown, turban, and red sort of Hessian boots. By this time the coolies had begun to drop in, and a dispute began among them and the Harfé men. The Wuzeer invited us to press on to Rondu, and, tired as we were, we consented. It was a quaint and peculiar march. We were descending on the Indus, amid irregular mountains of sandstone, by a rough path covered with innumerable rocks and stones. Small vales or platforms of cultivation were everywhere met, so that, from the highest level to the lowest, vegetation in every stage, from the fir and sprouting green corn to the ripe apricot and vine, was met. One out of the many small mud villages may have been Rondu proper, but the district was Rondu over which the Wuzeer ruled. At last he suffered us to stop in a village on a mud floor and beneath apricot-trees, where our strange habits were as delightful to the natives as their smells were the opposite to us. Polyandry is practised among some of these tribes, and I thought that the dark and dirty ladies scanning us from out their mixed wicker and mud houses claimed, perchance, half a dozen brothers as their one lord; but I believe I wronged them. The night was close and hot, and the Wuzeer and his courtiers slept and squatted around our

encampment. There was something rather pretty in the way in which he was made up to by the villagers; the sort of quiet patronage he offered them was not a little amusing, as sitting round in a semicircle, he invited the oldest to sit nearest to him, to light his pipe, which was passed round, and to make himself into a sort of couch for the benefit of the Wuzeer and his legs. This worthy was anxious to have a present of tea, which we could not spare, but gave him some coffee-berries instead, the process of cooking which we entered into minutely, much to his astonishment and perhaps incredulity, for he had never seen coffee before.

About three o'clock next morning we got off, bidding good-bye to the men in ragged flannel, but accompanied by the Wuzeer and his calves, which had been carefully rubbed by one of his attendants, and started for our further march. The Wuzeer-ship of this worthy, I should say, extends for ten miles from end to end; and he, his bow-man or sling-man, and other ringleted and rather effeminate-looking people, accompanied us to the confines of his territory. At last he made his salaam and returned; we pressed on. We were tired yesterday, we were tired to-day; but we started to get to Skardo, for they said it was only about twenty miles, or that was what we understood them to say, and we thought we should be able to accomplish it. But what a prospect had we not on the Wuzeer's confines! Before us a wild, desolate, fruitless gorge, gloomy, cold, forbidding, cruel, at the base of which the muddy Indus tore, and along the left side of which, like flies, we had to cling to the rock and struggle on; up one side of a slippery boulder by means of rude ladders, down another, along a cliff hanging over the river hundreds of feet, we slip or cling, or are helped or crawl, and

our comfort is that where people have gone before others can go again; and if coolies can go with a kilta, Sahibs can go without one. At eight o'clock we arrived at an oasis in the rocky desert, Shokoio, and here, mid a few mulberry-trees, we breakfasted. Here we were told we could not possibly get to Skardo under four days. It was two days to Skardo. It was four. It was short marches, and it was long. So we gave up the future and confined ourselves to the present. "Where are we to halt to-night?" "Pawnee." "Is there plenty of water?" "O bot Pawnee, bot lacree!" If we had plenty of water and wood, we were content, and so, invigorated by hope, we pressed on. A second small bundle of huts, similar but somewhat less than that where we had breakfasted, sold us a cock and lent us a cow. The flight for life of the former failed; the latter yielded a submission and a gymnastic aptitude quite marvellous; for from this point our road got wilder and rougher, though without the ladders, which I presume would have defeated even the gymnastic cow. The muddy waters of the Indus flowed through a gorge of sandstone mountains, cold, inhospitable, grim. Never has it been my lot to be in a place where nature seemed to repel so thoroughly. No vegetation, no trees, no grass, nothing but a gorge—a gorge not so narrow but what you could see somewhat far around you, where mountain after mountain of rock only the more impressed you with the desolate inhospitality, almost awe, of the place. On we pushed, and on pushed, climbed, tumbled, scrambled, the poor little cow that had been most hospitably lent us by the villagers, so as to give us milk at our next halt, and about noon we turned from the gorge of the Indus up a small ravine, down which flowed a torrent at right angles to the river, and here was Pawnee. Such a camping-ground, plenty of water, cer-

ainly, but not a tree; only a few wild bushes clinging to the boulders of rocks lying about in wild confusion, and not even affording us room to pitch our tents. Before us, on the other side of the torrent, rose a mountain that positively gave us not the smallest inkling how we were to get up; a great mass of rock rising up thousands of feet, here crumbling away into loose stones, there hung with projecting bits of rock, but nowhere with a semblance even of a path. It certainly was a wild spot, and had we had any apprehension of bad faith, a more likely place to make an end of the whole party could not have presented itself. A good dinner and a good snooze under the clear stars fitted us for an early march next day, thankful, let us hope, for our good gifts, and, among others, that Sunday was made for man, and not man for it; for by its earliest dawn the coolies, some less bold crawling on all fours, the others walking across the unsteady bridge that spanned the torrent, were off, and the whole camp was on the move. Before starting, a great avalanche of stones, falling within too short a distance to be pleasant, had warned us that a danger of to-day's march was a similar fall of rock and stones on the heads of the rear-guard, loosened by the advance. Up, and up, and up we toiled by jumps and jerks and hauls; now on crumbling stones, now up ledges that called for the exercise of hands and feet, now by precipices; up, and farther up, but until near the first summit without the sun. We were climbing the eastern slope of the mountain, so, until it rose sufficiently high in the clear sky above to look down upon us, we were saved from its hot rays. About nine o'clock we passed from the bare face of the mountain on to a plateau of grass of considerable extent, and under its pine and birch and ash, and amid London-pride, ranunculus, buttercups, pansies, wild

rhubarb, forget-me-not, and convolvulus, breakfasted. Great was the change from the wild, bleak, bare rocks below, on to this grassy plain, whereon horses and cattle, driven up from Barshoo, whither we were pressing, were browsing. We had not finished our march, however. We had another ascent of a thousand, if not more, feet before us; whilst a descent of as many feet as we had come up into the valley of, and to the village of, Barshoo, by the banks of the Indus again, which had swept round the mountain we had climbed over, had yet to be accomplished. This descent was long and wearisome, but gradual; and, pressing on, I outstripped the rest, and got to Barshoo about 6 P.M. Alas! instead of finding it one place, I found it like Rondu, only with three villages instead of many, and all on the same level instead of on different ones. However, I pushed on by a most inconceivable road, and, jumping a torrent, arrived perplexed and weary at the last of the three places, trying to understand and to be understood. The natives were most civil, spread rugs, brought me milk and mulberries, and ran to seek for eggs, which I described as "chuk, chuk," and drew an oval figure on my helmet. By eight in the evening the party had all reassembled, and by a roaring pine fire, in a circle of natives, under the boughs of overhanging trees, through which gleamed the soft light of the moon and stars, we waited for our food, tired and footsore, having in a march of seventeen hours, broken in upon only by breakfast, accomplished a distance that could be measured by very few miles. Somewhat from the pleasure of marching was taken by the necessity that existed to press on, our object being Arendo, and our time only limited. So we had to be off again on Monday, knowing, tired as we were, that we had a weary march before us, but hardly

expecting it would take us from seven till four, and over twenty miles of stones and rough path. Before we started we had milk and eggs brought us, and the ringleted coolies got a lecture from the head man, Mokadam, which sounded like—"O mo ong tong los eges demit ong ong;" and now that I have heard Chinese, these "ongs" and "tongs" seem familiar. It was a most fatiguing march to Aljoo, where we rested a short time; a march that led us by the Indus; a march for miles on avalanches of stones, then on rocks, by rude wooden causeways overhanging the river far beneath, and always in utterly uninteresting scenery. Aljoo was on the threshold of our long looked-for "maidan." For days we had been hoping for a plain. When was it coming with its expected relief to our wearied limbs? We had hoped to have met ponies at Aljoo; but they, like the "kos" and the "maidan," were painted to suit the occasion by the fertile brains of the coolies and the village heads, not with any regard to fact, and were now described as awaiting us at Kusoorah with like truth; and so we pushed on on foot to the first of many hereafter to be met with oases in these deserts of sand, Kusoorah. We found it to be a pleasant enough village, amid fruit-trees, bean and wheat fields, hedged in by pleasant little rills of clear water, which we adopted as sponge-baths, and waited for dinner and bed.

At 3.20 A.M. on Tuesday we were off again, but to-day luxuriating in the knowledge of "maidan" very shortly to be reached. Groupings of cultivation, set down in the midst of mountains, and among rocks and huge *débris* of stones that divided one group from another, one field from another, were first met; then the same at the entrance, along the borders of, and dotted upon, the valleys of sand on to which we were

shortly to sink from the slight elevations where we were now perched; valleys that were to relieve the burden of rock climbing by the weariness of deep-sand walking. We pressed on to the Indus, here sluggishly laid out in a large lake, exhausted with its efforts to get beyond a sand valley, through which it had had to force its way, and collecting its energies for the recovery of that strong flow of water which it had before it got sopped up in the sand, and which it resumed on leaving it. Would that I were able to give a more technical description of a valley that certainly *is* peculiar and ugly. Thirty miles away to our front, the east, it stretches with an average breadth of a third of its length, is hemmed in by huge mountains of sandstone, and is itself a heavy, deep bed of sand, through which the Indus scarce can push its way; though its own considerable volume of water, tearing along to the entrance of the sand-bed, has been there fed by the Shigar River, no mean stream; it also having forced its way down another sand valley, up which we shall go from Skardo. Dotted over the wall of mountain, on either side, are villages with some few inhabitants in each; pretty villages with mulberry and walnut trees, and well-tilled fields. The first of these through which we passed was Hoton, and here, finally leaving the smallest elevation, we passed on to the heavy sand of the plain, and sank into it over our ankles. Such the reward of our long hope—a plain certainly; but one more weary to walk on than our late rock roads. However, it had to be crossed, and we were favoured inestimably by a dull day; for as we did not reach Skardo till 2 P.M. we should otherwise have had to walk over this burning sand at the full blaze of the sun. As it was, we were tired, hot, and terribly hungry when breakfast came towards noon, under some fine mulberry-trees, up

which the coolies instantly swarmed, on the other side of the Indus, across which, up to the waist, we first waded, then bathed. Somewhat invigorated by the eggs, chepatis, and tea which Francis gave us, we accomplished the rest of our hot march and reached Skardo; reached in nine days what ought to have had fifteen allowed it for comfort, and if you did not march on Sundays; to wit, Godaa, Naugaum, Peenee, Pareesing, Dorwan, Buramagee, Dorgaybiri, Harfé, Rondu, Pawnee, Dumil, Barshoo, Aljoo, Hoton, Skardo. Skardo is one of the Maharajah of Cashmere's chief towns, an outwork against incursions from the north, a fort wherein to concentrate soldiers to be used at his frontiers when need requires. Itself a mere collection of mud houses in the midst of the prevailing sand, but standing near the entrance of the valley of Skardo, through which the direct road leads to Sreenugger, it has been armed with a white pulvery-looking mud fort, and provided with a civil and military head, bidden to keep the gateway of the Maharajah's dominions secure. We camped by the side of a stream, under the boughs of some mulberry and apricot trees and upon a rocky, stony plain, broken in upon every here and there by fields of wheat. We stayed here during Wednesday, and devoted ourselves to rest and a general washing. Pathan, having first devoted himself to us, next turns to his own welfare, and freeing his head of his huge coil of blue turban, clothes himself in it alone whilst he proceeds to wash the rest of his clothes. We loll about, look up at Baba Nazib's Mussulman temple perched on the rock over against us, wonder why the Wuzeer does not come and see us bringing an offering of sheep and sugar, and speculate on the sounds floating over to us from the fort. That surely was "God save the Queen," we say as a scream and bang reaches

us, and then we learn that the Wuzeer has been on a journey; the firing is in honour of his return; so the music; and to the tune of our national anthem, mid the eight hundred soldiers of the place, the Maharajah's deputy returns to his abode. It is sad that we cannot wait for his Wuzeership's visit of ceremony, but we must be off again now at 4 A.M., on Thursday, the camp roused to life to-day by the other Sahib for the first and last time. We must be off to the biggest glacier in the world, or at least one of that group of the biggest which lies there, and then do as the swallows in the German song do. Our road leads us through the scattered town, over the yielding sand up to the north-east where the valley closes in, and to the banks of the muddy, swift, strong, and wide current of the Indus before it sinks into the sand-bed beyond, and where we waded across it. Here no wading is possible, but we are ferried across in a large boat. Up its right bank we trudged, through uninteresting sand mountains, till, turning to our left, we ascended through a gorge of stones and rocks to the crest of a ridge, and overlooked the valley of Shigar. The view was somewhat attractive, for though it was still over a long valley of sand, stones, and sandstone mountains, there were more frequent clumps of green fields and trees lying on flats at the base of the mountains, and between them and the broad, stony, sandy river-bed through which the Shigar forced its way in places almost in rivulets. These relieved the scene, and to the nearest of these clumps, and to the cleanest and nicest town in Cashmere, Shigar, we betook ourselves, and got there about two o'clock, after a march of twelve miles and breakfast *en route*. A long strip of cultivation is this Shigar, with a collection of mud houses in the centre, lying close under the mountain side of the valley;

gardened by barley, wheat, and bean fields, irrigated by small streams, crossed by narrow pathways running under the shade of silver poplar, chenar, apricot, and mulberry trees. It was quite delightful thus to take our way to where the camp was pitched close by the town. Whether to the Wuzeer or not, I do not know, but to some cause certainly must be attributed the exceptional cleanness of Shigar, the very fields being provided with small primitive—forts, shall I call them? at each corner, useful alike as economisers of fertility and provocative of cleanliness. We were given a Sepoy at Shigar, a soldier of the Maharajah's, whose sword was stained with the blood of his master's enemies up at Gilgit, and set off in his charge the next morning at four o'clock. We soon came down on the river, flowing at this point with a considerable current of water, and had to avail ourselves of a Mussik raft to get across. A score and four sheep had been enlisted for this purpose, their heads cut off, and their inflated bodies attached to a light raft. On this, in charge of four men, we embarked in detachments of four, and, squatted on the raft, through the openings of which the water bubbled, and over which waves would break now and again, were carried by the force of the stream down and across the river in four minutes. Arrived at the other side, the raftsmen re-embarked, were carried farther down the stream back to the left bank again; and there, picking up the raft, walked back with it to the original starting-point, and refloated it. In all about fourteen minutes were consumed on each crossing and return, an hour and twenty minutes on the entire party. The view of the Shigar valley was fine. We looked towards where we were going, and saw a screen of grand snow mountains, their glistening summits reddened by the morning sun closing in

the distance. As we waited for the return of the raft we asked the names of places, and were told we should breakfast there amid those trees, Bundoo, and camp farther on, at that other clump of trees and fields, divided from Bundoo by a petræa of stones and rocks, Golapore. That high snow peak is Hosorsgam, that other, Brasjo; and far away there in the distance is Joeel, at the base of which is Arendo.

And then we instruct ourselves in language. 'What is mulberry in Hindostanee?' "Toot." 'What in Tibetian?' "Oosa." 'In Cashmerian?' "Toolu." 'What is glacier in Hindostanee?' "Kucker." 'What in Tibetian?' "Gung." 'Well, are there many toot at Arendo?' "Nae." 'Is the gung at Arendo the biggest gung in the world?' "Nae." That, be it understood, is how I put it to you for clearness's sake; but when addressed to the Sepoy it would take this form, but of course you must add gesticulation. 'Gung burrah?' "Ah."* 'Bot burra?' "Ah." 'Nay burraer? I mean look here.' 'Arendo gung?' "Ah." Then pointing all round and drawing a little "gung" on the sand, 'Is there burraer gung anywhere else?' Perhaps you may think that mode of address is not likely to produce the desired end, but it does. Given ten fingers, two eyes, and two words of a language, it is astonishing how much information you may get out of a tolerably intelligent peasant. Mine was most conclusive. Evidence was adduced that though Arendo was a big "gung," there was a bigger over there to our right, lying four marches off on the main track from Shigar to Yarkand; but this latter "gung," one of a series of three, as you will see on a good map, it would have been impossible to reach for another fortnight at least, as the snow was not sufficiently melted. We had to content ourselves therefore with the

* "Ah" means "yes."

information that if we saw the actual biggest "gung," we should only see a counterpart of what we did see, and you will in a day or two. Let us betake ourselves to tobacco—a little mound of sand bored through with a stick, the tobacco at one end, your mouth at the other, and what more do you want?

It was a somewhat weary march after we got to the right bank of the river before we reached Golapore, where, after our ten miles, we halted for the night, at about 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon. We had had our breakfast at Bundoo, but these half-way breakfasts, though delightful and refreshing, almost always compelled a long march afterwards in the sun; and that is trying even if one is greeted, as we were at Golapore, by the band of the village coming out to meet us—two halves of a drum and one flageolet. We had met a house on our march that presented some signs of art, the wood-work being somewhat elaborately carved; but generally the dwellings are merely four mud walls, roofed with huge logs, stones, and turf.

On Saturday we were off again about four o'clock, and passed on stones, and sand, and mud, and grass, by the villages of Kyo, and Chogo, and Shumick, to Tissa; before we reached which place we had had to climb round the bare face of a cliff, by little niches cut in the rock, just big enough for our toes, or down perpendicular ladders, or along narrow wooden causeways overhanging the river, in a way anything but pleasant to those of our party who were bad climbers, who had a tendency to lose, first their heads and then their feet, or *vice versâ*. At Tissa, the Tramper (head man of the village) came out most courteously to meet us, sent a pony for us to ride, and generally busied himself on our behalf, gathering mulberries and providing milk. He was a queer old specimen of the "genus homo," and reminded

me of my earliest conceptions of "Blue Beard," dressed in red trousers, flannel coat, cummerbund, and skull-cap, long black ringlets streaming thereout; his one eye followed our every movement .and intercepted our wants. He was surrounded, courted by, obeyed by some score of his tribe, who when he was confined for treason and rebellion by the Maharajah for ten years, had washed the Shigar River and collected two thousand chilkis' (£100) worth of gold, and so bought his discharge. From this place we pushed on after breakfast to Shotroon, which we reached, fourteen miles in all, at two o'clock. Before getting there, and some distance from it, I saw coursing along parallel with the muddy river a perfectly clear and beautiful stream of water, which I bent down to drink, and found it hot. Nine hundred years, ago Pir Shah Nazare had been in want of some hot water, to obtain which he stuck his stick in the ground, and out flowed this lovely stream. I noticed the Sepoy bowing to a peculiarly shaped mountain on our right, and when I asked why, was told that was Pir Shah Nazare; but whether the saint was turned into the rock, or was sitting on it, or hovering over it, I am not prepared to say, I only relate the fact that the Sepoy reverently saluted it. When we reached our encampment, under the boughs of a splendid walnut-tree, we found that the waters of the sacred stream had been collected into an open bath, walled in, and thither we infidels quickly repaired, and enjoyed the most delicious bathe. Clear as crystal, the water was just as hot as we could bear it; and here, regardless of a poor blind fakeer who lay on the shelf of stone that lined the bath, we bathed. The efficacy of this saint's gift is most remarkable, for whereas a very few miles up the valley, the rise of which is almost imperceptible, the people live for four months in the

year underground, at Shotroon they live all the year round aboveground; and when I asked the reason, I was told that the hot water was the cause, and that it was all the doing of the saint. Be that the reason or not, it is certain that the temperature at Shotroon and at Do Kos Sibri, four miles farther up the slightly ascending valley, is greatly different. Before you reach Shotroon you have said good-bye to mulberry-trees; at Shotroon you say farewell to walnut-trees; and from houses or huts of mud and stones pass to huts made of what you may call roofed hurdles, and better I can't describe them. These withy huts are the summer residences of those who in winter—for four months at Do Kos Sibri, for seven at Arendo—burrow underground, and live in streets and rooms of earth beneath their snow covering; cows, women, goats, and children, all there, their common occupation sleep, their special the weaving of blankets. I attempted to visit these abodes, but was strongly urged not, by the Tramper, on account of the "peesoo." Peesoo are fleas.

We stayed Sunday at Shotroon, luxuriating in the virtues of the bath, and wondering over the instinct of that poor, chalked, matted-haired, loin-girt, naked fakeer, who probably had walked many, many weary miles to bathe in the sacred stream, and who this morning we found haunting the precincts of the bath. We were off again before 4 A.M. on Monday morning, trudging along by the borders of the Shigar, now called Barshoo, some sixteen miles of a trudge to Schumick, by the side of the river, where we camped for the night among stones and in a low coppice jungle. We have left the wicker bowers of the natives, their children squatted over pots of boiling (what looked like) leeks, and we are now in a contracted valley, amid high mountains of sandstone, their summits of rock and snow gilded by

the sun, through which the muddy waters of the Barshoo courses, bearing along huge lumps of beautiful clear ice, which the coolies fish out and adorn therewith our table, a luxury which the air, so much colder, renders superfluous. Behold us then approaching the end of our long marches, appropiately surmounting great obtruding boulders of rock, trudging over loose stones, or clinging to the side of the crumbling hills that line the gradually narrowing valley. At Schumick we sleep, and at 3.30 on Tuesday are off to Arendo, and back again unexpectedly to Schumick by four o'clock P.M. the same day, perhaps some twenty miles in all; but that is because we are so agreeably disappointed in the realisation of the reported length of this last march. It is early morning still when we come upon Arendo, come upon this end and aim of all our toil and trouble. We are nigh the heart of the Himalayas. Great veins of mountains are stretching to the east and north-east, and the south and west. The poorest map will show you their great currents winding along in mighty motionless waves of mountains. We are at, if not actually the largest glacier in the world, one of a chain of those whose size and age fitly coincide with the mighty rock masses that form their cradle, and what do we find? We are in a gorge. The valley has narrowed to that; or if not a gorge strictly speaking, to a very narrow valley—a very few trees, a green field or two of barley, the summer hurdle and mud residences of the inhabitants of Arendo, crumbling mountains of dusty stone, a rushing stream, a parterre of rubble. And yet another object. Not that glassy snow peak which rises to our left, and relieves the otherwise snowless summits of the mountains that hem in our prospect, but that dirty line, raised a hundred feet or so up from the base of the valley, crossing it from side to side, and fronting

us; that line extending back as far as the eye can see in the yet narrowing valley, and filling it; a mass of dirty lumps and peaks and stones, a sort of snow-drift with a chimney-swept-over-it appearance, or rather as we see a drift of snow when March winds have covered it with a dry coat of dust; a dirty line with a rushing stream breaking away from a cavern at its foot, at the door of which huge lumps of beautiful clear ice are wedged in, or playing on the surface of the stream before starting on their hopeless cruise southward; a wall of ice, stones, and dirt, and dust, from out which just two spots of a light greenish blue, glittering in the morning sun, sparkle forth—that is the glacier; that Arendo. Here, so we are told, though the fact seems hardly borne out by the map, is the end of the Maharajah's dominions, the threshold of the dread Guzumfur* (*sic*, coolies), to watch which fierce chieftain a mud fortress of the Maharajah's stands out pre-eminently among the wicker booths. I visit it. It faces the glacier, and commands a prospect of as many (a half hundred, say) feet as it is high, but not many more. It is furnitureless—a woman, a child, a goat, a bowl, that is all—for two trestles, covered only with weeds, cannot be called furniture. Two Sepoys are the guard; but whether to warn off Guzumfur, or to keep order among the hundred souls that—cows, and goats, and all—burrow for seven months in the year underground, I am not sure. Realise such a life; picture yourself being caught by an early snowstorm, and snowed up there for the winter, making blankets, milking cows, and feeding peesoo. Yet these people, to whom the year consists of seven months below, and five months aboveground, seemed well-grown,

* Probably this Guzumfur is the Ghazanfar spoken of in Mr. Shaw's "High Tartary" as the late chief of Kanjoot.

natural, and cheerful; the women, true to instinct, with a bit of blue bead or brass ring for ornament, but only one long, dirty flannel dress for garment; the men better, more warmly clothed, true too to their instinct, perhaps the ladies will say—the instinct of an accurate perception of where charity begins. A man who climbed with me on to the glacier, a good-looking young fellow, hummed a tune all the way, in the intervals of which he remarked "Oawar chur chuck," an opinion with which I entirely agreed, and you too probably. There was not a morsel of shade whereunder to feed, and though the wind blew cold the sun scorched, so we accepted the hospitality of the Tramper, and breakfasted under his wicker roof. We had not time to press up the glacier; indeed it is doubtful if the coolies would have gone many days' march into the territory, or ice-itory rather, of Guzumfur, whom they appeared or pretended to dread, and who may or may not have been a bogey. Major Annesley, of the 11th Hussars, went two days' march up it once, but I believe he was hardly repaid for his trouble, and we turned our steps back and slept that night once more at Schumick. Had we been able to foresee this, we should, of course, have left our camp there; but when we started we gathered it was two days' march to Arendo, instead of only one there and back—a march of twenty miles, if that even is not in excess of the actual distance, which I am inclined to think it is. At any rate we were back at Schumick at 3.20. Before we left Arendo there was a row, and one curiously illustrative of the fact you constantly see among these people, and that is an indifference to money. To obtain it they will hardly ever put themselves out of the way; it doesn't tempt them. We had determined to go back, and had given the necessary orders; but not a stick would the

coolies who had brought our things carry back. It was in vain that we acquired their language, and told them that they were "bumboo" (asses); in vain that we asked them if they were going back. "Yes." 'With us?' "Yes." 'Well, had they not better carry our things and get twice the pay?' "No." So then the Tramper and our Sepoy had to set to work to collect Arendo coolies, who of course hid themselves, and had to be beaten out, to a chorus of women's wails, who always seem to think their husbands are going to be eaten; and then this he-coolie added to his wife's wail and wept because he had a sore foot; and the other, because he had not; a third, because he hadn't got a bit of rope; and then, when all were finally moved on, all difficulties at once seem to vanish. They certainly are a queer lot.

I will tell you about a boy and a hen-coop. It happened a few marches on our way back, just after leaving Skardo, when, having a long, fatiguing, and trying march before us, all sorts of shifts were made by the coolies to try and get off being pressed. However, one stripling among many fell a victim to a hen-coop and half a dozen live chickens, and with this load started up the gorge. It was growing dark, and we were naturally anxious to get camped before it became quite so, when, looking back over the line of coolies that slowly wound up the narrow valley, I saw there was a halt, and running back, found that it was the hen-coop that had subsided. Such giving in was not to be tolerated, and the usual means were adopted for the desired end and with the usual result, that is to say he got up and went on. Knowing that there would be an early return of inanition, I kept behind him, for on these and similar occasions the great thing is to forestall giving in. "Keep 'im going," as cabby would say; "don't 'it 'im, but don't certainly sit on 'is 'ead;"

and so, without thinking where we were, and with the best intentions, I gave him a gentle push. I assure you it was a gentle one. What was my horror though to see him stagger, and then over and over—the hen-coop in one direction and he in the other—over and over roll down the sloping side of the narrow ——! It might have been a precipice for all I had ever thought about it; I never dreamt of my push, my gentle push, having any other but a forward action. However, down he went, and I stood watching the poor boy as he rolled, anxiously watching and most earnestly hoping. The chickens were nowhere in my calculations, but evidently they exercised some considerable influence over his thoughts, for just when he gave the final roll, and before he settled himself down to complete insensibility, I saw him raise his head to see where they were. You may be sure I quite forgave him for being "kilt intoirely" in my gratitude for his being alive. When we got down to him he was a corpse. It was no use bathing his temples with water or telling him to "Jao, jao;" he would not; so he had to be picked up, like the chickens (they one by one), and carried on another fellow's back the short remaining way to where the camp was pitched. To tell the truth, I was ashamed of myself, and heartily thankful that the lad was not hurt, so I was quite ready to make a pet of him, cover him with my rug, lay him by the fire, revive him with brandy-and-water, and generally comfort him, as most certainly he particularly did me when I saw him looking for the missing "'ens." Whether it was a new idea or gratitude, I do not know, but he was up with the lark and the chickens the next morning, and never tumbled over a precipice again, to my knowledge at least.

This is an interlude, and does not come in in the

regular sequence of events; but, to tell the truth, there cannot be a regular sequence now, for we are going back, and you are enjoying the luxury of travel by the fire-side, and of thereby skipping over dull retrogression. I am not going actually to land you back at Skardo, but you shall have the matter condensed as much as possible. You shall have it like Swiss milk, in tins; and talking about Switzerland reminds me that perhaps you would like me to compare Arendo with the Rhone, Alitsch, or the Grindelwald glaciers. But comparisons are odious, so all I shall say is that at Arendo I did not see anything so beautiful as the blue crevasses at Grindelwald, or so grand as the polar heapings of ice rocks at the end of the Alitsch Glacier, if it so happens that you have crossed from the Egishorn to Grindelwald by the Münch Jock Pass.

CHAPTER VIII.

Schumick—Shotroon—Chogo—Shigar—Illness coming on—The Ipecacuanha Bottle—Skardo—Chorcoomkie—Borji-la Pass—Bomomar—Plains of Deosai—Coolies' Hardships—The Pill—Alimalick—Piar Piar—Chorchung—The Bath—Chugman—Rose Water—Fair Play—Snow—Sansunger and Stakfield Passes—Burzil—Butchery—Bungler—Maharajah's Rice Ponies—Ushoori—Gourais—Rain, Rain—Kunzlibun—The Monkey—Rajdiangan Pass—The Stampede—Montrigaum—Twofold Storm—Sopoor—Lalad—The Major—Goopakar—The Maharajah's Parting Gift—Start for the Plains—Ramoo—Shupyon—Hirpore—Alihabad Serai—Pir Punjal—Pooshiana—Buramgula—Thunna—Rajaori—Howard and Sons, Bedford—11th Hussars—Naoshera—Turner's Pictures—Bimbur—Goojerat—Lahore—Rest!—Tobacco—The World before us—A sad break up—Cholera—Beas River—Philor—Umballa—Kalka—Kussowlie—Lagging Coolies—Kukerhutee—Daft Boy.

BACK from Schumick to Shotroon on Wednesday, into the hot bath again; back from Shotroon to Chogo, for breakfast, to Wurzeerpore for bed—a long march, a hot march, a tiring march, from 4.30 A.M. to 5.20 P.M.; back from Wurzeerpore to Shigar on Friday, with a weary wait for the Mussik raft, and Peter and Francis both sick. Oh, why did they suck those unripe aloochoos at Shotroon! Pedophline for Peter, castor oil for Francis. More still, he is doubled up with pain; rhubarb, peppermint, thanks to that excellent little leather case that ought to have gone to the Crimea, did not, and ever since has been lying idle till now; a case against which I can only bring one railing accusation, and that is that the next time it grows under the fostering care of Messrs. Savory and Moore perhaps it will kindly grow into a bigger ipecacuanha bottle, and so hold at least as much as is advised to be given in one

dose, which at present it does not. We are wretched on Saturday on account of the woes of others, but off and back to Skardo, only by night instead of by day—at least from three in the afternoon till eleven at night. We cannot venture on crossing, by day, that dreary waste of sand that divides us from Skardo after leaving the valley of the Shigar, and rather risk a sandstorm, blown up by the night wind, which we get, than the scorching rays of a noon sun. By the time we reached our halt the young moon was just setting; and the wind, which had blinded us with sand, had freshened into a gale, rendering the pitching of the tent next to impossible. It was not a good feeding day that—two hard-boiled eggs and a chepati for dinner, a little brandy-and-water with leg of a chicken and chepati for supper. We were all beginning to get ill. We didn't know it, but we were. Looking back by the light of the past, it is easily seen developing itself by degrees, first on one and then on the other; now by a start and then by a lull of sickness, and last by a long steady pull at it; and no wonder, seeing the heats and colds of climate we had already gone and were yet to go through.

We stayed Sunday at Skardo, were visited by a Rajah and his child, and gave them coffee-berries. It is half past one o'clock on Monday before we get off, now bound for Gourais by the direct road over the Boorji-la Pass, from which the snows have just melted. We have some days' march before us ere we can get any further supply of provisions, so we have provided ourselves with a couple of live sheep and the famous chickens. We have four wood-carrying coolies, for even that necessity will be lacking for the next three or four days, three for our baggage and one to look after the tatt and its foal we have hired. The coolies have ten days' food with them, and we, by

an advantageous sale, have lightened ourselves of all our extra supply of rice which we had brought from Bandipore. It is seven o'clock before we reach, in the narrow, uninteresting, stony gorge up which we are pressing, the camping-ground, a small plateau or rounded knoll of grass, Chorcoomkee by name, eight miles from Skardo, and where our tent is blown over our head as I told you. Off again on Tuesday at 3.30, off and up, and up, and up the narrow gorge, a torrent running down its centre, a few deodar-trees vanishing as we rise, otherwise stones, rocks, stones. It is very cold here where we sit on a heap of them, waiting for breakfast, at about eight o'clock. There is a snow pass above us, over which we must climb, and we had better get a little tea first, but we have to wait for it; a chicken, the size of a partridge, is to be killed, plucked, roasted; the fire to be lit, the tea made, and it is so cold with the wind whistling over that snow in front of us. We are still, too, the victims of lies. 'Is that the top of the pass?' "Yes." "No." 'How far have we come? half way?' "Yes." "No." What is the use of asking; let us push on. Two P.M.; 15,700 feet nearer Jupiter, and looking over the waste of mountains, of slush, lakes, ice-ponds, snow, mud, that lies beneath us. The little tatt has had great difficulty in climbing up this last and only mile of snow, sinking up now to his shoulder, again getting a firm footing; but we are up at last, up to the highest point we have ever been, or ever care to go. There is nothing very striking, nothing to compare with the view from the Rajdiangan Pass, or that splendid court of snow mountains that encircles Nanga Parbat. Our prospect here, high as we are, is contracted, and we not unwillingly descend to that dreary, stony, icy, slushy, barren valley below, over which we have

to go to get to Bomomar. There arrived at 4 P.M., we find it a cold, inhospitable place on the confines of the plains of Deosai, some 13,400 feet above the level of the sea. A few stones have been heaped together here to make a shelter for the coolies, under which, burning what (very little) dung they can collect, they huddle. It is marvellous how they, coming from the scorching plain of Skardo, with their very pretence of clothing in the shape of a piece of ragged flannel, and feeding on a little flour mixed with cold water, can live through such a march as this, much less carry a great load. Every one is ill, too, this Tuesday, not excepting the Sahibs. Francis is shaking like an aspen leaf; the Beastie has stabbed his hand with a knife, and is feverish; Pathan pretends he is well and is not; Shadow bears up, but soon cuddles down under a blanket; a coolie desires a pill, and, bidding him open his mouth wide, we oblige him. As soon as ever we can get dinner we dose the servants with hot brandy-and-water, put them to bed, and then follow their example. Merciful, on Wednesday we do not leave till 6 A.M., tubbing in ice pools, and push on to Alimalick to breakfast. Here Pathan is not. He is ill; and we have to send back to help him along; but when we have him with us what is to be done? There is no possible sign of what ails him, and our medical knowledge is at a standstill. It is therefore as a drowning man catches at a straw that we adopt his suggestion of an emetic, and seize the ill-grown ipecacuanha bottle. You can't get wine out of water, or six drachms out of a bottle that only holds five; so I give him half, and hope; fruitlessly, of course, and there the poor fellow lies. Hot water and mustard methinks may help the feeble powers of the dwarf bottle, and it does. Pathan is relieved, is mounted on the tatt, and is just able to get on.

I think when you have people under you, you are like a man being driven. The man that drives thinks everything is all right; the man driven is in mortal apprehension of every cart; so the leaders of a party never think they will break down, but always that somebody else will. And certainly here, far away from help of any kind, thirteen thousand and odd feet above the level of the sea, no wood and no food except what we carried, the absolute incapability of one of the party to get on would have been very harassing. There is nothing around us but grass—grass and water. Yes there is; there are quantities of "piar piar" (marmots). The little, sharp-nosed, red-furred, inquisitive beggars sit up at their hole entrances till you come quite close, and then mizzle with a short bark. Other than them there is nothing, no sheep, no cattle; and yet what a splendid sanatorium and field for military exercise would it not make were Cashmere but ours! For two months in the year troops could be quartered in a climate that, if not too cold, would certainly invigorate, and with space enough to manœuvre an army upon; and yet, cold as it is, mosquitoes abound, and are very disagreeable. On we go, over the plain, over the intercepting rivulets, and are just able to pitch our tents at Chorchung at 6.30, before down comes a drenching storm of rain. Dover's powder again and quinine. Heigh-ho! Sixteen miles yesterday and the day before, seven to-morrow, and the cold rain pouring down. We had better go to bed.

A dull raw morning it is on this Thursday, and the poor coolies, their teeth chattering from last night's cold, come shivering forth from their few poor stones of shelter, Pathan in pain all over, the Beastie with his hand swelling and his head throbbing. Immediately on leaving our camping-ground we cross a wide river up above our knees, and so I

pull off my clothes, wade and bathe in one. It may not be wise; it is cold. Try fresh snow-water at 6 A.M., thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and see for yourself if it is not. It begins to rain, the rain changes to snow, and it snows steadily on for hours. The coolies beg to halt at Chugman, where is the shelter of a few stones for them, and we yield. It is very cold naturally, for it is snowing. Peter and I cuddle in the tent, read aloud, look out, and hope; but that latter, when deferred, has a tendency to make the heart sick, so we sing a song. 5·30 P.M.; the wind has got round from south to north, and is ever so much colder; very cheerless; great dark masses of heavy clouds, hanging like a pall almost on the tent, and the snow falling in that soft, meaning sort of way, as though it were saying, "just wait till I have fallen a little longer, and then you will see what you will see." We send up word that if the coolies came down they shall each have a little rum; but they don't come, so I go up to see why, and find the reason very obvious. The place they have sheltered in is a long parallelogram sort of thing, about two feet wide and the same high, made of loose stones and earth. Here they are, all packed on their hams; the strongest and the oldest, because there the warmest place, at the far end; but, of course, unless the end one nearest to the opening chooses to go out and the others in rotation, those farthest in cannot; and, I presume, by a sort of joint agreement that it was better to sit still and keep warm than to go out, even for "rose-water," as they call the rum, they did not come down; so we poured out a certain quantity and passed it in. If the end man got any he was lucky; yet I am sure he would, for they seemed scrupulously just in feeding, often dividing very small portions with one another, and scooping out of their small wooden bowls their cold mess

of meal and water with the forefinger and thumb carefully and equally.

It is still snowing on Friday at five o'clock, so we delay our departure till 8.30, when it has cleared. Fancy the chagrin of finding one's frieze-coat out in the snow after comforting one's self all night with the feeling that if it would have been pleasant to have had it one's self, at any rate it was more useful for Francis, and then he had never put it on! As the sun comes out the air warms, and except when actually in a gorge of ice and snow at the top of the Sansunger Pass, 13,860 feet up, over which we go, we do not feel cold. Our poor little sheep keeps toddling along with us, preferring our company to the grassy solitudes of Deosai, and so crosses with us, from them by ice and snow, by torrents and rocks, down into a long, narrow, desolate valley beyond. As we descend into this valley the coolies turn to the south, and pointing with their fingers in that direction, say a prayer of thanks. Midway between the Sansunger and the Stakfield Pass we sit down at the junction of four valleys, each like the other, grassy, swampy, uninteresting; and then passing over this last pass, 12,900 feet high, where we see the waters lying undecided which way to fall, we gradually descend on to Burzil. Burzil, our old Ultima Thule, and now a park, a garden, a home, as we think; its birch and willow trees, so cold to us on the 23rd of June, after our march through luxuriant valleys, now on this 23rd of July, after our snowy, treeless trudge over the plains of Deosai, homely, comfortable, and warm. At 5 P.M. our sheep walked into Burzil; at eight we walked into our sheep. Kismet! There is a rapidity about the butchery and the cuisine of the Hindoo startling to the European. On Saturday, off again in the early morning, and lured on, eventually (but not before seven at night), find ourselves at

the ancient quarter of Bungler, and here stay Sunday. Before we reach this we have to overcome a bad bit of climbing. We have selected a short road, and find that it leads by a very narrow path over a sloping precipice of shale, down which, if once we commence to roll, we shall not stop until we are dashed into the Kishen Ganga at the bottom. For those whose heads on precipices are not to be depended upon, it is very trying, and on their account also an anxious half hour to those to whom the difficulty is *nihil*. Droves of horses are with us, *en route* for Sreenugger, at certain portions of our march. In small and large detachments they wend their way, picturesquely straying about on the grassy slopes as their leaders camp for the night in some more sheltered or better watered spot. They are the property of the Maharajah, and are taking their yearly journey to Sreenugger to get rice and flour for the less favoured regions of Skardo, Ghilgit, &c.

Off early on Monday down the valley, which the dull morning light, the dark blue waters of the Kishen Ganga, the dark lining of firs, and the fleecy grey clouds hanging close down, help to render picturesque; off and away to Gourais, breakfasting at Ushoori in a downpour of rain, in the midst of which the fires are quite unconcernedly lighted, the tea made, and chepatis broiled. It pours on steadily all day, and in our tent at Gourais the only dry place for our feet is two stones, on which we keep them, read, write, and wish. Here we part with our Skardo coolies, who start on their return journey, grateful for a small donation, and quite heedless that the soaking rain had drenched their one poor flannel rag. Cheerful, and willing, and dirty, and stupid, and sly, one cannot think of them and their lot in life without some feelings of (perhaps ill judged) pity, and

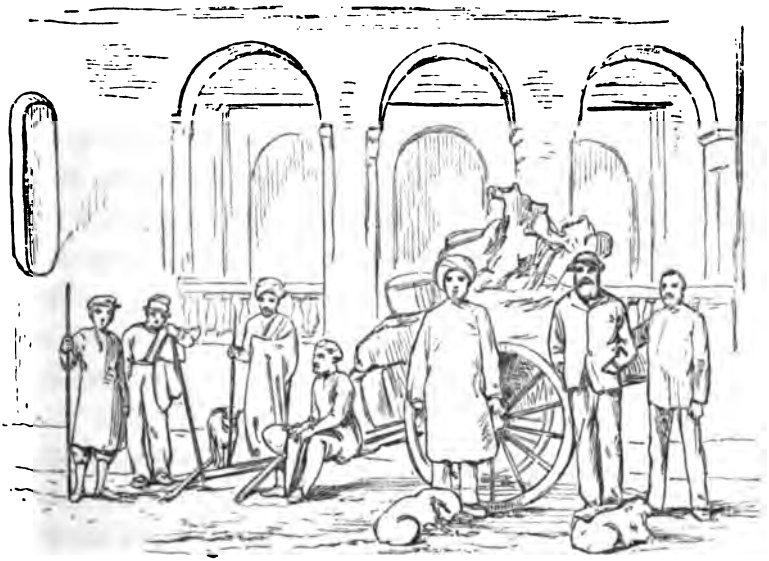
picture them trudging back over the route we should so unwillingly retrace; but they were going home, and what magic is there not (when you are away) in that feeling and word! Tuesday, 10 A.M., it is raining; twelve, it is raining; two, it is raining; no use to attempt to move on; rather let us enjoy the wretchedness of the present. We are damp, the servants wet; the prospect, the retrospect, the reality, wet; the inside of the tent wet, the outside wetter; the floor slush, the roof all but water-tight. A bath in the stream hard by, which we fear will flood us, hardly makes one drier; so we read aloud "Footsteps behind him," keep our feet on the stones, wish, hope, dine, and go to bed. On Wednesday we are off in the midst of slight, drizzly rain, seven tatts for coolies, and go to Kunzlibun for the night. Groups of the Maharajah's tatts go along with us, from out one of which a tame monkey comes, visits us, accepts a chepati, and returns to the horse which he rides. On Thursday we sleep at our old breakfasting place on the Rajdiangan Pass, having passed through the lovely valley that leads to it. We are going to pieces. The soles of our boots and the sides are bursting, the last pane of our lamp is gone, our chairs are no longer to be depended upon; we have no more tea. On Friday we make a very early start, press over the grassy slopes of the Rajdiangan Pass, now denuded of snow, but, alas! shrouded in mist; and just as the pale light of the moon cedes to the early dawn a brighter flash of lightning, or deeper growl of the frequent thunder strikes terror into our tatts, a stampede occurs, and away they go. The prospect is pleasant, the world is before them, behind them at irregular intervals our "traps," which have accepted the unusual motion of the gallop as a warning to be off, and have taken it. But things right themselves somehow, and we lose nothing, not even our temper. Crowds

of mounted and dismounted Cashmerians are passing up and down the pass, loaded with rice. We pass Tragbul, we press by another path through the dense and beautiful forests of pine, down six thousand feet or more, our poor knees groaning, down to Montrigaum, where we stop for breakfast. It has not begun. Heralded by man's storm, for Francis has cut open the head of the acting head man of the village because he said he didn't care for the Sahibs, there is a heaven's one approaching, and—"Pathan, don't you think we had better pitch the tent? I am sure that black cloud means mischief." "No, it is all right, Sahib, no storm." "Yes, there is; pitch the tent." It is done; no, half done, when there breaks over us such a deluge of wind and rain, such a blinding force of water and wind, that all in one minute that can be is reduced to pulp; the dry earth is a morass, breakfast floats away. But it clears as quickly; the hot sun redries all the rain has wetted. We get food, and eventually bear down on our boat at Bandipore. Saturday we sail over the Zingara-covered lake, luxuriating in the rest; all the more so I, because that my back and my head ache, and I am feverish and poorly. We do not stay at Sopoor when we get there, but press on four or five miles by road to Lalad, where, in a grove of chenar-trees and mid a wild horde of mosquitoes, we halt. There has been another heavy flood at Sreenugger, the third this season, and we cannot get definite information about the Major, from whom we have been parted a month. "Is he at Goolmurg or at Sreenugger?" "At Sreenugger." So says a man we meet, who had been our cook, but was discharged. "The Major never left Sreenugger," says he; "but stayed there by the post on the borders of the Dul Lake, defying the floods." So we must go back to Sopoor and our boats, which we had better never have left; and

meanwhile, let us have pedophline, or quinine all round, and then to bed with frogs and mosquitoes. By the evening of Monday we are in our boats again, having left the plains of Indian corn, of clumps of chenar-trees, of pear and apricot, eaten long before they are ripe, and on Tuesday morning are moored on the outskirts of Sreenugger. The floods are again subsiding, as they were when we left, but have been very high; and partly owing to this it is difficult to get up the Apple Tree Canal through the Drogjun water-gates, and up to Goopakar, on the Dul Lake. Here we three meet again—the Major—his horns of barasing and ibex, bear-skins and live bears, attesting his invincible prowess and the steady aim which he kept in view, at all *costs*, to obtain the proofs of the chase—as glad to see us as we him; but he had nearly given us up, and, as time pressed, had made arrangements to start without us, and have us cried! We stayed in this encampment till Saturday, and then went round in boats on to the river Jelum in the midst of a torrent of rain, mist, discomfort, and some sickness, and there waited for final arrangements and another start on Monday. It was hard work for us two, who had just finished a march of about six hundred miles, and now had another of over a hundred before us; and it was not as though we were well, but the fatigues of the march, the constant variations of climate, had told on us, and rheumatism and liver and fever were at work more or less on each. Still we had to go. Two had at least, as their leave was expiring, and the other could not bring himself to believe that he was no longer one of them.

You must be very tired of these daily marches, and as Dr. Ince, in his excellent guide-book, gives the facts of the Bhimbur and Pir Punjal route so much more clearly and concisely than I can, I must endeavour to bore you as little

as possible with the events that befell this party as it quitted the left bank of the Jelum and struck southwards over the cultivated plain, down a fine avenue of poplars, on to the good wide road leading to Whator. The Maharajah had sent his parting gift as he had given us his welcome; two sheep for a major, one for a captain; butter, sugar, honey, in proportion. A boat had arrived with this the day previous, and the Baboo had been to ask us to be good enough to sign his paper, expressing our thanks for his civility. We had collected all our trophies of art in the shape of papier-mâché work, Indian shawls, silver work, all our trophies of the chase, the bear-skins, the barasing-horns we had——why, shot, I suppose; and what with thirty coolies, four servants, two live bears, seven live sheep and Pathan's tame one, and three semi-live Sahibs, we made rather an imposing string of live stock. The road passed through scenery prettily varied



LIVE STOCK

by apple, pear, and apricot trees, by streams whose banks were covered with brushwood, by fields of Indian corn ten feet high, or rice, or what they called "genar" or "rajkeera," and at three o'clock brought us, after a march of eighteen miles, to the bungalow at Ramoo, a palace in our eyes, after our life in tents and boats. From Ramoo to Shupyon, and from Shupyon to Hirpore were both short marches of ten and seven miles. The Major had the bishop's grey to help him along, but Peter and I had to supply our bodies, a prey to rheumatism and other ills, with the tatts of the district—little, weakly, stumbling creatures, with very narrow saddles and enormous pummels, or a bundle of rice-bags for saddle and a bit of string for stirrup.

These two marches were pretty, winding away at the bottom of a somewhat wide, wooded, and watered valley, now uncultivated, again sown with rice and Indian corn. The bungalows were of that primitive nature all are—mud walls, mud floor, nothing else except dirt and peesoo. From Hirpore to Alihabad Serai is eleven miles, and was our march on Thursday. The path led us out of the valley, out of the forests of birch and pine, along the grassy slopes of the mountains on our right, now commanding beautiful views on to the valley beneath, now passing by narrow wooden bridges across torrents sweeping down the side of the mountain, or traversing the same on snow bridges.

The great Mogul Serai at Alihabad, with its large, open, square court surrounded by a wall let into with arched, low, earth-floored rooms, its centre of a square hall led up to by steps, and flanked by large, high-vaulted rooms, brought up to the mind visions of the past and of the great Mogul hordes passing and repassing, and sheltering here from the snow-storms that swept the mountain. We passed by, and pressed

on, on Friday, for a double march to Buramgula, breakfasting at Pooshiana, a march in all of about sixteen miles. There was a great deal of beautiful scenery on this march, varying from the vast grassy slopes grazed by large herds of sheep, cattle, and tatts, to the pine forests which opened to view from the summit of the Pir Punjal, 11,400 feet up. It was a panorama of these pine forests that we looked at from the rude fort that surmounts the pass; a succession of valleys and hills interlacing each other, and laid out beneath and before us in a grand garden of irregular mountain and wood: a section of country intervening here between two portions of the Maharajah of Cashmere's property and belonging to the Rajah Moteesing. The pathway down from the top of the Pir Punjal was very rough, and we gladly welcomed breakfast in one of the low, one-storied, flat-roofed houses in the not unpicturesque village of Pooshiana. From Pooshiana to Buramgula our way led us through the most lovely valley we had yet seen. Crossing a rapid river on rude bridges some twenty-eight times, we passed now to this, now to that side of the exquisitely timbered valley of Chittur Pani; wild flowers and brushwood mingled with grand forest trees, and now and again there opened to view a rugged piece of cliff overhanging the river that dashed along at our side; or we passed a fine waterfall, such as Norree Chum, framed in background of soft green moss, hanging ferns, and dark moist rock. The station and the low square bungalow at Buramgula were in themselves most picturesque, and lay in a magnificent forest nest, overlooked by a wooded hill, crowned with a square fort and backed up by mountains wooded almost to their summits. To reach Thunna, we had to ascend the Ruttun Pir, through its splendid forest of deodar, ilex, and evergreen bushes, and from its height of 8,200 feet

take our last look at the exquisite country we were leaving; back over its irregular outwork of forest and mountain, and beyond this, in thought, to the fertile and beautiful valley that divides this, its southern boundary, from that wild region of mountain and snow which girds it on the north, and from which we had so lately come; and forward over the long hot valley beneath, the avenue to India, from which it is divided by a few insignificant ranges a thousand feet or so above the level of the sea.

From Thunna, which we leave before 4 A.M. on Monday, the atmosphere, the scenery, changes; not yet are we on the burning plains of Hindostan, but where crickets are and green parrots scream, where myrtle and jessamine and pomegranate, roses, honeysuckle, and convolvulus grow, and line the low bank on our left, the paddy and corn fields on our right. Rajaori (pronounced Rajouri) was where we stopped for that night, thirteen miles from Thunna, an historical place, a picturesque place. Its turreted palace stands amid the irregular mass of houses which forms the town on the far side of the Tawi, and looks something like Windsor when seen from a distance. It was here the chiefs of Rajaori fell before Runjeet Singh, and lie buried where they fell. The bungalow, with its fine open hall of six arches, is in a garden, and commands a beautiful prospect; but, lovely as the place is, it is redolent with fever. One Sahib, at least, ached with pain and sickness and weariness. The coolies groaned and begged to be let alone and not to be made to carry our things; but if we had not forced them to carry our light baggage, would not the Maharajah have compelled them to bear up that huge machine which we met? The coolies staggered under the weight of "Howard and Sons, Bedford;" a drum beat as they staggered, either to

inspirit them or to keep away the evil spirits from this queer and "nae canny" iron thing, for what purpose neither we nor they knew. So we had to drive our slaves, pitying them even as we drove, and feeling with as well as for them. At Rajaori, on our way to Chungus, we crossed the river Tawi, the water over our knees, and then went along a narrow pathway, mid prickly pears, up and down, down and up. The burdens fell off the mules, the coolies implored, and half way we met two 11th Hussar men and chatted; then on again to the new bungalow at Chungus, under whose welcome roof, close by the huge old Serai, we were glad to shelter when the heavens broke out into a blaze of light, a din of thunder, and a torrent of rain. How hot it was! I lay tossing about on my resai at night till it became a puddle, rose to write, and sat in a vapour bath. There was no rest; we were off again before four o'clock for Naoshera on Wednesday, and found it a picturesque one street of low-verandah'd houses; off again the next day over the Kumán Góshi, to Saidabad, where was a good bungalow with a wasp's nest for companionship.

Friday, the 20th of August, 1869, a quarter to 4 A.M. A peacock screams to us from out the jungle of the Adhee Dhuk, as in the sultry air, muttering low thunder, we stand looking over the plains of Hindostan. What a perfect realisation of one of Turner's pictures! What a *mêlée* of lights and shades! Nothing distinct, but all inspirations, suggestions. Low clouds sink on the limitless plain beyond, and reveal, here a gleam of a river, there a patch of green. A rainbow breaks through the dark clouds, and a gleam of sunshine throws a dull red light over the girdle of low sandstone rocks that line the base of this our very last pass, a thousand feet higher than the plains below. From it

we descended to Bimbur in Jumoo; a clean town, where not a few well-dressed natives were seen closing their dark, lustrous eyes in sleep as they thus occupied the hours. The bungalow was a scene of indescribable confusion, pending the erection of a new one; and the Thikadar gave us an immensity of trouble in failing to bring the necessary tatts to carry our luggage over the intervening twenty-eight miles to Goojerat. Towards dusk they started, and a couple of hours after we followed in doolies. It is not well to travel in a doolie just after dinner. The trot of the four bearers, stripped to the waist, and seen every now and again by the light of their torch, injures the digestion. You are apt to get cross; the bearers annoy you by their conversation, and check your sleep. From doolie we passed to dawk, and from Goojerat to Lahore, seventy miles. We left Goojerat at 1 A.M. on Monday, had a cup of tea at Wurzeerabad, breakfasted at Goojeranwallah, and reached Lahore at six o'clock the same evening. We are back; back to Lahore. Are you glad? Do you not feel a relief that this constant marching is over, and that you can rest? Rest! Australia, Ceylon, China, Japan, America. There's rest for you!

There is tobacco growing round the inn at Lahore, which the natives are gathering; a low plant with a rough green leaf, which is collected into a sort of wisp and thrown for about eight days into a shallow pit, there partially to decay, after which it is taken out, the leaves stripped, plaited, carried to the vendor, and by him mixed with some sweet stuff, chopped up, sold, and smoked. The thermometer stands at 140° in the sun, 92° in the shade, and the heavy, dusty, sultry heat oppresses; in the midst of it we add up. Without means you are accounted mean, and as guide or warning, I give the addition as it stood from the 15th of

March up to the 24th of August. We had furnished ourselves each with a letter of credit at Bombay for 5,000 rupees; but out of this I, for my part, after paying all expenses up to the present time, had only expended 1,698 rupees; that is, about £169. Travelling in India is dear, but living in Cashmere and travelling in the Himalayas is cheap. The six hundred miles that we marched from Sreenugger to Arendo and back, only cost us £20; and that was including all expenses, excepting the cost of the tents and such stores as tea, sugar, &c., and for that £20 we fed six people.

Tuesday and Wednesday, and up to six o'clock on Thursday, were spent among the stifling atmospheres and among the innumerable flies of Lahore; days in which boxes were packed for England, the two tents, bought for thirty-five rupees, sold for ten, and general preparations made for the inevitable separation. It came at 6 P.M. on Thursday; two for the Indus, down whose pestiferous waters, almost overcome with fever, back to the regiment, they went; one eastwards; but eastwards or westwards, north or south, what mattered it? Who cared?

The party is broken up; poor Pathan looks very wretched, and I feel it. The trains whirl us apart; they westward, I through Umritsur—the cholera is raging there with fearful violence—to the Beas River, where, in a deluge of rain and in darkness, the intense depth of which is revealed every now and again by a brilliant flash of lightning, the train is quitted for a gharrie. We take two hours to cross the Beas River in one of the great unwieldy boats, impeded by the violent wind. We pass Philor, busy with railway works, and a European drunk, lying on the road, his head uncovered. The natives won't go near him; so, for the country's

sake, we get him into shelter. We cross the Sutlej, half a hundred or two score people in the boat, with the gharrie and a buffalo; the women, their ears and noses heavy with a profusion of ornaments, the rings in the noses of some so large they make a circle round the chin, and the poor little children's ears running with the sores the innumerable borings beget. I saw a dozen all over the wall of one child's ear.

We—I, I ought to say—are at Umballa again on Friday; on Saturday at Kussowlie. We have driven the last hundred and thirty miles to Umballa, but now the line of rail is open. From Umballa we take one of Mr. Jetoo's gharries to Kalka. One horse out of the first pair he provides us with kicks himself clear of everything at starting, and we go on without him. There has been no rain, and the heat and drought are excessive; and as we drive across the level road, every one seems asleep or lolling in groups round the water-melon sellers. The bullock-teams of course are asleep, they always are. Sixteen miles from Kalka we pass over the almost dry bed of the Gurka, in the little water of which two elephants are being cooled by their keepers, one of whom mounts by the trunk, and is hoisted up on the beast's neck. When we have got rid of the load of noisy coolies that always assist at the crossing of a river, we pass through a belt of palms and mango trees and jungle, and then we reach Kalka. Here a cup of tea; the baggage is sent on by coolies, Francis and I mount on tatts. We start at 6 P.M. up the mountain to Kussowlie; winding up the path in sultry heat, shortly our only light the brilliant flicker of the fire-fly, as in hundreds they dot the low jungle through which we are passing, or perhaps stars of light seen here and there beneath us, and which we know must proceed from houses.

It is 10.30 before, sick, weary, and in pain, the tattwallah draws up at one of the three hotels that supply Kussowlie, all full, and I throw myself on a sofa. Francis turns up at midnight, the coolies not till next morning, only taking about six more hours than they should to do the journey; and, with many injunctions, are sent on the next stage. At nine o'clock I ride on to Kukerhutee, and rest; at 7 P.M. reach Syree, twenty miles from Kussowlie. It is nothing to do; but if your back is, and your bones are, aching all over, if you can't speak the language, if your servant is ailing, if you are bathed in perspiration and can't eat, if your liver is congested, you are apt to get cross and tempted to abuse. You abuse the half-daft boy, told off to run with the new tatt you get at Kukerhutee, when you see that he is leading you in directly the wrong direction, and taking you across the rolling grass hills instead of along the road; those hills that in irregular sizes and shapes, now sinking down in jungle-lined kuds to streams running at their foot, now dotted with trees, prickly-pear bushes, villages, form alike your immediate and more distant prospect. The lower hills of the Himalayas are not pretty, are bare; they require the lights and shadows of a setting sun to clothe them, then in a beauty very attractive; but they should be seen before, and not after Cashmere.

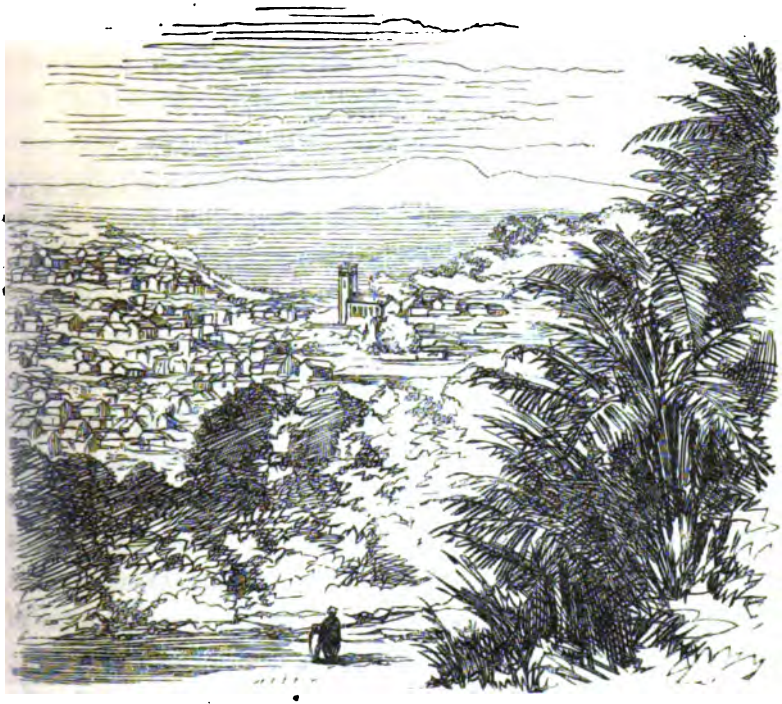
CHAPTER IX.

Kind Acts—Simla—Daily Life—Peterhoff—Ritolderiddleido—The Marriage—V.C.'s, C.B.'s—Sunset—The Inns—The Mall—Lord Dalhousie's Road—Fargo—Pheasants—Theog—Narcunda—Panorama—New Road—Kireeghaut—Solon—The General—Durumpore—Confusion—Kussowlie—Kalka—Gharries—Umballa—The Tigers—Start for Calcutta—Similarity of Scenery—Agra, Distance, Cost—Good-bye, Francis—Benares, Distance—The Ganges—The Chit—The Priest.

WE are at Simla; and, as we have to stay there from August 21st to October 11th, I may fill up a minute of the time by asking you a question.

If you arrived there sick and weary and ill; if you were carried to the nearest inn; if you there threw yourself on a bed in a little dark damp room; if the door of that room opened, and a friend excused his intrusion on the score of common brother officerhood, and then said, "You are ill; may I make you well?" if when he had left, the door again opened, and another entered not seen since school days; if the first potioned and pilled, toniced and talked to you, the second carried you to his house, nursed and fed, encouraged and amused you, would you be grateful? I am. I don't give your name, M——; I withhold yours, Dr. S., because I have no authority to emblazon your good deeds: but if you will accept this offering in acknowledgment of kindness received, then you will add to my happy obligation, and without claiming the fortieth, will deepen my hope in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth verses of one of the brilliant chapters of Matthew.

Simla, the hope of humble Europe men, clinging to the wooded side of Jakko and the other hills which adjoin it,



SIMLA.

with its well-kept Mall, its street of English, its bazaar of native stores, its detached bungalows, its half dozen hotels, its club, its church, attracts for a season the *haute volée* of Indian society. Here, from early spring to late autumn, assemble in different detachments, as leave empowers them, those who, for ten out of the twelve months in the year, in isolated positions all over the great plain of Hindostan, give the best days of their lives to the good of their country. Here, except perhaps for the high officials and for the military, whose permanent head-quarters Simla is, work is not.

An early walk round Jakko for those most active, an inevitable lounge or ride on the Mall in the evening when the band plays, croquet, concerts, an exhibition of pictures by amateurs, theatricals, dinners, and dances, fill up the days and nights of those to whom a short respite from the sultry plains beneath is not too lavishly granted. Peterhoff, the unostentatious bungalow residence of the Viceroy, was, during this our visit, a constantly-recurring scene of generous hospitality. Five nights a week Lord and Lady Mayo received; now at a concert, again for a reception or to dinner, at which last the bare-footed, red-coated, white-turbaned, Hindoo servants noiselessly helped you to assist at the triumphs of a French cook and Italian confectioner.* The dinners were excellent; the dances charming, for the ladies and their pets. There were theatricals too, flavoured with a high spicing of personalities, I should say more piquant than pleasant. At one on a punkah, which formed part of a scene, there appeared the drawing of a medal once struck, so it was said, by Sir Richard Temple, in honour of a financier of the same period, crowned with evergreens and grand with the simple motto, "Deficit." In

* The late deeply and justly lamented Governor-General possessed, in an eminent degree, two qualifications: one a quick apprehension of facts, the other an agreeable way of acquiring the same. It was his custom after dinner—all rising together at Peterhoff—to select some one or two with whom to talk for half an hour before retiring to his room, where, it was said, he did not spare the midnight oil. On one occasion, happening to be the only stranger, except Mr. Shaw, the explorer into Higher Tartary, at dinner, his Excellency pointed to a chair, pulled another before the fire, and sat down for a gossip. With pardonable weakness I thought to air a little of my second-hand knowledge, and alluded to some native prince's minister, of whom had the Viceroy not even heard it would have been no wonder. Instead of which Lord Mayo replied, "Oh, I know all about that man, and think him of small count." Our irreparable loss may justify allusion to so trivial an incident, which at the time struck me as showing a more minute acquaintance with passing circumstances than might have been expected in one holding so high a position, and the correct judgment of which subsequent events have, to the best of my belief, confirmed.

nost, allusions were made to passing events, and sometimes he company were invited to

> "Ladies and gentlemen, before you go,
> Cheer up Lord M. and Lady Mayo."

There was one lady who acted splendidly. The way in which she conveyed to the audience what several high officials—mentioned by name—thought of a certain action by simply singing "ritolderiddleido" was something perfectly inimitable. All that makes up the sum of life happens at Simla: births, deaths, and marriages; of the last I am sure, for I saw one—one at which every one assisted, where the bride reached the church in a "jampan," the bridegroom on the outside of his pawing war-horse, himself clad in the armour of the period. We met this same happy couple, at a shortly subsequent date, bound for a journey amid the mountains, and were not a little amused to see the long string of coolies, ended by a couple bearing a huge double "charpoi." Perhaps there may be a certain amount of sameness at this hill station; perhaps you may sometimes doubt the strength of your high resolution not to envy the fortunate dozen that flutter round that one beauty, at whose feet you know you may not be permitted to fall. You may perhaps get a little tired of always meeting the same people, the same dandies. It may interest you to know that V.C.'s, C.B.'s, and generals are as thick as brambles in an English hedge, but the interest may wane. The sharp air will not weary you, however; the magnificent forests of rhododendrons will not tire you; the matchless sunsets bewitching the (without them) somewhat tame views of the lower Himalayas will not disappoint you; nor, when you catch glimpses of the more distant heights, rising twenty thousand feet above the level of the sea, will you experience anything but pleasure. Out of several, one

sunset I clearly remember: a dazzling orb of fiery gold, setting in a heaven of mixed blue and the clearest and most delicate green, lit up a foreground of low mountains and valleys, on whose ridges rested small patches of light fleecy clouds, floating over the deep purple of kuds beneath; a distant view of snow-capped mountains, their summits glittering like fire, and of plains over the vast extent of which the eye rested as on the horizon of the sea. As we looked, a mist collected and floated between us and the scene, bathed us at first in vapour of peculiar hazy golden lustre, then thickening, shut out all from our view, and left us wrapped in a dense cold fog. Stretching over miles of forest, one end of Simla is nearly as far in time from the other as London is from Brighton, and the pleasures of riding out to dine on a dark, wet, cold night, are problematical; but except you go in a jampan or walk, you have no other alternative. The inns at Simla are like most inns in India, doubtfully comfortable. In all you have the advantage of hearing all that your neighbour does, and of tumbling at night over his or your own servants as they lie asleep on the balcony outside your door. As a rule you are boarded at the hotels, and have for furniture a bedstead, chairs, and table, but no bedding or towels.

"Ram, Ram!" say we, as the Rajah of Suckatee, or some such name, carried in a palanquin among a wonderful retinue of mixed soldiers and civilians, horsemen, footmen, and three white umbrellas, passes along the Mall, careless of the flock of Captain Seton's little Pushmeena goats, which have walked down from Ladak, and which we are so glad to meet, and thereby to see with our own eyes the little, long-haired animals, the short hair (pushm) of which, growing close to the skin, is so invaluable as the groundwork of Indian shawls.

He passes, and then that wonderful little heroine, whose light figure and flaxen hair proclaim themselves as belonging to a lady of seven, seventeen, or seventy years of age, which you please; the dark mule follows, freighted with a live colonel, who thirty years ago began a game of billiards and has not finished it yet, though he plays every morning; passed are we by that lady, a grandmother, I am told, who makes the dirt fly as she gallops along the Mall; passed slowly by that jampan bearing the fair widow over whom there hangs so devotedly that slender youth—is it her son? —passes next that terrible old General, whose daughters have been made to make their own beds and so not to lie on them, but to be fit wives for a poor man. They pass, they leave us, and we Simla, for a few days' march along Lord Dalhousie's bridle-road into Tibet. As a political speculation to induce the Tibetians to trade with the English it has not answered, but it serves as a good outlet from Simla into the Himalayas, and is useful for several different tea plantations, which are found a few days' march along the very fair bridle-path. We were bound for Narcunda, a march there and back of some eighty-eight miles, and which we did between the 28th of September and the 1st of October.

Our road first led us through a fine forest of ilex, fir, and the matchless rhododendron trees that are so plentiful about Simla, then on to where we could look over wide and varied kuds. Before we reached Fargo, where we breakfasted, we had passed one or two clusters of mud villages, where the strange coiffure of the women's hair in long plaits, or tied tightly round the stump, like a horse's tail at an English fair, was noticeable. The forests were full of pheasants, and in the course of our march we had offered to us several different kinds—Chur, Koklass, Manawl, College; lamerguy (eagles)

floated overhead; and little grey-headed langoors (monkeys) showed themselves amid the trees, or seated on some rock in the grassy slopes of the valleys.

The first night's halt was at Theog, and on the next day we reached Narcunda. The views over the valleys were sometimes exceedingly pretty, the sun lighting up little mud villages with their strips of cultivation, bathed in hue of orange and various greens of rice and Indian corn, and the deep red of butta. We had come to Narcunda to see the splendid panorama of the higher ranges of the Himalayas, and when we got there a heavy fog shrouded all. The next morning, however, for a few minutes, we were rewarded for our trouble, and the mist lifted from off a range of snow mountains not often equalled or surpassed. The foreground consisted of low pine-clad hills, through which wound the Sutlej; the distant view, a long range of mountains thousands and thousands of feet high. The clear air of the early morning, the light green vault of heaven, the glittering golden crowns which the snow lent to the highest peaks as they lay there before us in an arc of many score miles, made up a scene varied and magnificent.

Narcunda is said to be ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and these mountains which were stretched before us pass on eastward into Nepaul, where they find as companions those peaks—Everest, Dawalgiri, Jumnotri, and Dhaibun—which claim precedence, some over all, and others over nearly all the other mountains of the world. There are two roads to Simla; one called the old road, the other the new, the latter longer and broader. Along this latter an energetic firm offered to run gharries, but the offer even seemed to the general public at Simla to be fraught with danger; as for the practice! Repeated stories of fearful accidents met one at

every turn, until a drive from Simla to Kalka seemed an attempt at suicide. For my own part, after I had walked down this new road, I thought a good four-in-hand driver might with safety drive his team up or down it at a round trot; and that the fearful ought to visit Ceylon and drive up to Newera Elia to assure themselves of the comparative safety of their own road. It was by it I started for Kalka on the 11th of October, and after a hot, weary walk, arrived at the bungalow at Kireeghaut to find it full. Standing on a somewhat commanding situation overlooking the road, the green place in front was crowded with camels. Tents were pitched; a flag was flying, and native sentries guarded the bungalow. It was rather hard to find that the General, for whom all this glory, tents, camels, and Sepoys were, didn't make use of them, or let any one else do so. The consequence was, had it not been for a gentleman who kindly came forward and offered me a spare charpoi, I should have had to rest with the camels. The next morning I thought I would forestall the General and his retinue, and so, rising some time between two and three o'clock, set off for Solon; not before my host had roused up his old ayah, had had his goats milked for my benefit, and tea and toast made. This Samaritan—Colonel Perkyns—was the same who had befriended me on my way from Umballa to Lahore, and who here, without the least remembering me, came forward and acted so kindly and hospitably. The bungalow at Solon stands at a turn of the road, and as I had preceded the General, I had the right of first come first served in the bungalow, and took possession of a room which adjoined one reserved for the use of the great man. A flagstaff had been run up, and scouts were posted to look out for the arrival of the jampan in which the ancient warrior was borne. When at

length the great event was announced, the consternation of the "Aides" was terrific. "Oh, dear," said one, "the breakfast won't be up. Jao there, will you, chell, you ——!" But it was too late; the bearers turned the corner, the flag-staff had its honours run up, and the old General was dropped out of the jampan into the bungalow before the breakfast.

On the way between Kireeghaut and Solon, and near to the latter place, you pass a tea-plantation with a good bungalow, belonging to General Innis. After leaving Solon, the road winds on amid low mountains, on the grassy slopes of which were pitched the tents of the 41st Regiment, driven out of the unhealthy sanatorium of Sabathoo by cholera. Farther on it has overcome the difficulty of having to surmount the two faces of a deep valley by ascending gradually both sides of it, so that for miles you see your road before you. In this valley quantities of monkeys were making the rocks and brushwood ring again with their screams as they chased each other about. As we neared our destination a more extensive view was met, and the military station of Dugshai stood out prominently amid the broken higher ranges of mountains, on which different hill-stations are perched. The halt that night was at Durumpore, a fine large bungalow at the foot of the hill on which the Lawrence Asylum is built. It was cold enough to enjoy a fire at night, and yet the natives, their almost naked bodies covered only with one thin sheet, lay out in the open air. In the daytime the heat was great, so great that a coolie, leading his master's retriever, protected him from the sun's rays by a large branch which he held over the dog's head as he walked along. Outside the bungalow there was an extra supply of that universal accompaniment to an Indian march—confusion; a live cock in a cage, which had done me the honour to crow outside my door from earliest

lawn; clothes, jampans, dhoolies, tents, guns, bundles, bedling, boxes, stools, chairs, kiltas, ayahs, kansamas, kitmagars, things for the Sahibs to sleep in, and for the Sirdars to sleep in, lay about. Camels, bending their great serpentine necks, gurgled, and roared, and snapped their huge vicious-looking teeth close to their keepers' heads as, indifferent to the menace, they loaded them. Generally these brutes are easy to manage, but when "must" they are dangerous; and one bite from a camel would take half your head off.

The next day's march was to Kussowlie, though the main road to Kalka does not lead that way. On the way to Kussowlie you pass an asylum, now supported by government at a cost of £15,000 a year, and housing four hundred and fifty boys, but founded by Sir Henry Lawrence, whose splendid character and benevolence is gratefully cherished in memory, and attested by his works. At Kussowlie, on this my second visit, the inns were not full, and Mr. Norton received me for the night. From the pleasant but, after Simla, dull hill-station of Kussowlie fine views are enjoyed: some back on to the snow mountains beyond Simla, and over the lower and irregular mass of hills that divide you from it; others down to the boundless plain, hedged in by the low Siwalic range.

To these plains and to Kalka, sheltered there under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Barnes's inn, we descend; and the next day, the 15th October, go to Umballa.

These wretched gharries! Here, on the main exit from the hills, on the road traversed by all the highest officials in India, the short road of about forty miles on a dead plain, was I not forced to be a willing abettor in downright cruelty? The poor little wretched horses, perhaps with the full speaking eye of the thorough-bred Arab, could barely

drag the gharrie at a walk; and at last one—exhausted, starved, beaten—fell, and positively could not rise, but had to be unyoked as it lay, and left lying in the middle of the road; perhaps, and it is to be hoped so, soon to make the third dead horse by the wayside—two, feasting a couple of groups of vultures, hawks, and great long-legged adjutant birds—I had already passed.

Again are we at Umballa, and again a guest of the friendly and hospitable 21st Hussars. During our absence one of the officers, Lieutenant Cotton, had been out shooting, and had come, in the course of his rambles after elephant and other big game, on a tiger's nest. The young ones were hatched—two young gentlemen and a young lady; and their mamma was out. Under these circumstances it was thought justifiable to adopt the progeny, and you may imagine what the feelings of the foster-parent were until well clear of the jungle. As big as big dogs, when we were at Umballa, at the age of fourteen weeks, they played about the large mess-room, growling, getting on the table, or sprawling affectionately over their new father, and laying their already huge paws on his face.

And now I must ask you to start with me on Saturday for Calcutta, and to break the 1,200 miles of a journey at Agra and Benares.

From Umballa to Agra, from Agra to Benares, from Benares to Calcutta—let it not be supposed that I would say that always the same scenery exists; still so much is same, that I think were a farmer to have determined overnight to reap his crop of Indian corn, or batta, or barjera, or cotton, or rice, or sugar-cane in the morning, and a fairy had whisked him away, as he slept, some scores or hundreds of miles up or down the line, he would awake and set to work on his neigh-

bour's fields, all unconscious of the change. The same clumps of mango-trees, the same unbroken plain—hedgeless, luxuriant, highly cultivated throughout nearly the whole distance. From Umballa to Agra is 288 miles; the fare, 1st class, twenty-five rupees fourteen annas; 3rd class, four rupees ten annas—rather a difference! The train whistles, puffs, and rushes on into the open country, then past Meerut and its two stations, where a plethoric, red-faced Briton is having his sooty head cooled by buckets of cold water poured over it. Past Gazeeabad—past that swampy ground where grows the tufts of coarse cuscus grass so useful for tatties, wherein snipe and stork and wild fowl abound, and whereon those two lanky pelicans alight and bow ludicrously to one another. To Toondla, the junction for—and then to—Agra. Here a rest over Sunday at M. Beaumont's clean, good, and expensive hotel. But Agra does not seem quite so fair as when we passed it in the spring; the long hot summer has dried up all, and the rains have not yet succeeded in refreshing the parched country. The market-place, the elephants, camels, frescoed donkeys, people—all seem half asleep; the only things wide awake, the squealing hovering kite, the green parrot, and the crow hopping for a bite. Night wakes life, however, and fleas, mosquitoes, and yelping curs render rest impossible, and a start to Benares imperative. A start shorn of the last relic of our grandeur—shorn of Francis. "Good-bye, Francis, and good luck to you; a very good servant you have been, and I am glad that you leave me to ride among the high places of Hindostan; but don't get in a passion. If it had not been for the rising of those little angry tempers, you might have been sticking to me now, like a bur does to a frieze coat, only more usefully." The fare to Benares from Agra is thirty-five rupees seven annas; distance, 378 miles;

time, from Tuesday at noon to Wednesday at six in the morning. We had left the cotton-growing districts and got into the grain. The summer crops of wheat were garnered, the autumn of "barjera" and "joowar" remained yet unreaped. Clumps of mango-trees in the distance reminded one of English beeches, and when sometimes we ran out of unenclosed fields of grain into marsh-land, or on to barren arid soil, it was puzzling to think how the many cattle that browsed thereon, wandering miles in search of little grass, sustained themselves therewith.

There was dinner at Cawnpore, refreshments at Allahabad, and then the huge, dull, muddy water of the Ganges was all that lay between us and the end of our journey at the most sacred and picturesque town of Benares; to which, from the main line, there is a short branch, starting from the junction at Mogul Serai. This branch line stops on the right bank of the river, across which you have to go in flood on large boats, in drought on a bridge of the same. Lying at the extreme end of the north-west provinces, Benares, in its environs, presents more of a tropical appearance than the towns farther west and north. Whereas, before a palm was a rarity here, they are now plentiful; prickly pear hedges abound; immense long jungle grass grows rife, and helps, with water and wood and rich growth of crop, to make an attractive-looking, if enervating feeling, place. You cannot think how helpless you are in India without a servant; in fact, there he is not a luxury but a necessity. It was therefore no small relief to find a "gharrie," a "Kitmagar," and "Chit," waiting at the landing-stage on the far side of the river, and to become the guest of one of the 19th Hussars. To die in the faith is the chief good of living in it, but I protest against being drowned in the Ganges. Why

that respectable old Hindoo should have persecuted those two English officers for the rest of his life, because they took the sacred mud out of his mouth and let him live, I can't say; but so he did. They reversed the song of "The Temple of Friendship," they "came but for friendship, but took away hate." The poor old throat, choked up with mud, dying by inches, that they Christianly cleared out, followed them for the rest of its life. It was fed by them, but it cursed them. Cursed them for robbing it of all worth living for, caste and sacred death, and so lived on wearily. Very sacred is Benares, and very sacred the Ganges. Therefore it is that the banks are lined with stately palaces; therefore that, where their long high walls, dipping in the stream, do not interfere, ghauts (steps) lead from the waters, at whatever elevation, to the dry banks above; therefore here dead bodies are brought and burnt; in its stream the living bathe, and on its shores the dying die. There is the instinct of a truth in this veneration of water in these warm semi-tropical regions. From the grand and stately chenar-trees that shroud the deep pools of Cashmere, to the sluggish flow of the Ganges, and the vast lake-tanks of Ceylon, the same truth exists—a truth of unspoken gratitude for a supplied need.

Maharajahs and Rajahs come to Benares—to them Mecca and Brighton in one. Here comes the blue-blooded Jeypore, Scindia begotten of war, and he, graceful, courteous a sportsman, educated, great in omen and horseflesh,—to whom a star on an Arab betokens a male child, a white mark in the chest wealth, a white mark on the withers the destruction of honour,—intermarried with Rewah and to Ranee, exulting to dine with Jeypore, aching for the 15″ gun, hospitable, liberal, Visi Nagram!

Palaces frame the Ganges at Benares; yet are they

palaces? Yes. Palaces without windows, palaces of enormous masses of masonry; some with heavy bases of hewn stone; castles some; less pretending large houses others; but all with that extraordinary Eastern knack of presenting you with an untidy, dirty, incomplete, or ruinous appearance, yet picturesque. Most of the Rajahs have two or three residences, the sites for which they buy from the Maharajah of Benares at a high price. I suppose the fact of having more than one reconciles Scindia to the ruin of the splendid block he was raising, and which Mother Ganges, grudging the encumbrance, licked and lashed away at till she made out of an unfinished palace a ruin.

Stretching for miles along the river's bank, the town, with its Mohammedan minarets, its Hindoo temples, its miles of ghaut, and palaces of princes, is effective, peculiar, and not to be forgotten—something like to (how far unlike!) Basel when seen from the right side of the Rhine.

As I got into my gharrie, I saw a priest standing alongside. "Will you ride, sir priest?" said I, and he rode. He was agreeable and conversational. We discoursed not only on Great but "Greater Britain," and when he left me before we reached the cantonments, descending among "the fierce Hindoos," I warned him of "St. Thomas!" Wednesday and Thursday, till midnight, was spent at Benares, and notwithstanding so long a visit, I find it impossible, socially, politically, morally, historically, and in a military point of view, to set this great city to rights. Few hold so firmly the pen of a ready righter as to be able, while they scud through a country, to trim, rebalance, and correct it; for me it is left only to say what I saw, and that was a "tamasha." A tamasha is a "corobary;" a corobary I need not explain; but if I am called upon to do so, I would say that the latter is a row and

a meeting of aborigines in Australia, the former a row and a meeting of aborigines in India, plus we. However, you shall judge for yourself, if you will read on; and if even further you wade, then you shall compare the tamasha at Benares with that at Yokohama, and give the palm to Benares.

CHAPTER X.

General Appearance of Benares—Mosque—Hindoos and Temple—Rama—Monkey God and Temple—Mr. Gubbins—Wedding Procession—Religious Festival—Benares to Calcutta, distance—Indian Rail Carriages—Dinapore—Fashionable young Hindoo—Shoes—Patna—Hooghley—Calcutta—Palaces—Government House—Mr. Waite's Hospitality—Fare to Sydney—Jackals—"The P. & O."—The River—Sangor—Madras—Curries—Conjurors—Club—Galle—The *Malta*—Golden Pheasants.

FOR a characteristic city, I know none better than Benares. Amid its narrow, and I thought clean and sweet streets, where two men, walking side by side, must separate when they meet a sacred cow; amid its temples without end, and mosques; amid open shops of brass workers, riband workers, workers in gold and silver lace (kincob), sweetmeat sellers, fruit sellers, wooden toy dealers, you may pass hours and be amused; and from the minarets of Aurangzebe's mosque you can get a good general view over the narrow and contracted streets from which you ascend. As for us, in the golden Hindoo temple we watched the sacred cow browse on the flower offerings to the gods—browse heedless of the suggestive lingam, the sacred footprints, or us, notwithstanding that their pious instinct should have been aware of our defiling presence; a presence which holy Hindoos acknowledged by very every-day jostlings, and certainly not with "avoidance of our contaminating touch." Even the monkeys did not mind us further than to grin approval of our presence and gifts at the temple of their god. May they not now turn up their noses if I speak of them, for they and theirs have to do with the tamasha?

Long, long ago—say in the dark ages—there was a hero, Rama; and as it is somewhat difficult to draw into the light of the present this hero of obscure times, I beg your forbearance. At the same period with Rama lived "Hanumat, General of monkeys." Rama started from the north of India to take Ceylon; but when he got to "Maunamadurashevagungarameserum" (you need not look for it in the atlas), that is to say to the end of India, he found to his grief that he could not get any farther because of the water. In this perplexity he was very nearly turning back, when a monkey (General "Hanumat," I suppose) offered his own and his brothers' tails, whereby to bridge over the difficulty; and Rama crossed. Arrived in Ceylon, he recovered his wife, "Sita," and took possession of the island. When he got north again, and before he betook himself to the dwellings of the gods, Hanumat was declared god and preserver of men in proportion as they preserved monkeys; and so, as you see, the idea that Rama got over to Ceylon on rocks is nonsense, for we find god, temples, and monkeys at Benares.

The golden monkey god is enshrined in a handsome red temple, outside which scores of loose (I use this word meaning no imputation on their morals) monkeys jump, men and matrons—the latter carrying their offsprings under their stomachs as they run, or in their bosoms as they sit—whilst maids, matrons, messieurs, and masters, all alike, condescend to accept sweetmeats. The ingratitude of man is great, and the Hindoo is tired of the monkey. He (man) is a mean animal, objects to the garden larceny of the lively ape, and contemplates his banishment, for his death is forbidden.

Benares, during the great mutiny, never actually broke out into rebellion; but it was very threatening, and I was told that we thought twice whether we should or should not

hang the Maharajah for not daring to come across the river from his isolated palace on the other side. There is a story told of the then Commissioner, Mr. Gubbins, which I give as I heard. Understanding that he was proscribed, he said, "Then they had better do it at once, and not keep me waiting;" and so went down to the town. He found at a junction of streets a mob collected, and some one engaged in reading out his (the Commissioner's) own death proclamation. Mr. Gubbins was alone and unarmed among the fanatical crowd; but acting on the impulse of the moment, he caught the speaker such a whack with his stick that down dropped he and the proclamation, which Mr. Gubbins tore up. Then singling out two or three ringleaders, he walked them out of the crowd, and, getting a pistol, shot them then and there with his own hand. The women of Benares to this day frighten their children into obedience by "Gubbins is coming," so it is said. And now for the tamasha, or *fête*, or festival in honour of religion, whatever you like, and for which we were indebted to the open-handed Visi Nagram. We drove down to a square, where, as we were waiting for our elephant, we had the good fortune to witness the wedding procession of some Nawab.

First came scores of people, one after one, carrying trays, on each of which four gilt empty cones were placed; these were supposed to hold sweetmeats. Then rude paper emblems of trees, shrubs, and gardens were borne past on trays. Then armies in paper of foot and horse on trays. Then a living screeching band marched past. Then a dozen real soldiers, lent by the Maharajah of Benares. Then led horses. Then elephants richly caparisoned; on the first, the bridegroom and his friends, he with a square gold covering on his head; on the second, one man, dressed in white, like

o a priest; on the third, more friends. Following these, closely shrouded in doolies, came the bride and her friends, and the procession closed with some empty carriages. The priest may have been the bridegroom, but they said he was not.

By the time this wedding march was played out, our elephant—a huge male, with grand tusks—was ready, and we climbed, by a ladder, on to his back.

We went along a narrow street, our heads on a level with the upper story of the houses on either side, from out the windows of which, and from off the roofs of which dense crowds looked. This street was adorned with triumphal arches holding shallow cups full of oil, which also studded the walls, and were raised on sticks by the sides of the road.

Passing along this gala street, we came at last to where a square place opened out from off it, and fronted one of Visi Nagram's houses. In this square were gathered a lot of mummers and a motley crowd. On a raised platform in the centre of the place a child-god was kneeling, dressed in gold tissue, a bow in his hand. For some time nothing more happened, but at last a stir was made, and with a perfect hurricane of noise, and amid a desolation of disorder, a procession poured forth from the square, down the street up which we had come, and to the large open square where we had witnessed the bridal procession and mounted the elephant. First, a man in red, with silver locks and a huge mask, ran away down the street; then a mounted native soldier followed; then more soldiers and mummers, differently dressed, and guarding two god-boys, robed in gold and painted. With a deafening accompaniment of tom-toms, conch shells, horns, trumpets, cymbals, they poured forth from the place and down the narrow street in dusty confusion; amid the

noise and bustle of which the only impassive creatures were two ponies with purple tails and our nose-painted elephant.

The day waned as the noise waxed, and a short interlude of semi-darkness between the set of sun and the rise of a full moon showed up to advantage the hundreds of little oil lamps, and the many flaring hand-torches dripping with fire. The most tremendous din prevailed, constant tom-toming, screaming, and shouting.

The main open place or square, full of people, had in its centre a raised platform round which were grouped some half dozen elephants carrying European or Hindoo dignitaries. Towards this platform the two golden gods we were following proceeded. When they reached it, there ascended first a man who seemed mortal, yet on his neck fell two other god-boys dressed in red, who were already on the platform. After him our two golden gods ascended, and, prostrating themselves before the red gods, were raised by them and fervently embraced. At these touching parts of the drama the surging crowd shouted hoarsely (with a sound like the German "hoch") "holy, holy!" the torches waved incessantly, the little natural light there was being dimmed by the fumes proceeding from alternately blue and red lights; tom-toms beat, cymbals clashed, the "holy" shouts burst out louder and louder, and the elephant with the painted nose stood still.

After the embraces had taken place a (I presume) master of the ceremonies arranged the occupiers of the platform. In the foreground were the four gods, and a goddess who had come from no one knows where, at least I don't. A goddess in kincob, perhaps "Sita;" but if so, which was Rama?

In the background, overtopping the gods, were their attendant gnomes and hobgoblins in masks and grotesque dresses, with an imitation monkey, made out of man, to assist them.

When duly placed,—the little gods in front, the goddess in the centre, the big spirits behind, and the monkey anywhere,—they were made to turn successively to the four quarters, and when facing the Ganges, received an offering of fire. This was a signal for greater enthusiasm in the crowd, and for us notice that the most important part of the piece was played out; so we urged the painted-nosed tusks to tread warily, but to bear us safely out from amid the applauding mob. No doubt as the hours of night wore on there would be more acting, and more than that; but we did not assist.

Between Benares and Calcutta there lies five hundred and thirty-five miles; to compass which, time, from midnight on Thursday to 6 A.M. on Saturday, and money, fifty-seven rupees five annas (five rupees of which for extra luggage), are required. The train is abominably full, and the accommodation offered nothing like so good as that on the great trans-American line. The Indian carriages have been far too closely fashioned after our model, and the sooner they send to America for a few cars, the better. There is a halt at Dinapore for breakfast, where the costume of a young Hindoo gentleman strikes us as peculiar, though not uncommon. A handsome face and short hair, uncovered, surmounts a body bare to the waist, from whence hangs a fold of plum-coloured silk gauze, so arranged that the calf of the leg is shown, stockingless, but finished off by a pair of smart patent-leather shoes. This dandy gentleman has a string of wooden beads round his neck, carries a small cane in his hand, and has a slight white muslin handkerchief thrown carelessly over one shoulder.

The matter of shoes is still a ticklish point in India. It is etiquette with us to take our hats off, with them to take their shoes; but of course it is only human nature for

the conquered to wish to keep their shoes on, if they think they can by so doing slyly insult the conqueror. In the good old days, when they had only sandal things on, it was easy enough to kick them off; but when the march of events brought out pumps, the case was slightly altered, so Lord Lawrence issued an order that a European shoe might be kept on, even though the head was covered. It seemed to me a sensible enough order, but I heard it condemned; and there is no doubt that from the earliest ages the difficulty of finding out where the shoe pinches has been great.

From Patna a great flood prevails, and for miles the country is under water. We are at the foot of the first hills we have seen since we left the slopes of the Himalayas: low hills, 1,700 feet high, I was told. We go through the one tunnel. We reach the "garden of India," great in opium. We get to Howra; then over the Hooghley, in steam-ferries, and are at Calcutta.

Calcutta! Emphatically "a city of palaces." I can't see that it matters if the palaces are let out in tenements, are occupied by chemists' stores, are untidy, and are surrounded by untidy compounds. They are palaces; that is, large, separate, imposing houses. Calcutta bears a resemblance to Bombay, the Hooghley doing duty for the sea. There is the same native town at both, the same open grassy places; but Calcutta in general effect is finer than Bombay. The Cathedral is fine, cool, adorned with beautiful monuments, and attended by many full, half, and no black-blooded mortals. Government House is magnificent; and Lady Mayo, at the time I speak of, was having it richly done up in honour of the expected visit of H.R.H. of Edinburgh. There is a fine fort, there are good shops, and broad streets; indeed, granted that you had full employment, life in Calcutta is not

to be despised. It is living death to be idle in India, whereas the man with employment has the double advantage of having his time occupied and knowing that if he had not he could not do anything with it.

At Calcutta, I stayed at Mr. Waite's house. Let me acknowledge his great courtesy here, for I had no opportunity to do so there. Courtesy, the result of an accidental meeting at Simla, which was to me true hospitality; for, having no servant of my own, the placing at my disposal of his, his house, his horses, his carriage, his kitchen, was an act specially appreciable by one servantless in India. During my stay at Calcutta, I was monarch of all (his) I surveyed, but never saw my host, who was up country. For me the fatted calf of welcome indeed was killed, but for him, alas! there remained no reward of angel entertained haply unawares.

Calcutta has got a collection of the most remarkably healthy, strong-lunged jackals. One used to begin close under my window, which, of course, was open, about midnight. His was the key-note, set in excruciating howl; then friends of his, far and near, sympathising with him, and with equally good voices, joined in chorus, and the most heart-rending, unearthly, piercing shrieks roused the sultry night.

It was at Calcutta that those excellent friends, Messrs. Coutts's circular notes, reached me; destined to prove their worth at Madras, Galle, Colombo, Kandy, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Launceston, Hiogo, Yokohama, San Francisco, Montreal, New York, always unobtrusively, without trouble, rarely losing money by the exchange, sometimes making it.

They arrived; and I, so freighted—a stay of from Saturday till Tuesday accomplished; fare £60 to Sydney, per P. and O., paid—embarked on the *Candia* at 1.30 P.M., on the 26th

October, 1869, realising the fact, and now acquainting you with the same, that £300 had covered my expenses from Bombay to Calcutta.

The start of the P. and O. boats from their Garden Wharf has all the appearance of a picnic, and fewer tears of partings here swell the muddy waters of the Hooghley than at home the rough seas of the English Channel. As the *Candia* steamed onwards, she bore us past untidy compounds of isolated bungalows, past the ex-King of Oude's palace, harem, and menagerie, and on to where palms, bananas, brick-kilns, and mud villages replaced bungalow and college. The vessel was a model of order and cleanliness. A discipline almost of a man-of-war prevailed, and on Sundays a parade of Lascars, China boys, Manilla men, and Europeans lined either side of the deck. First to this side of the river, then to that, she wore, seeking the stream, then lay to for the night at Diamond Harbour. The boat lay to, but I did not say that I lay too; for how can you lie if bathed in perspiration, conscious of prickly heat and rheumatism, bitten by mosquitoes, a prey to cockroaches and spiders, you have to pass the night?

Next day we passed Kejaree and the Island of Saugor, home of tigers; the pilot left us, and we stood out to sea. At sea! where the arrogant "ego" is knocked out of you; where you are green and yellow; where you make acquaintances or don't; where, when time has familiarised you somewhat with the life, you almost like it; where you reverence people who say they are hungry, and where you yourself find breakfast before you are tubbed, lunch before you are digested, dinner before you are dressed, tea, and supper before you go to bed. Eight, twelve, four, seven, nine,—meals! Does any one eat at them all?

We left Calcutta on Tuesday, got to Madras on Saturday, and then we had accomplished 472 miles. Every place in India and Ceylon is especially noticeable for its curries, most particularly so Madras, and there we got a bad one. Imposing buildings line the sea's margin; the ice-house one of the group, Government House and stores another; but the place generally lies low and is unimposing. As soon as we hove to, boat loads of Tamils pulled off to us, now swept from the side of the steamer by the current, now swarming on board, but driven therefrom by a policeman with a whip. They were useful Tamils though, and into one of their boats, light as cork, the planks composing them tied together, riding high on the water, we got, and were soon pulled through the renowned Madras surf to the shore.

As we rowed, little catamaran boats, manned by two natives in high conical caps and a bit of string, skimmed around us. On shore, conjurors, who swallowed down, and then up, large stones; who swallowed fire, and blew it burning out of their mouths again; who teased cobras, and made trees grow and flower,—amused us.

The broad red roads, the tulip-trees with their yellow and pink flowers, the acacias with their huge seed-pods, the women with their one dress so disposed that the right arm, bosom, and leg from the knee is bare, the gharries roof and sides white, the white double-storied houses, the splendid group of buildings that make up the Club—Madras's just pride—the Imperial Hotel, the Europe stores, the public gardens, all were noted in our short sojourn of a few hours, and then we re-embarked for Ceylon.

It is 1,330 miles from Calcutta to Galle, and it was 6.30 in the morning of Tuesday the 2nd of November, when the *Candia* dropped anchor in the harbour there, where we are

neither going to linger nor look. We say good-bye to our courteous friend, Captain Weston; we leave that rich German to die at the Oriental Hotel, though tended carefully by him of "almighty principles," who *says* that money is that, and *acts* as if it was not.

We disembark from the *Candia*, and embark on the *Malta*, whose planks have but just now been quitted by the saintly feet of those hurrying to the great Council at Rome, there to attest infallibility and foretell a fall. Some of our new co-passengers have already been christened; and the beau-

GOLDEN PHEASANTS.

tiful "golden pheasants," bending Grecianly, receive the homage of all the youth and gallantry on board. For myself, dropping on a chair, almost before Captain Skottow had well brought the ship's head to bear outwards on her return trip to Sydney, I gave myself up to Motley and the trials of the Dutch Prince.

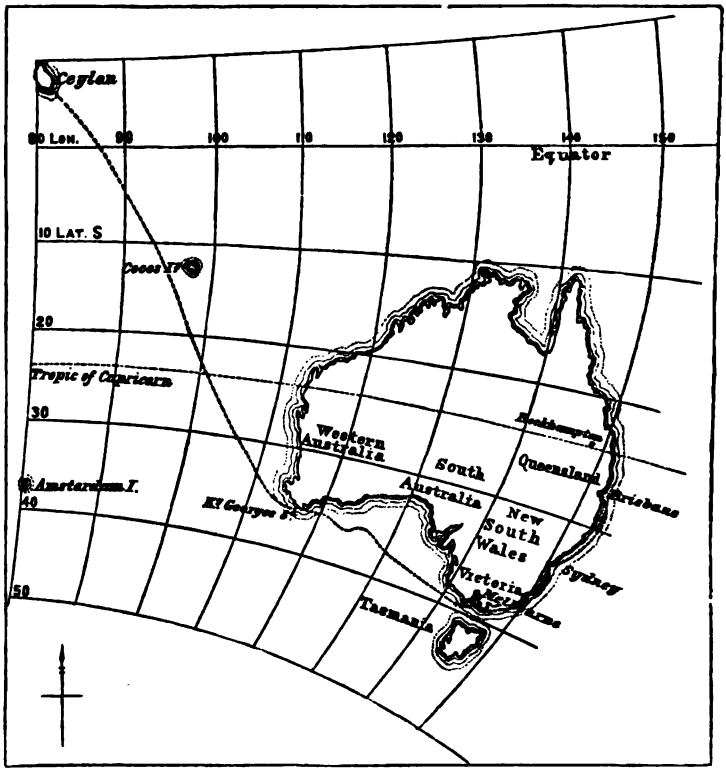
CHAPTER XI.

The *Malta*—Distance to Sydney—Three Weeks—The Line—Rain—The Log—Flying Fish—Dolphins—Whales—Use of Travel—Rough Weather—The Leeuwin—King George's Harbour—Albany—Aborigines—Coo-ee, coo-o—Sir A. Campbell—Cows—Poison Grass—Distant View—Mail to Perth—Convicts—Coal—Fresh Start—A Storm—The Rips—Queenscliff—Melbourne—To Sydney—Distances—Time—Wilson's Promontory—Storm continues—The Howe—Eden—Nature not Man—To Queensland—Same Scenery—Bay—Moreton Island—Mangroves and Gums—Approach Brisbane—Heat—History—Natural Features—Australia and America—Brisbane's Folly—General View—Amusements—Old Country Habits *v.* New—Public Gardens—Laughing Jackass—Service—Government House—Other Houses—Colonel Blackall—Fruit—House of Assembly, &c.—Laws and Law Makers—A. S. N. Quarrel—Aristocrats.

HAVE you ever experienced the sensation of putting your head out to sea when you have a long stretch between you and the next nearest land? No Dover, no Folkestone feeling, but the consciousness that, come weal come woe, on the sea you must go for some three thousand miles or more.

Once—so I was told—when the good ship *Malta*, heavy with coal, steamed from the beautiful harbour of Galle out, under a dull, heavy, saturated, and steaming sky, into a heavy swell beyond, she met a rolling sea moving steadily towards her. Of course no one but thought she would rise to the occasion. But no, sulkily she ploughed through it, and shaking herself at the far side, enjoyed the joke she had played on all on deck. Better tempered with us, she bore us over the long, heavy swell that, canopied in low, heavy, dull, damp, warm, grey clouds, greeted us as we left the bay.

Six thousand one hundred and eight miles to Sydney; 3,134 to where we stop for the first time. Not many land-spots where we can run to either. We might drop in upon old Mr. Knox (or Ross is it?) at the Cocos Islands; nay, we might go to Amsterdam; but these are possibilities not expected or wished, and when we left Galle we looked for the Leeuwin.



FROM GALLE TO BRISBANE, ABOUT 6,618 MILES.

At sea. At sea. At sea. That's all I have got to say; and as I, poor beggar, am there, you may run down to

Melton for three weeks, and when you come back resume the letter, because then you will have got to Australia.

But it is not always the same at sea. Sometimes you have the cradles off, generally on; sometimes you have the ports open, generally shut. Then you cross the line on this journey, but that is immensely disappointing; there is no line! There was a heavy atmosphere, hot, perspiringly hot, steamily hot; and when the rain did come down, it came down thud, one sheet, continuous. Captain Dundas told me he once went through a belt of it five hundred miles broad without its ever breaking. The thermometer stood at 80°, but it is not the least use quoting it when you want to convey what you feel. It might stand or lie or run at 80°, and you feel washed out, limp, exhausted, prostrate sulky; and it might rise to 120°, and you feel as lively as a crisp bit of dry toast.

I said it was not always the same at sea, and of course I mean it; the log, for instance, varies. It is taken every day, and then I take it—not exactly the same way as the captain; he (some of them) takes it neat. This is how. The captain goes to the stern of the ship, the bows, or the sides, a sailor half way betwixt him and his cabin, and some one else in the cabin. The captain has hold of the instrument. The captain looks at the sun, and the sun looks at the captain; then the captain says "Stop," the sailor says "Stop," and the man inside "Stop." What stops? I never could tell. Something must, for a captain is absolute. It is not the ship, so I suppose it is the sun. Whatever it is, when it is all taken, this is what appears:—

"Lat. 3.21 South.
"Lon. 88.12 East.

"Distance run, 304 miles.

"Cape Leeuwin, 2,393 miles."

Two thousand three hundred and ninety-three more miles, think of that! How I wish I could go to sleep till I came to the three!

When that veracious youth got home and told his grandmother that he had seen mountains of sugar and pits of diamonds, she believed him; but when he spoke of flying fish——! For myself, I think he ought not to have mentioned them, for at best they are only little sprats of things; they do break the monotony a little, and that is all you can say of them as they skim a few yards over the surface of the sea.

But for real life at sea, give me a porpoise match, a dolphin steeplechase; they are the boys for fun. For miles they will glide along close by the prow, making a fool of the boat and its five hundred horse-power; skimming with imperceptible motion just under the surface of the water, or, dashing away a little to the side of the boat's course, commence a game of leap-porpoise. Give me a porpoise any day before a flying-fish, or even a whale. These latter are too sluggish, though it is fine enough to see their great carcasses roll up to the top of the water and spout up a fountain of sea; but theirs is a ponderous jollity compared to a dolphin's, who seems always up to a lark.

If it had not been for the sou'-east "trades," I was going to have said something here. I was going to have said to every budding statesman, if you want to flower, travel. You may go away a fool and you may come back a fool, but you won't come back the same fool. You may misjudge, but you are less likely to do so after you have seen than when you only hear. It might seem very far-fetched to

mix up "Tekooti" and "Titekowarru" with this last remark, but it arose from them, because we carried out the final order to remove our troops from New Zealand. Now, nothing did happen from that, and so it is no use saying what might; but if anything had, the astonishment at the policy that dictated the removal of those troops would have been lost in the denunciation of the same.

But the chairs tumble down, the ship rolls, hops, and goes steady for a short time. Then it gets worse, is more lively, much more so; and as you lie in bed and are kept rolling, you wish you had grappling muscles all over you, like a centipede has feet, and with them could lay hold of the sheets and steady yourself. This is disagreeable; but you have an alleviation; you are in sight of land.

Since early morning, this 17th of November, we have been running along the coast of Australia. The *Geelong*, too far off to hail, steams past us. Off Cape Leeuwin at 6 A.M. The wind has lulled a little, the atmosphere is clear, the sun bright. On our port side the low waterless coast, fringed with trees, or again breaking into a dense forest ("the finest forest in the world, but without a port wherefrom to ship the timber") of Eucalypti, is but five or six miles off. At 2 P.M. the Bare-Headed rocks, standing in mid ocean, make us internally thank captain, officer on duty, and helmsman for their care. At midnight we have dropped our anchor at the coaling barge in King George's Harbour.

What I saw at King George's Sound, when the bright sun rose on the 18th, was an outer and inner harbour, the latter capacious and snug, though rather shallow in places; and lying on the north-west side of it, the little scattered settlement of Albany; not unlike some towns met with in Scotland. Small white houses standing in gardens, a couple more pre-

tentious, one alight with plate-glass windows, and the dry, sandy soil covered with such a profuse garden of wild flowers and shrubs that it was positive pain not to be, at least, something of a botanist; large bushes, covered with a lilac flower, as though in half mourning; bushes with yellow and white flowers; quantities of different grasses and smaller flowers, some with long silky-haired stems. As we strolled towards the town we came upon one or two aborigines (verily a low type of our genus), their dirty, darkish, bodies clothed in uncut kangaroo skins, civil-spoken charity seekers, English-tongued boomerang-throwing loungers, with wives carrying their bairns about in skin bags by their sides. Will some ethnologist or other diver into the secret causes of events tell me why it is that the aborigines of Australia have the same cry, with a difference, as the Cingalese? The former say "coo-e," and the latter say "coo-o;" and certainly a Swiss, or Cashmerian, a native of Tibet, or anywhere else, so far as I know, when he wants to wake echoes in the far-off distance, cries neither "coo-e" nor "coo-o." Sir Archibald Campbell, Baronet, magistrate, &c., &c., here, had gone home, and had permitted his housekeeper during his absence to entertain people at his house, and thither we repaired for breakfast. A civil, kindly woman, in middle life, received us at a small cottage in the midst of a luxuriant garden, and gave us Adelaide preserves, tea, and salt butter for breakfast.

ABORIGINE.

Fancy landing in this land of cows, and being greeted with salt butter; but the fact is, that in the neighbourhood of Albany herbage is so scanty, poison-grass so plentiful, that cows hardly exist, and mutton is the sole meat eaten. The day will come, perhaps, when the district about King George's Sound will freshen, and strengthen, and live; but at present it languishes. From a slight rise overlooking the town, we got a somewhat extensive view; the scene was not familiar. Rolling hills covered with "scrub;" *i.e.* dark-green, small, untidy bushes and trees, terminating in a higher range of mountains; small, sandy, or rough roads intersecting the scrub. Four days and nights in a mail-cart, on a bush road of two hundred and fifty-eight miles through scrub, divides Albany from its capital, Perth; through scrub, and over such unproductive land that thirty thousand acres of it are needed to do the work of a thousand of good land. Yet people live, if, perhaps, not as yet prosper, in Western Australia.

Convicts and their labour are no more. Some deplore their loss, point to works of public utility as their reason, and speak with regret of the money now no longer spent upon the poorly inhabited country. How, morally, you are to reclaim a convict; how far he contaminates the non-convicted; whether enforced labour is, in the end, productive, are questions too deep for this sketch. But if a convict will accept the dictum of one who has been in confinement in Portland and transported to Van Diemen's Land, he will, if he has the choice, accept the latter. Occupied on works of public utility, with an amount of freedom compared to which Portland is an iron shroud, he benefits himself and the colonists. So it would seem to me; but of this, of course, they must be the best judges. All I think is, that, aided by an iron discipline, power to enforce which should be available to

every settler, a colonist ought to aid a convict in a new moral start; a convict, a colonist in a new material one.

From out Princess Royal Harbour by Michaelmas, and Break-Sea Islands, whereon is a lighthouse, out into the outer harbour, and out farther into the open sea we steam, refreshed with coal. Strange that it should still be cheaper to bring this coal all the way from England, notwithstanding the vast coal-fields of Australia, but so it is. Two glorious sunsets dipping in the limitless ocean, albatross flying with us, a sinking barometer, a cold east wind, curiously for this coast, at this time of year, dead ahead. Five knots an hour. The ship rolls and quivers as the sea lashes up against the closed ports, and up and over the bows; and as it raises the stern of the vessel out of the water, the screw thumps and rattles wildly. Night succeeds to the dull heavy day sky. The heavens are pitchy dark, and violent gusts of rain and cold wind howl amid the rigging. The captain is on deck all night; the mail bags are stowed safely away; and amid innumerable noises, hauling of ropes, rattling of the screw, banging and splashing of the waves, the creaking of every plank, and the crash of every loose article and some fixtures, we turn in to catch little morsels of sleep. Day breaks; white-crested, sea-green waves roll up to and on to the deck, and driving squalls of wind and rain from the sou'-west sweep over the murky sky. We are off Melbourne. We have been standing out during the dark hours, as no pilot would take us in on such a night, whilst Admiral Hornby and his fleet have, so we learn, stood far away out into the open sea. Eight o'clock A.M. A fore-and-aft rigged cutter is seen tacking towards us, and we lie to, or try to accommodate ourselves to her wayward movements. Several unsuccessful tacks she makes as she swims the wild waters in splendid style.

radually she nears us, and when pretty close, puts off a ny cockle-shell of a boat. It is impossible to realise, of its ind, a more beautiful scene. Huge wave-mountains rise etween us and the cutter, all but hiding her at times from ur view; calm valleys of water, glistening with that dull ilver-grey light which gleams of sunshine lend them, disclose hemselves every now and again; and on this floats that ittle toy boat, freighted with the pilot and manned by two f the cutter's crew. He is aboard now, but still hesitates to ake us into port. One o'clock, P.M. We are off "The Heads," nd cross the troubled bar, "The Rips." On our right, a uarantine hospital; on our left, Queenscliff, and a small pleasant bathing village of the same name. There is yet a long stretch of shallow but wide (thirty miles from shore to shore) water between us and Melbourne, reached at 5 P.M.

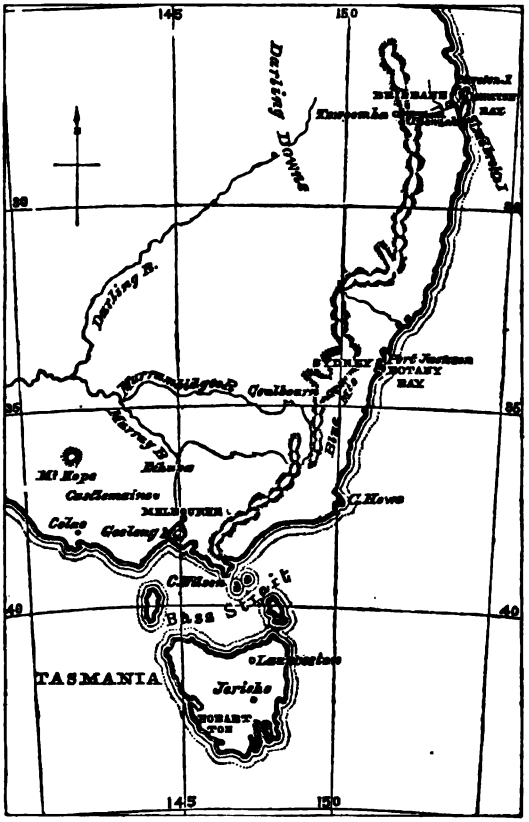
At 2 A.M., 26th, Friday, off again, this time to Sydney. Our journey from King George's Sound to Melbourne, 2,384 miles, took us from the 18th to the 25th; that from Melbourne to Sydney, 590 miles, from 26th to the 28th. The Melbourne folk had thought of us out in "that gale" last night, but it was hoped it was over now. As we steam out of the long entrance we find our hopes not fulfilled. There is a strong breeze blowing, but altogether in our favour; and as we sail away fourteen knots an hour, the huge, angry, white-crested waves in vain try to overtake us, break on our stern, and drag us down with their weight. Yet each one seems as though it would, and comes curling angrily, close, close up to the rudder. Can we get by Wilson's Promontory by four o'clock? The captain devoutly hopes so, for we dine at four, but till we pass those isolated and treacherous rocks there is no dinner for him. Heavy, sodden clouds hang down close on the water; cruel gusts of

wind drive cold showers of sleety rain before them; huge breakers close around us; our horizon is but a few feet off. All sail is taken in; and the captain anxiously peers through the dense atmosphere for some accustomed landmark. The first bell has rung. But the noted rocks are seen, and laughing at the baffled waves, gulls screaming overhead, seals swimming beneath, we steam thirteen knots through the narrow straits and sit down to dinner. The worst is passed; but there remains another night of howling winds and drenching rain, of a quivering ship, lying over at an angle of — degrees. At. 3 A.M. we have four men at the wheel.

At six we are round the Howe; our course is altered, and sheltered from the wind, we are steaming away north in calm waters. We are now running close along the shore. Boyd's Tower or Folly is passed, and from Eden, deserted Eden, come sweet earthy scents to us—wearied of the sea. The appearance of the coast is pleasant. Forests of gum-trees, growing on somewhat low hills, are broken in upon, here and there, with patches of grass or little beds of bright white sand, and the whole is closed in by higher forest-clad mountains. That, the usual kind of scenery. Perchance we English derive an unrecognised pleasure from the coast view of this great country, when the perception of the vast area of its uncultivated and unpeopled districts dawns upon us. It is nature we are sailing by; not man.

Three o'clock A.M., Sunday, November 28th, 1869. We are at Sydney, thankful, or should be, for the successful termination of our rough voyage. But we will not linger there, but embark on the *Lady Young* on Dec. 2nd, and continue our journey for five hundred and ten miles up to Brisbane, at a cost of £10 there and back. We coasted on in perfectly calm seas the whole distance. The scenery was not

striking. From King George's Sound to Melbourne, from Melbourne to Sydney, what is seen of the coast is similar. The banks are not generally precipitous, but slope gradually down to the water, often finishing with shores of white sand.



MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY	. . . .	590 MILES.
SYDNEY TO BRISBANE	. . . . .	510 „
MELBOURNE TO LAUNCESTON, ABOUT		280 „
LAUNCESTON TO HOBARTON	. . .	122 „

The lower hills are closed in by ranges of higher mountains, all, for the most part, covered with "bush," dark green in colour, and descending to the very shore. The approach to

Brisbane is through an enormous bay, the main passage of which is to the north of Moreton Island. The southern passage, up which we steamed, is navigable only by day. Big ships cannot get within a dozen miles of the capital of Queensland; but, having got through the carefully-buoyed northern passage, lie off in the large shallow bay, and discharge their cargo and passengers into smaller vessels. The views are attractive. The shores of the many islands—Martin, Stradbroke, St. Helena—are densely covered with mangrove-trees, the light green of whose sweeping branches, lying in the water, forms a pleasing contrast to the dark-foliaged Eucalypti. Indeed, to look over a grove of mangrove-trees on to a forest of gums, is as though looking from a summer on to a winter landscape; the bare stems and small leaves of the latter giving the impression of winter, the closely-packed and heavily-leaved branches of the former, opening out every now and again in beautiful vistas, aiding you to realise spring. Gradually the bay we are ascending narrows to a river, where in places, at high water, there is only thirteen feet of it. You see, first, a hut or two, then a German colony of gardeners, with little red-tiled houses. It is very hot, too tropical. Bananas are growing everywhere. Creepers, bignonia, passion vines, wistarias, bougainvillias, convolvulus in beautiful festoons entwine themselves amid the branches. You pass alongside some large craft moored in mid-stream; you turn a bend in the river, and you are at Brisbane.

Before we land there, let us see if Mr. Bonwick or Chambers will tell us anything. Fortunately, this healthy infant, unlike India, has no long history of princes and pundits to puzzle us. Born of mingled Dutch and Spanish in 1606, it has gone on developing ever since. The earlier

discoverers gave their names to their discoveries—Torres, Bass, Cook; though Tasman called his island by the name of the Dutch governor of Java, Van Diemen—an honour which in recent years we have transferred to Tasman, in Tasmania. Of settlements, New South Wales, a clumsy, stupid name, is the father, 1788, and Queensland the last-born, 1859. The area of Australia is three million square miles; as big as the United States, or fifty times as big as England. Whether Australia is before or behind its time I cannot tell. Whether it is what we are coming to, whether we have come from it, or whether it is a meteoric stone which has fallen from —— with the things of that place "all alive oh," I cannot say; but certainly it is different to any other place in the world. It is not that the trees shed their bark instead of their leaves, that their leaves are perpendicular instead of horizontal, that the cherry-stones grow outside the cherries, that the animals are nearly all marsupial—which means that the mammas are in such a hurry to get it over, that the poor little bairns are not fit to appear, and have to be put in a bag in front of the maternal stomach for many weeks—it is not because no one else has a platypus or an echidna; but it is that Australia differs generally from the rest of the world. It has few bays or inlets from the sea; in navigable rivers it is poor; the mountains stand so near the sea-coast that the rivers are short; its lakes, or many out of the few it possesses, are brackish. Rainless and rainy seasons bring drought and floods. Absorption and evaporation are so rapid that the country may have two inches of water on it to-day and be dry to-morrow. When I drove over forty miles of prairie beyond Echuca, the country was hard and dry; when I returned in two days, one night's rain had made the arid plain into a swampy marsh, if not a lake. The small stream,

dry when I first crossed, was coursing along so deep and rapid that the horses had nearly to swim, and my coachman averred that they would have to swim on their return journey, and that they would do so, carriage and all. The general even level of the land collects the water, and sops it in almost as soon as collected. No country requires so much artificial irrigation, and no country can command less, the physical obstructions are so many, and the scarcity of labour so great. The traveller does not at first realise that that stream-bed, with its occasional pools, forms the water supply of the district. He begins to wonder where the rivers are, inquires, and when he learns that these are the rivers, wonders more. And yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, Australia has thriven, and is a pleasant country. It has risen, in defiance of the great American continent, its superior in extent, in resources, in proximity to the Old World. America received the surplus of European population, Australia only the surplus of that; and yet can boast of fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants, with another hundred thousand tossed in for Tasmania. The climate is agreeable. Of course, between Carpentaria and Victoria it varies greatly, and the thermometer was described to me as standing, at some grazing farms in the interior of Queensland, at 174°. Yet the heat does not punish you as does Indian heat. Proof of this is found in the constant exposure of working men to the sun's rays; you feel proof also. Even a Sydney "brick-fielder," the most trying hot wind they have, does not produce that languor and exhaustion which an ordinary hot day does in India. But it is very hot, no doubt, as we sail up the river to Brisbane, and see that this capital of Queensland has not been exempt from folly. As you get in among its wooden houses, dotted and sprinkled over somewhat bare

hillocks, Dickens's "Eden" essays to darken a right perception of the place. But you are roused from such erroneous view by the sight of the fine Parliament and Government houses, by the good main street of shops, and stone houses, and cab-stands; and you put away such wrong impression, partially again to fall into it, when you see that there is but one bridge of four stone pillars, nothing else, and seems likely so to remain.

Queensland only became a separate colony in 1859, since which time it has managed to accumulate a national debt of £4,000,000. Still it is perfectly solvent, if not pressed too hard. How can it otherwise be, when land, its chief assets, is only "taken up" in the proportion of seven million out of four hundred million acres? The Parliament House of Queensland is out of proportion to its hundred thousand inhabitants, to its capital, chiefly of wooden houses, and to its one unfinished bridge. Brisbane is a place of seven thousand people. It possesses a club, to which, as to the clubs of Melbourne and Sydney, I was most politely invited; a hospitable welcome greatly adding to the pleasure of my stay in Australia. The shops in the main street are above the average; but what struck me as significant of the time it takes to alter national peculiarities, was the absence of outdoor amusements. Here, in a climate all too tropical, a theatre existed, and drinking houses were plentiful; but, as I strolled down the street at night, hardiy an inhabitant was even seated out of doors, much less was there any open-air place of public resort. How different in Paris or Saratoga! These changes will come; but if I might be permitted to educe from a small fact a sweeping thought, I would say that the Australians have copied too closely the old country, even as the Americans, much as they like her (and they *do* like

her), have gone too far away from her model. If in England we play billiards with pockets, in Yankee land they play without them, "guess we finish the game quicker." And so throughout most things, as if they would not be dictated to, even though the thing itself was absolutely better in the old country. In Australia, on the other hand, they cannot shake themselves, as yet, quite free (and it is a pleasant and an honourable weakness) from old associations. Brisbane possesses a charming public garden, not equal in beauty to that at Sydney, but superior as an horticultural one. Here, or in the Government House gardens which adjoin, I heard my first laughing jackass, and strolled about under the shelter of magnificent poinciana, or amid a row of quandong or bunya-bunya trees—I am sorry to say I forget which. The latter is one of the few indigenous fruit-bearing and man-feeding trees of Australia, and at a certain season of the year the aborigines hold a "corobary" in honour of it.

I attended service, for it was Sunday when we arrived, at a small church, where the bishop, an indefatigable and painstaking gentleman, preached. His sermon was not original. Towards the close of his address, my sleepy attention was aroused by a sonorous, "Yet *an-other* thought." It was another sentence I allow—thought, I doubt; hardly original under either aspect. I think I have heard the same even in England, and it was to the effect that possibly some one out of the congregation might die in the course of the year. In the evening the incumbent, I presume, preached brilliantly. Government House is a comfortable gentleman's house, possessing the essential, so unaccountably rare in Australia, of large lofty rooms. Why should people in Brisbane build a house suitable for Bermondsey? They have never—no, they never can have been in India. It is

cold, no doubt, "bitterly cold," as the captain of the *Emu* said, at Brisbane in winter; but it is cold at Umballa. At night, in Brisbane, there were more mosquitoes, and as much heat, almost, as in India, and yet I slept in a little room the size of a bathing box. Why can't they send to India for a few bungalow models?

GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BRISBANE.

The letter of introduction to Government House seemed superfluous when the Queen was represented there by one so unaffectedly hospitable and kind as Colonel Blackall (alas! now no more), and thither I went, and dined on the day of my arrival. Possibly a certain amount of interest would be derived from the study of the *menu*, but, miserable mortal, I have mislaid it. I assure you, however, there was the most luscious fruit; and though, no doubt, England still in

this surpasses the world, yet next to her comes Australia, before her, if a comparison of the cost of production be taken into account. Pines sell in Brisbane for fourpence, and less; small excellent Chinese peaches abound. Not far from Government House is the unfinished, but used, and handsome House of Assembly. A President of Council, £800 a year for life; a Speaker of the Lower House, elected for life with £800 a year; twenty-one Members of Council, also for life;—nobles! about thirty commoners, or members of the Legislative Assembly, and a Ministry of six with £1,000 a year each. Though loaded with debt, the hopes of the Queenslanders in their country are not dimmed; and from his seat the Prime Minister, Mr. Lilly, the elect of the nation after fourteen years' service, combats radical notions, and interweaves conservatism with wilder views. The library of the House is progressively good; and there the Queen had sent a handsome copy of the Prince Consort's speeches—"To the Parliament of Queensland, this record of the speeches of her great and good husband is presented by his broken-hearted widow, Victoria M.": written with her own hand, and thus, may I say, hallowed to the young country.

"Know all men by these presents"—that may convey a very clear idea to the Chief Baron; but I deny that all men do know, or half know, or quarter know what "these presents" are. And yet when you find yourself wandering among new laws and young lawgivers, you congratulate yourself that the cobwebs of an abstruse phraseology are spun around your own laws, which surely must have "grow'd," like Topsy, as no one saw any one make them. Here though, you not only see the laws, but the law-makers, the *depth* of whose learning is veiled in assumed (?) ignorance of what the Baboo calls "de vernacular." I attended at the hustings when

the candidates for election for East Sydney spoke. There were several. One had a proposer and no seconder. One was an ass; and how the patient crowd of well-dressed electors, though reproved for their "disorderly behaviour," bore his interminable platitudes, generally ending with "Am I a man?" was more than I could understand. The leading men of Sydney addressed the voters, and there was *one* gentleman. Australia wants gentlemen; America wants gentlemen. I don't mean men with kid gloves and curious pedigrees. I had the pleasure to pay a visit at the house of a self-made and very rich man, who had sent his half-dozen gentlemanly sons to Oxford and to Cambridge for their education; and I had the pain to come away on the roof of the stage-coach of that district, packed up in an uncomfortable manner with another article of the same genus as myself. We conversed: "Ah," says he, alluding to the half-dozen sons just spoken of, "them's the sort of men we want." And that is exactly what Australia does want. It is within her grasp; let her attain it. The English education, though an advantage, is not a necessity. On another occasion I was received by some young "natives" who had never left their country; they lacked the *savoir faire* of the other men, but they had the essential characteristic of gentlemen, and perhaps were more satisfied. "I have not 'harrd,'" said an ex-Prime Minister to me. But I had; I heard of some things in Australia that require all the combative force of *gentlemen* to repress. I heard—I don't say it is true, I ask them—that their statesmen were placemen, that their members were venal. "You have nothing to do but to walk into his outer office and leave a five-pound note there," said a policeman to me.

But I have wandered away, of course, from Queensland,

and before I return I must have my back slapped. Now I don't object to have my back slapped by an equal, but fortunately for her Majesty, Queen Victoria, I have few equals, and if a man weighing twenty-one hundred weight, or whatever the avoirdupois is for his sort of mankind, slaps my back, I do object. Particularly I do object, if my slapped back is only a means of confirming an erroneous decision. There is, or there was, an A.S.N. Co. in Australia that used, for a subsidy, to carry the mails between Sydney and Brisbane. The Co. and the Legislature of Brisbane fell out. It is a remarkable circumstance, but true. The whole country was deprived of regular postal communication, because the Honourable So-and-so agreed to differ with the manager of a steam-packet company. Now at home, the ebb and flow of letters works with a regularity that we analyse no more than we do the beat of our pulse. In a new country you are made to see things as they might be. At home you are supposed to look up with reverence to your Right Honourables and say "*non angli sed angeli*;" but in a new country you are apt to give a deeper colouring to the same article. I doubt if it was altogether dignified on the part of fifty odd legislative members to quarrel with a company that had it in their power so to humiliate them as to keep back their letters. "I won't take the vessel in till Monday morning," said the slapper of my back; "I'll teach them to take away the subsidy." And when the decision was reversed in favour of the "passengers," and only in favour of them, and we parted at the gangway, the cordial good wish, "I hope you will be *very* happy," of the bruiser of my vertebræ obliterated all but an amused recollection of "ye great fyte" of the A.S.N. Co., and the Queensland Government.

The happy English people have an idea there are no aristocrats in America. No Aristocrats! Why there is one man who owns sixty miles of river frontage by fifteen broad. What is in a name? It is no matter whether the class that has power call themselves peers or plebeians; they are the chief people; and it is these chief people in Australia that are the torment of the statesman. They, the statesmen, know these chief people represent capital; they know they must have capital for progress; but the great *vox populi* calls out, "Away with them!" and the *vox populi* return the statesmen. If it were not for this fear of the hydra-headed people, why grant a lease for six years, and revoke it in six months? However, sometimes the people find their match. There was a story, vouched to me as true, told of the Prime Minister of South Australia. He had resisted about half a dozen votes of want of confidence, and sat placidly on. At last, however, there came a stinger; and an all but unanimous vote was given against him. There is a lobby in the House somewhere, where the opposing elements meet on the common ground of refreshment. The Prime Minister was drinking when some one asked him what he was going to do now? Facts are facts, and truth is stranger than fiction. Finishing his liquor, he stood; then, turning from his questioner quickly, he raised that portion of his dress called tails, slapped himself, where shall be nameless, and said, "That for the vote of want of confidence."

CHAPTER XII.

Steam to Ipswich—Price of Horses—The River—Ipswich—The Railway—Calcott's Hotel—Mr. Page—Distance to Toowoomba—Fare—The Cushion—"Wully"—The Line—Forest—Toowoomba—Consumption—Darling Downs—Glengallon—Freehold—Clifton—Capital—A Magnate's House—Sheep washing and shearing—Squatter's Life—Horses and Grooms—Wallaby Shooting—Lost in the Bush—Two Thunderstorms—Back to Brisbane—Artificial Lake—A Labourer's Savings—A Buster.

ON Monday morning, 6th December, I got into one of the cabs peculiar to Melbourne and here, a sort of very wide dog-cart with a cover, and drove down to where the *Emu* started for a steam up to Ipswich—fifty-two miles, six shillings fare. Whether my cabby's horse was a more costly article I did not inquire, but I saw three hacks at Brisbane, the aggregate cost of which was £7; excellent good horses too, and with one, for which the owner had given £2 10*s*., he hoped to win a race; but perhaps the standard price for a good horse in Australia—in Victoria at any rate—may be reckoned at about £30. From the upper deck of the *Emu*, built on the American model for river steamers, I watched our course as we first skirted the pretty public gardens, then bent round by the unfinished ruin of the only bridge, past the bishop's good-looking house, the unoccupied barracks, and by the greater portion of the disconnected and, generally, wooden town. Then, as we glided on, we gradually weaned ourselves of the closer mass of houses, and steamed by solitary dwellings gradually becoming fewer and fewer, and descending from the wooden house to the wooden shanty. Gardens

prevailed everywhere; bananas, cotton, Indian corn, sugar-cane, and pumpkins, lined the banks. Out of these though, too, we passed; and sailed either into a dense forest of pines, bottle-brushes, silky oaks, musk, yellow-wood, tea-trees, honeysuckles, wattles, cedars, bean-trees, myall-trees, gum-trees of many sorts, iron bark, stringy bark, mahogany; blue, red, white, and spotted gums; grass-trees, fig-trees cabbage palms, stinging-trees; or on past natural and artificial "clearings." To one sailing up the river for the first time, and brought, during much of the way, into immediate contact with scenes that must have been as they are now before European ever thought there was such a continent, there was something especially delightful. It was like sailing in a dream or fairy-land. Sometimes mangrove-trees lined the banks of the river, their branches interwoven with creepers. Lilies floated on the surface of the somewhat muddy, and, though cattle can drink it about twenty-six miles from Brisbane, brackish water. But, generally, where there was forest, the bare stems and branches of the trees were festooned with such a rich hanging of beautiful and interlaced creepers, that there was begotten the wish to be thrown on to what seemed to offer the most luxurious and soft couch. The creepers at Perideenia are lovely; but here you pass through miles and miles of nature's handiwork; thick, impenetrable curtains of leaves and flowers looped up, hanging, binding tree to tree, in a dense garland of the most exquisite waves of foliage. Sometimes a break in the forest showed us cattle and horses feeding, a hamlet here, a duck there, a water-snake, a great grandmother; these only broke in upon the otherwise silent beauties of nature. The great grandmother was with us on board, and was put off at

some particular spot on the river, where there seemed, than herself, nothing else but forest, but whose marvellous proficiency in the propagation of the olive was nevertheless common talk. The tide affects the river even so far as Ipswich, and the depth of the stream is not over twelve feet.

Mr. Dog's eight miles of reserve; the solitary red sandstone building, Woogeroo, where some one hundred and fifty poor lunatics are kept, and which is near a village invisible from the river; Captain Town's boiling-down, beef-curing, very tumble-down wooden shed,—are past; then we turn up the Bremer, leaving the Brisbane to pursue its own unnavigable way to the pretty Tailor's Range of mountains, which lie before us. On we go, past Bremer Mills, a station of some six hundred and forty acres, for which £2,500 had been recently given, but on which £40,000 had been expended by the previous owner, who had built a fine flour mill, and meant to make a fortune. But the frosts (how strange to realise cold and frost in the great heat of to-day!) play sad havoc here, as the previous owner found to his cost. On past a stinking boiling-down place, impregnating the air with its foul smell; on to where we draw up by Messrs. Hooper and Robinson's coal depôt, the pit a mile and a half from the stays, and the soft, dirty-looking coal ten shillings a ton on board. On a little farther, and then Ipswich.

Ipswich consists of a somewhat scattered collection of wooden houses. It boasts of three churches and a brick grammar school. It is the terminus of the Ipswich and Toowoomba Railway. Across the Australian Alps, which rise some 2,000 ft. above the level of the sea, lie the great wool-producing districts of the Darling Downs, and to facilitate the export of the produce of this district, Queensland, when it became a country, made a railway. It is skilfully engineered, and rises over

the extreme height in a gradient of one in fifty. Still Ipswich does not seem a very flourishing place. It stands amid low rolling hills, which have been cleared, and over the dry grass of which the stumps of trees remain plentifully scattered. The chief hotel, kept by a Mr. Calcott, like the rest of the houses, of wood, was comfortable enough, and the charge for the night, dinner, and breakfast fourteen shillings. Nor must I forget to mention Mr. Page, barber, late of Belfast. "Sir," said Mr. Page to me, "he shook my hand." We had run through a list of distinguished heads, chiefly Irish, whose hair had had the good fortune to come under Mr. Page's scissors, but we culminated in "Cairns." His was the hand which had shaken the Page's, and the kindly recollection of that one shake lived right away out on the confines of Queensland bush.

From Ipswich to Toowoomba is about four miles short of seventy, and from the junction, Gowray, at the seventieth mile the line branches off—in one direction, across the down, fifty miles farther to Warwick, and in another twenty-five miles to Dalby. The fare to Gowray: was first, £1 10*s.*; second, £1 3*s.* I don't think there was a third class. At any rate, I went second, much to my sorrow. It was very hot, and the cushions were new, and whether I stuck to the seat or the seat stuck to me, is more than I am at liberty to mention, but the result was, that I acted as a warning to all my fellow-passengers, who thereupon selected newspapers as a medium between —— and the cushion. Then a huge carcass of a thing called "Wully," with a seething wife, a child, pap, and an orange, got into my compartment. The milk was for the dear child, but "Wully" had had something else; the consequence was, he laid himself down at full-length on the seat, getting his great grunting head, not-

withstanding the repeated attention of his wife, into every possible position most likely to bring on apoplexy. I suppose he felt something hot, but was vague in his idea as to whether it was his head or his heels, for he ordered his wife to pull off, first his boots, and then his stockings! Fortunately, she only got one off. There was a silver lining, however, even to this cloud, in the abuse which "Wully" got. "A' never was so ashamed of ye in a' my life, Wully," said Mrs. W. as we parted.

The railway runs by a single line through forest nearly all the way to Toowoomba, and past numerous stations, where nearly all the pointsmen are women, and where, in a stump-covered clearing wrenched from the forest, a wood house or two, one or two tents, and a neat wooden station with a corrugated iron roof, mark the stopping-places. Such was Walloon; such, with a somewhat larger house, Grand Chester. From here the line, by a series of curves, and through many short tunnels, made with bricks from the surrounding clay, begins to ascend. Helidan is a somewhat larger place, with a few decent wood houses; Murphy's Creek, Fyfield, merely a few log huts. It is very hot as we ascend. And throughout the interminable forest, in praise or dispraise of it, the cricket sounds loudly; or, as we stop to wood or water in some solitary spot, a bird with a melodious note whistles to us. Occasionally we are granted views over melancholy oceans of timber. There they lie before us, vast wastes of wood. To me the effect of looking over miles and miles of wood is something like that of looking over the sea; it seems so inhospitable; requires so much doing to it before it can be utilised; you lose yourself in thought amid its intricate mazes, and, mentally, are drowned.

It was quite a relief when, crowning the ascent, we broke almost instantaneously on numerous wooden houses, and much cleared and enclosed land, cultivated with Indian corn, wheat, potatoes, &c. This was our introduction to Toowoomba—a wide road or street; a cheerful collection of houses, all wooden, with wide verandahs, many creepers, and gardens; churches, shops, doctors, and an M.P. "twice convicted of felony." Toowoomba stands on the threshold of the Darling Downs, and I had the privilege of there making the acquaintance of several hospitable and agreeable people. Amongst others, of an English doctor, who had come out from England to Australia to die, but changed his mind, and lived in health and strength. Under such altered circumstances, he had sent for his brother, who also had dying propensities, and him I met enjoying the luxury of perfectly good health. Australia, and perhaps especially the lofty table-lands of Queensland, offer life, strength, and health to consumptive people whose malady is taken in time. To send dying men away from home to die, like those whom I met in Melbourne, is a cruelty to the patient and an injustice to the colonist.

The plains of the Darling Downs and the adjoining grazing places consist of counties of grass, without trees, without towns. These, what I have chosen to call grazing counties, extend over vast tracts of country, and are at an elevation of nigh two thousand feet above the sea level, so that the climate is considerably cooler than at Brisbane. Dotted over the plain stand the isolated homes of the colonists, Gowray, Eton Vale, Westbrook, Clifton, Glengallon. The latter place was for sale; and I was told that for about £60,000 I could buy the only stone, and by far the best, house on the Downs, thirty thousand acres of freehold land, and forty

thousand sheep. Property at that time was at a low ebb, and probably now the place could not be bought so cheap. Indeed, a comparison between that estate and another of thirteen thousand acres, for which the same price was given some years before, would lead one to hope that the value of land will again rise, now that the market for Australian meat seems to be on the increase. The Parliament of Queensland has been loth to permit the accumulation of land in the hands of a few people, and laws and obstructions have been made tending to prevent such an accumulation. Notwithstanding, large freeholds have been acquired. Clifton, Mr. Tooth's splendid estate, in the purchase of some of which he had to pay as high as £6 per acre, though five shillings may be looked upon as an average though minimum price, possesses a hundred and fifty miles of wire fencing, for which he had to pay about £20,000, and a tank which cost him £1,000. The same owner grazes, with a hundred thousand sheep and a hundred thousand head of cattle, leased lands extending over four hundred and fifty square miles; he has also given an impetus to the meat-preserving trade of the country by introducing machinery from home, and hopes thereby to double the value of each sheep.

Thus, by the exertion of one, the country is enriched, the labourer is employed. And it augurs well for the future of the country, when the Prime Minister boldly upholds and fosters the capital that promotes labour. To preserve, in a new country, the just middle between the rights of labour and the rights of capital is undoubtedly hard; but it is an absolute essential of statesmanship.

Let us stop at one of these Queensland magnates' houses. It is the busy season. The heirs of the broad acres are at

their posts—one at the wash-pool, one at the shearing-house, one in the fold-yard. You leave the train and your effects to the tender mercy of no one, and trudge over the half mile of burnt-up looking grass that divides the railway from the house. As you walk along, you try and photograph the scene in your mind; but the result, alas! is negative. In front, behind, and on either side, is grass; the frame of the picture is wood, with clumps or open patches of wood here and there dotted over it. The general level, a plain; but perhaps a spur or an isolated wooded hill breaks in upon and obstructs a more extensive view. You become startlingly conscious of the lack of water. You ask, "Where is your river?" and are pointed out a dry channel, with here and there a pool. You know that a large and strong force of water is essential for sheep-washing, and discover that ingenuity and capital have overcome, by dams and reservoirs, the difficulty of a small supply. But we are nearing a one-storied, verandahed, wooden house. Like a hen with a lot of little chickens is she, the wooden houselings scattered about her. There is the wool-shed, the carpenter's house, the stables, the shearing-house, the canteen, where goods are laid in store for many days, where a sort of trade and barter business is carried on between the master and his men, and boots, candles, soap, flour, tea, stock whips, flannel shirts, corduroys, are ticked off against labour. We bow to a gentleman in his shirt sleeves and with a clay pipe (he has just brought an erring mutton to its bearings and the neighbourhood of the shearer), and say, "Did you get my note?" "No," is the answer; "but it does not in the least matter, we often receive our friends before their introduction. Come in and have some lunch. I will send for your portmanteau,

and then show you round." Within the comfortably furnished house, where a young lady welcomes us as cordially as her husband, there is a piano in a green baize cover, and a child not in a green baize cover. I account for the former by the latter.

The first requisite in sheep-washing is a force of water. This is obtained in one place by steam, in another by dams. The number of sheep that can be washed daily varies at the different stations. Let us take a thousand as the average. These thousand are driven from their pasture-grounds into an enclosure handy to the washing-pool, and there, in detachments, drafted into the actual washing-place. First their wool is thoroughly wetted, either by swimming them in a pool, or by causing jets of water to play on them. Then they are passed into a long narrow trough, two feet wide by four deep, and are raked about in this by a man. In these two washings they lose a great deal of dirt; and when the man at the trough sees that the two men for each sheep, standing by a strong stream of water some eight feet lower than himself, are ready, he opens a lifting gate, and passes a sheep on to a platform, from whence it slides down a slanting board to the two men below. Here it is subjected to a thorough rinsing; by turns, every portion of its body is brought under the strong jet of water that rushes out of a spout by which the men stand, and, when thoroughly washed, it is let go, and, soaking, totters up an incline at the back into a fold, to be tended there carefully till clipped. At some places hot water as well as cold is used in sheep-washing; and at some it may be that the sheep have to walk some distance from the wash to the wool-shed—five miles at one station—but they are carefully watched, and do not get dirty. The washing of sheep is a most important matter,

for the wool, if well cleaned, fetches a much higher price in the market.

Let us follow the sheep to the wool-shed. Here are a dozen or more clippers—men placed opposite narrow pens, into which the sheep are driven, and from which the clipper selects his victim. A good clipper will clip as many as a hundred sheep in a day, and so will earn fifteen shillings, as three shillings a score is paid. The process of clipping is the same all the world over, but the speed is somewhat different. I timed one man, and he finished his sheep in five minutes, and had not so often, either, to call for "Charlie"—a little bare-footed boy who hurries from one clipper to the other with bluestone-water, wherewith to staunch the blood which an unlucky stab with the shears has produced. As soon as the wool is clipped off, a man carries it to an iron screen, quickly picks off the dirty edges, and rolls it up loosely for the packer, who submits it to the pressure of a two-ton press, sews it up, paints the station on the bale, "Ewes, five year," and it is ready for the rail. At Brisbane these bales are subjected to a much severer pressure before shipment, three being pressed into one; and there is not a little danger, if the wool is packed in the first instance at all wet, of spontaneous combustion.

ESTIMATE SHOWING THE RESULT OF AN INVESTMENT OF £25,000 IN A FIRST-CLASS DARLING DOWNS STATION, WITH A CARRYING CAPACITY OF 40,000 SHEEP WHEN IMPROVED.

Ten Years' Lease, from 1868, of 57,990 Acres of Land, with 25,000 Sheep, and improvements thereon, to cost, say .	£20,000	0	0
The Purchaser would have to lay out in Building a House and Wool-shed	3,000	0	0
For additional Fencing	2,000	0	0
	£25,000	0	0

First Year.—Clip of Wool of 25,000 Sheep, each 2½ lbs. = 62,500 lbs. at 1*s.* 6*d.*					£4,687	10 0
Expenses—						
Rent of Land			£445	0 0		
Five Shepherds' Rations at £60			300	0 0		
Manager			600	0 0		
Overseer			150	0 0		
Shearing, Washing, and Woolpacks			790	0 0		
Freight and Carriage			400	0 0	2,685	0 0
Profit					£2,002	10 0

25,000 Sheep would consist of	7,500	Wethers
	17,000	Ewes
	500	Rams
	25,000	
Increase of first year	10,000	
In all	35,000	Sheep

Second Year.—Clip of Wool of 35,000 Sheep, each 2½ lbs.		£6,562	10 0
Less Expenses, as before		2,685	0 0
Profit		£3,877	10 0

	35,000	Sheep
Increase	10,000	,,
	45,000	,,

Third Year.—Receipt for Sale of 5,000 Sheep, at 5*s.*	£1,250	0 0
Clip of 40,000 Sheep, each 2½ lbs. = 100,000 lbs., at 1*s.* 6*d.*	7,500	0 0
	£8,750	0 0
Less Expenses, as before	2,685	0 0
Profit	£6,065	0 0

Fourth Year.—Receipt for Sale of 10,000 Sheep at 5*s.*	£2,500	0 0
Clip of Wool of 40,000 Sheep, each 2½ lbs. = 100,000 lbs. at 1*s.* 6*d.*	7,500	0 0
	£10,000	0 0
Less Expenses, as before	2,685	0 0
Profit	£7,315	0 0

To a man born in Australia, who likes the country, a squatter's life must be enjoyable; to a boy it must be paradise. With any number of horses to ride, dogs to accompany him, wallabys to shoot, what more can he want? To a man who

has acquired a taste for society, the isolation must be galling. There is often a mixture of richness and roughness in station life, a good dinner and no tub; Leopold, winner of the Ascot Cup, for which £600 has been given, and no grooming. Fancy an English squire, with sixty horses and one man, the sixty turned out at night, and kept in a stockade during the day. From out of the sixty, those that are wanted for riding or driving selected day by day. Perhaps you go out for a ten mile canter in the morning, and come in for luncheon. Not so your horse; him you leave luncheonless in the stable, his bridle passed under the stirrup strap, till you want him again in the afternoon, and not till sunset does he break his fast, unless he has nibbled a hasty breakfast before he is caught. For my part, I think this freedom from the autocracy of the groom delightful.

In Queensland I went out wallaby shooting; in Victoria, kangaroo hunting; and these two events are interwoven with the memory of the pleasant stations from which I started—stations, albeit isolated and in Australia, where were met not a few of the charms of refinement. It was a lovely evening when we started on our wallaby trail over the grass prairie, which we had previously trotted across in a light American carriage. By rocks, and stumps of trees, by bark "humpies" (huts), by men "lumping their swag," by ibys, iguanas, and green parrots, we had gone with a speed and indifference to obstructions granted to nothing but hickory wheels and American springs; and now, in the evening, we started in another direction, to where the forest, with its interminable labyrinths, fringed the plain. My companion was a charming young fellow; the same who at home had had an idiosyncrasy for consumption, but had changed his mind in Queensland and taken to health.

Blessed seemingly with ninety-nine lives, he toyed with them, as was natural; at least, his anecdotes of condensed escapes would lead one to suppose so. He had gone out duck shooting a few mornings previously, and had strayed far into the forest in pursuit. Suddenly, he became aware he was lost, his presence of mind forsook him, and he urged his unwilling horse farther into the bush. How long this might have gone on is doubtful; but, fortunately for me, else I should not have been able to tell you this, his presence of mind returned. Dismounting, therefore, he did the wisest thing he could—sat down, doubting whether to cry or to go to sleep, or just to die off naturally and quietly without any more trouble. From this coma he was driven to make a decision at once, by seeing that a venemous snake had settled the question in favour of death, and was preparing to attack him. My friend objected to anything else making up his mind for him, and so killed the snake instead of the snake killing him; and thinking the quarter unpropitious, remounted, threw the reins on the neck of the horse, and trusted in its instinct to direct him homewards. He described to me that hope was beginning to revive, when suddenly he felt a tremendous shock, and found his horse careering away with him in full flight amidst the forest stems and branches. The first thing now to be done was to stop the horse, the next to discover why he had run away. He did the first, first; and the second resulted in his finding that by some extraordinary mischance he had exploded his own powder flask, which had grazed his thigh and blackened his horse's side.

But by this time we are in the forest, and our tale must be hushed to listen for the wallaby's. The night closes round us, and we are guided to the whereabouts of these diminutive kangaroos by the thud, thud of their short caudal arrange-

ments on the hard ground. We creep on silently over fallen stumps, and—don't shoot them. My sporting adventures, I find, are chiefly negative. "Did you shoot an elephant, tiger, ostrich, a wren, or an aborigine?" "No, I did *not*." What is the difference? A little monosyllable *not* worth the mentioning. Our wallaby raid, though, was very pleasant. A warm, though not depressing, breeze blew through the scented forest, and as the day waned, different animals chanted their evening lay. First, the pied crow struck its most melodious note, the smaller bird fry chirruped, the crickets cried out lustily, and were only silenced by the invincible frog; the mingled hoot and whistle of the night owl echoed from afar, and joined in with the not unpleasing note of the leather bird; whilst possums, bandicoots, and native bears scuttled about invisibly, to the tune of the monotonous thud of the wallaby's tail.

I was witness of two brilliant thunderstorms in Queensland —one especially beautiful, one fearfully grand. The first was as we steamed between Sydney and Brisbane, where for hours we sailed amid a circular ring of brilliant lightning, unaccompanied by thunder. The lightning played, as it were, from two batteries, one answering the other, skimmed over the sky, was hurled over it in jagged and glittering balls of fire, or fell to the sea in glistening purple forks. The other storm took place at the Darling Downs. From the verandah of my host's comfortable wood house, looking across the eleven miles of grass (all his) to the low wooded hills bounding the horizon, I watched the play of the lightning. Low mutterings of thunder broke in upon the otherwise still, silent, breathless night. Gradually the storm increased. The thunder, rolling incessantly, crashed and crackled overhead; the cruel lightning—purple, forked—seemed to strike the

ground at our very feet, and the rain fell in torrents. It was a magnificent storm; but I fear them. I think of myself now in life, then a cinder; one crash unheard, and I—unrecognisable, a little charred dust, gone! But let us try to get back to Brisbane; this time in a grand salooned, first-class carriage from Toowoomba, and by a coach and four horses from Ipswich. The *Lady Young* is coy, and will not start when we want her; so we must wait her pleasure, and ride out some six miles through forest to the beautiful artificial lake that waters Brisbane. The ride shows bananas, cotton, and some nice clearings of corn. Peach trees give us lunch, a bird tinkles to us one note, and a labourer adds to our stock of information. "Do you think a man should emigrate?" "No, not if he is comfortable at home." "Can a man save?" "Yes; there is one down our way who is worth his £300; and I know he has saved it all out of wages not exceeding 15*s.* per week." At night a "buster" comes on, and the open windows of Government House cannot be shut soon enough to keep out the dust that whirls on to the table, sent there by a force of wind seemingly strong enough to blow the roof off, and that precedes a deluge of rain, illuminated by lightning.

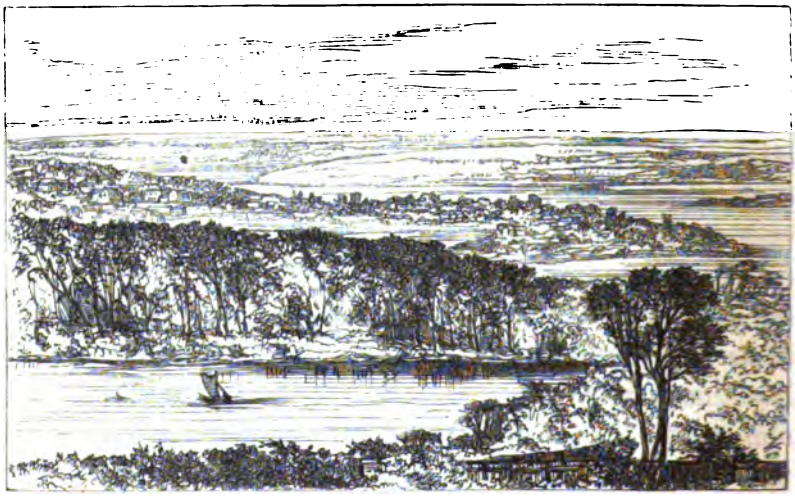
It pleased the *Lady Young* to start on the 15th December, at 5 P.M., and she was excellently freighted. The Governor, the Prime Minister, one or two members of the Upper House, and the Nathan troop. A crowd to see us off from Brisbane, and our old friend and excellent seaman, Captain Milman, to discharge us safely at Sydney, hoping we would be "*very* happy."

CHAPTER XIII.

Sydney Harbour—Admiral Hornby's Fleet—Botany Bay—Port Jackson—Union Club—St. James's Church—The Cathedral—Three Lectures—People's Park—Government House—Failed Settlers—Wines—Main Street—Paramatta River—Property Paramatta way—A Villa—Charitable Institutions—Woolamaloo—Suburbs—Politics—Dog Watch—Botany Bay—A Picnic—Christmas—The Market—Entertainments—The Governor's Speech—What to do with Boys—The College—Zigzag Railway—Mr. Mort—Success—The Mint—Parliament House—Museum—Good-bye Sydney.

SUNDAY, 19th.—At Sydney the first thing to be discussed is the harbour. It is well known there that on a certain occasion some officers of Her Majesty's navy gave a picnic, and being men of great forethought, they forestalled an inevitable question, thus:—They erected a large board and wrote thereon, "We think your harbour very beautiful." The guests were quite satisfied, and the picnic proceeded admirably. I must add my mite. Sydney harbour is the most beautiful harbour in the world; but I have not seen Rio. A boatman said to me, "You might row about in it for a year, and not visit all its bays." I did not take a boat, and therefore I cannot say; but, no doubt, the chief beauty of the harbour lies in its intricate windings. It is like a coy damsel, you never know into what mesh she may not draw you by her lures. Over your head you have a clear, bright atmosphere; underneath you, sparkling water; shores wooded down to the very edge. Ever changing views—now the broad pathway of water, which leads you from the open sea to the more secluded bays; now the slopes of Government

House, and the matchless public gardens; now the town of Sydney, standing on this side and on that of a separate bay; now the islands that dot the more narrow windings of the Paramatta meet you, the river itself but another intricacy of the bay. There is one sad blot to the lovely and perfectly safe harbour, and that is its entrance. A narrow pathway between two frowning cliffs, where certain death waits on the unwary steersman that guides his vessel to the right or the left of the gateway. When I was in



BIT OF SYDNEY HARBOUR.

Sydney the fleet, under Admiral Hornby, lay at anchor in what may be called the middle of three harbours; neither the entrance one, nor that wherein the steamboats and other ships lie and line the quays of Sydney, but that which laves Government House, the public gardens, and Twofold Bay; and where they, albeit so large and so many, occupied but very little of the great sheet of water. I may as well tell you that Sydney Harbour is not Botany Bay. We shall go

there in time, and in the most approved manner, even "not at our own expense." When our fathers went to Botany Bay, under the immediate protection of Government, they did not go to Botany Bay at all, but to Port Jackson. However, perhaps instead of talking we had better land and, as it is Sunday, go to St. James's Church. Through the kindness of some of my steam-boat companions, I was made a member of the Union Club, and to it, in a fly, for 7*s.* 6*d.*, though not a mile and a half, we go. The streets are silent, as on Sunday morning in England; and as we pass through a somewhat untidy, shabby square, we gaze with awe at the small houses, for each of which, so we are told, £600 a-year is paid. The Union Club is a charming house standing, though in the town, in a lovely garden, sweet with magnolia and beautiful with hibiscus. We repair to St. James's. There are two things, of course, we shall find there—one, a new church; the other, bushmen—hardy, horny-handed sons of toil! Let us go in. Dear me, why this is a regular old English town church, built, perhaps, seventy years ago, when a style of architecture was selected which is conspicuous for its ugliness: two ends and no middle; a pulpit well on its way to heaven, and close to the organ; galleries; a communion table that, with the best intention, has failed to get quite to the east; pews, as high and as misshaped as the most antiquated architecture could suggest; and the congregation very similar to that of St. James's, Piccadilly, or Pimlico, or Portsmouth, or anywhere else you like.

In the afternoon I went to the cathedral; but as I didn't see much to admire in it, I won't say much about it. Placed face to face, in a new country, with such a, to us, relic of antiquity as a cathedral, you realise how much the present age is inferior to the past in the conception of, at least, the

exteriors of devotion; how the mystic has given way to the matter of fact; how charily, when compared with by-gone times, money is doled out when the object is a place of worship. But, dear hearts alive in Sydney, don't think I am running down your cathedral. You may well be proud of what you have spent on it, may rest contented with its Gothic arches, and even admire if you can—I can't—the costly but ineffective windows that line its walls. It is first in Australia, second only to one that I have seen in America, and your bishop is splendid, without peer, six foot six.

When the service was over I assisted at three lectures—*forte* on politics, *fortior* on religion, and *fortissime* on liquor—delivered in the open air, amid the lolling people, with their graceful, if somewhat fragile, faces and forms lying about under the shade-trees, and on the coarse grey grass of the people's park. Am I right in calling it so? It is the outskirt of the beautiful botanical and zoological gardens, which it adjoins, and is the place where cricket is played, where seats are, and oranges are sold. It is part of a whole, which is made up of it, the gardens, and the Government grounds, and, together, forms what, for beauty of view and pleasure of luxuriant and well-kept gardens, is not easily matched. Government House is, in itself, an ornamental, handsome, massive stone building, castellated, built, so they say, after Alton Towers, possessing large but, as I thought, somewhat inelegantly furnished, reception-rooms.

However, let us return to the Union Club, which, with the three or four other clubs in Sydney, and the hospitable reception of its people, is too much sometimes for the youth of England sent out here to make their fortune, engrossing too much of their time, and spending too much of their money. But it is not only the Sydney dilettante settlers that fail

Hardy, energetic, toil-proved Englishmen were ticked off to me now and again, as examples of the impotency of desire, and disregard of the body, without capital. Others I was told of who, with capital—£5 to £10,000—came out radiant with hope, and returned shorn of hope and capital, because they lacked brains. We dine at the club to-night; praise the schnapper, fish—have choice of whiting, bream, garr, or mullet—and astonish the natives by drinking their wine. It is not the chic to drink Australian wines in Australia. I drank them, picking out the names that suggested least to the imagination, and found no evil effects—Reisling, Muscat, white Madeira, Hermytage, &c., 3*s.* 6*d.* per bottle; chiefly light wines, hocks, and light clarets, and which are consumed almost altogether in the colonies.

And now we will *do* Sydney and the environs. Passing along the main narrow street, with its old-fashioned, small, and rather poor shops, interspersed with larger establishments and handsome buildings, we shall embark on one of the river boats and steam down the fourteen miles of salt Paramatta River. We pass "Spike Island," ugly with stone buildings, sentry-boxes, and the recollection that here the worst criminals were confined. We sail amidst Australian bush—dark green, untidy Eucalypti—cut out from which, and amid which, numerous small detached villas and villages stand—"Hunter's Hill," "Ryde." The pretty Paramatta suburb of Sydney is unfashionable, and property has decreased in value there. The east, called the west end, is the more favoured locality. But here, Paramatta way, I was told of a property, thirty acres and a house, on which £7,000 had been spent, and which now could be bought for £500. Land with me at one of these villas, and I think you will confirm my opinion that life here does not lack luxury. It is one of the larger sort,

but yet not a large house, and a coo-i from the Ryde side fetches a small boat over, and we pull across to the right bank. A slope of green grass, here a luxury in itself, fringes the river, bound in at the water's edge with mangrove bushes. One or two large isolated trees set off the slope—the turpentine-tree, a Norfolk pine, and a tea-tree. On the other side of the house is a garden—hydrangeas, picotees, scarlet geraniums, azaleas, gardenias, peaches, apricots, nectarines, guavas, plums, date palms, apples, pears, loquat, camellias, olive-trees, cork-trees, walnut-trees, pomegranate-trees, orange-trees, vines, strawberries, lemons, limes, bananas, custard apples, quince bushes, passion fruits and flowers, cabbages, melons, arrowroot, violets, roses, tomatoes, potatoes, yams, New Zealand flax, carib-tree. Surely such a rich production of good things—the result of the ingenuity of man (for nearly every one of these things has been originally imported), under the fostering care of nature—is enough to make us enjoy the good fat duck that is slaughtered for our use, and for which the whet of oysters, sweet and small, knocked off the rocks at the foot of the garden, is not needed. A Kentish man—"thanks to Mr. Justice Cresswell"—here, and a Tipperary boy on Sir William McArthur's fine estate, were the gardeners; intelligent, pleasant men, who had done what most working-men can do in Australia—got on. And yet how strange it seems, as we drive out to Woolamaloo, on the other side of Sydney, to pass all those charitable institutions; poor-houses, but they are not called so; homes for the destitute of all ages and sexes. Surely, one thought, charity begins at home, and continues in full bloom abroad. This Woolamaloo district stands higher than that of Paramatta, and though not so pretty, and bare of trees, is thought more healthy. Sydney,

like most other towns, gradually breaks into country. Siamese twins of villas give place to those with close affinities, but unconnected; they to houses that object to villa blood, and are set in gardens often of great beauty and extent; such Warotah, such Barncleuth, Clanbrock, Green Oaks, &c., &c.; whilst Bishop's Court, a good English parsonage house, is quite in the country, too much so for the bishop's staff, and looks from a forest of low Australian bush trees on to a white sandy bay, bathed by the waters of the Southern Ocean.

Into the intricacies of the politics of the country we need not go, although it *is* tempting, when Mr. Mountcastle, hatter, says: "Protection, sir; a young country must have protection;" and Mr. Gowing, hosier, next door, says: "Protection, sir, is against light and reason, sense, sentiment, and experience; and free trade alone can benefit us and the rest of mankind." "The voluntary system for the clergy is bad," says A. "It is not," says B. But we will not pursue the argument further, but hasten to dog-watch our drive. Perhaps that last expression requires a little explanation. You know that on board ship the days are divided into watches and marked by bells. Beginning with midnight, the first watch goes on till 4 A.M., the second to 8 A.M., the third to 12 o'clock, the fourth to 4 P.M., then come two short watches of two hours each, and the ordinary one up to midnight finishes the day. The two short ones are called "dog watches," and until some one suggested that the reason of the name arose from the watches being *curtailed*, every one had been at sea as to its meaning.

Botany Bay, so commonplace a name with us Englishers, is a pretty white sandy bay, owning a pleasant garden, where art has superseded nature, and where the not un-

willing Sydney folk are bidden to its pleasant walks. A picnic that I assisted at finished there, a picnic truly homely. The girls were pretty and ladylike, the men well-matched. There were four-in-hands, pairs—I mean horses—there were glees well sung, the salt was forgotten, and somebody was fortunate enough to make salad with the custard. I cannot imagine anything more proper; the only thing I have my doubts about is whether venomous snakes would have been permitted to lunch with our people at home as they were there, though unseen; and would any of our luxury-loving demoiselles have pluck to embark in a brigantine of seventy tons—that is a very little ship, dear young ladies—and sail many hundred miles away on a stormy sea to settle with the Fijis? One of those did, she with the most character and the sweetest voice.

The roads are sandy and hilly, and the ruts are rough about Sydney. There are hansoms. One took me to the west—that is the east—end, and I paid my respects at one or two houses that dotted that suburb. It is Christmas time; the flying squadron is in the harbour, and the hospitable *élite* of Sydney open their doors to entertain the sea soldiers. We will run through the market before joining the gay throng at some one of the many receptions, and see if the supplies foretell good cheer. With us, at Christmas, the great piece of resistance is the butcher's shop; in Sydney, with a temperature of 140°, the longing for animal food is not so great, and the butcher's shop yields to the fruiterer's. Still it is Christmas, and the young gum-trees fall a victim to the doors of most shops, as the Christmas bush does to the lamp-posts. "Good morning, ma'am," says I to the goddess of the chief fruit-stall in the covered market-place. "May I have one of those little sweet Bris-

bane peaches, or some strawberries from Tasmania, or some gooseberries from Goulburn, a suck at that brown leathery-looking passion-flower fruit, with a taste of black currants, some of those matchless navel oranges from up Paramatta way, a citron, or lemon—twice as big as ours, I assure you, ma'am—or a plum or two?" "Certainly, sir, if you pay, for your credit I must gauge by your appearance." An equivocal compliment, thought I, and so passed out to a shirt-shop, and bartered for shirts at 10*s.* 6*d.* each; to a boot-shop, where I gave £1 3*s.* 6*d.* for a pair of soft unserviceable kangaroo-skin ones; to a jeweller's for opercula from the Fijis, and a discussion about native diamonds; then back to the market-place to barter for cocks and hens, cockatoos, parrots, and enormous Wanga-wanga pigeons. "Sold, sold, SOLD again! Go and tell Skinny Jack next door." Now, that was unkind; for this gentleman had put up the article at ten shillings, reduced it rapidly, half-crowns a time, to sixpence, and then, with a violent slap on his thigh, required his large and admiring audience to proclaim the fact to Skinny Jack who was next door, who had not an audience, and who consequently could not cry "SOLD." The man with the large audience and the resonant thigh used to amuse me greatly. But I have doubts, I have grave fear, that Skinny Jack was a foil—a foil, whereby to set off the enormous sale of his presumed arch-enemy next door; for each pursued the same calling of Cheap Jacks in one of the main streets—Castlereagh Street, I think—and one always had, the other never had, a great sale and a large crowd.

However, we must go to Government House, then to a small dance at Lady ——, to meet a few "really nice people," and on to the handsome and hospitable entertainment

given in the large and beautiful cage of the lovely "golden pheasants." You have been to a dance, have you not? Then why need you follow into these different houses? It is the same as at home, best houses, best people, you won't find much difference anywhere. Perhaps quite amongst our highest few there is a repose of manner, an unconscious superiority bred of generations, which is wanting among us newer men; but when you are drinking good fresh milk you don't expect to get the flavour of cream.

They say the Governor cannot make a speech, but always ends his few sentences by—"But Mr. So-and-So will address you; he knows more about the subject than I do." On one occasion, however, at a yacht dinner, he was moved to more volubility, and said: "I like yachts. I approve of yachting. My father kept a yacht. But Mr. So-and-So," &c., &c. Are you getting tired of Sydney, or do you complain you have not seen anything of it yet? I am sorry for you in either case. In the former, because you must spend another day there; in the latter, because I am afraid I have not got much more to tell.

We shall go up the zigzag railway to-day, go and see the College and the Museum, and . . . . . "Good morning, sir. May I ask what place this is? Burwood?" "Yes. I am the clergyman here. I get £450 a year —voluntary subscribers all—Church of England—and, indeed, I wish I was at home; £300 a year at home would go further than £450 here. I don't know what to do with my boys either." "Boys! Why I thought there was a song, appropriate to this country, beginning with, 'To the West, to the West,' where olive branches are mentioned as a blessing, and intermingled with the fruits of the soil." "Possibly, I don't deny there is a song to that effect. But

I assure you that it is quite a delusion to suppose that a father out here has only got to whistle and work will come for his sons—work, that is, he would be justified in letting them go to." "Indeed, you astonish me. But if you will allow me, I will make a note of your opinion, and perhaps you won't mind walking around the College with me?" It stands well, is unfinished, as many such works are in the colony. Colonists are too often like the greedy boy and the plum cake, their ideas are larger than their purses. The Principal "Pell" is described to me as a very clever man, so, too, "Badam;" but there are almost more fellowships than fellows—about thirty in all. Yet the university comprises two houses (one for Roman Catholics), a grand hall, a good library, pictures, and a museum, chiefly the gift of Sir — Nicholson. Sinews, not sense, seems to be the present motto for Australian youth; and no doubt so to view life is to begin at the right end, particularly when you have got 3,000,000 square miles to deal with; still the former will fare badly without a certain admixture of the latter.

The zigzag railway leads over the Blue Mountains, and at 1 P.M. our train was eighty-seven miles away from Sydney, which it left at 7 A.M. It was then at the bottom of Mount Victoria, which it had reached by a series of zigzags, sometimes the engine in front, sometimes behind, and had passed by varying gradients, at times one in thirty. Whether this style of clambering over a mountain is safe or not, I don't pretend to say. Some say it is, and some that it is not; but at least the line is exceedingly prettily engineered, and, as you ascend the 3,300 feet which have to be surmounted, you are struck with the, apparently, effective way in which its single line creeps over the many stone viaducts and winds along the mountain-side. You pass first through

forests of flowering trees, whose beautiful thick clusters of yellow and white flowers intermingle with the red of the Christmas bush; you open on a plain whereon is Penrith, and through whose fertile meadows the Hawkesbury flows; and then you ascend the mountain. From its heights you look over miles and miles of dark green forest unrelieved by water, but from which rises in broken and picturesque raggedness huge, rough boulders and crags of rock. From intense heat you ascend to regions of damp mist and cold, where towns—Goulburn to wit—beget giants and raise gooseberries. Will Mr. Mort forgive me for introducing you to him by name? I made his acquaintance by accident, an acquaintance which, on my part, ripened into respect. When Napoleon said his best woman was his biggest mother, he only expressed in other words his recognition of a want. He wanted food for powder; the new world wants men who go ahead. It is all very well for us, indifferent moths of the old country, to nurse our few hundreds and call ourselves very prudent for so doing; but a new country wants men who will be men or mice, as the M.P. for North * * * * said he would be. America has its pushing men and has helped itself greatly onward by such. I don't want to argue about it though, for I know that inexorable logic would prove that if A spent £10, ruined himself, and sold it to B for £5, A ought only to have spent £5, and so not ruined himself. At the same time I am sure a new country is better for its A's, for the probability is that without them the thing on which they spent too much would not have been done though it was beneficial, and when instead of an A simply you have a man who combines pluck with prudence, you have the *beau idéal* of a colonist. Himself in sorrow, his boys at Eton, his house on an old English model, his pictures beautiful and good—the

counterpart of his daughters—his kerosene works, his foundries, his brass and copper workshops, his dry dock, his freezing process for meat, his farm and cheeses, the result of indefatigable energy and the outlay of £100,000, without adequate return. Close to these dry docks there is a pretty little cottage and a luxuriant garden, where lives I know who. How glad I was to see her, and how glad she and her husband were to see me; and how happy I feel that he had been firm enough many years ago to leave business at home and push a better fortune abroad. A better I say advisedly, and yet not especially fortunate; but better socially, pecuniarily, and with more of what makes up life's pleasures running through its course; he a proof of what kindness, justness, firmness, persistence, and a knowledge of a trade will beget.

And now one glance at the Mint, the unfinished Roman Catholic cathedral, and the Museum, and we will start for Melbourne. We have given the Australians leave to coin, but are they or we to pay for their damaged coin? If you have ten ounces of gold you can take it to the Mint, and on any succeeding Tuesday they will hand it back to you in sovereigns, *minus* eightpence for each ten ounces and with one-twelfth of alloy in each of your sovereigns. Next to the Mint is the Parliament House, a quiet unostentatious building with comfortable but very ordinary rooms, and at some little distance the isolated and large Museum. Where Melbourne surpasses Sydney, Hobarton, Brisbane, or London, is in the care which she has expended on the education of her people by means of clear and succinct labels. You can pass both through her gardens and her museum, and run and read; if you forget, that is your fault. The Sydney Museum, on the other hand, though rich in collections, is not

so carefully labelled. It contains a magnificent collection of butterflies, those from Cape York especially gorgeous in colouring and size—Papilio Ulysses and Capaneus to wit, Ornithoptera pronomus, Amblypodia—but perhaps I need not go on; some splendid beetles also—Lamprina œnca, Anoplognathus—wonderful for their self-contained light, their backs, even under the dull glass of the case, still refulgent with various hues of red and green and copper; ten feet of a flat fish, Ceratoptera Alfredi; the Luth from Ilawarra—you remember the song—

> "Ilawarra, moneroo,
> If you wouldn't become a kangaroo,
> Don't go to the wilds of Australia,"

but it might be better to be a kangaroo even than a sort of monster turtle, which the Luth seems to be; many Australian birds—bower and rifle birds, lyre birds, and the lovely emblem of our happy days the kingfisher (Halcyon).

"Good-bye, Sydney—not 'old fellow' yet, but getting on you know—I knew you better than Melbourne, and I liked you better. They say you are richer, too, than Melbourne, but you have not the go in you that she has. It is a little disagreeable, it needs constant snubbing, but bumptiousness in youth is an excellent characteristic. But they tell me, Sydney darlin'—of course I don't believe it—that you have a cat's claw under that velvet glove of yours, and that I need not send my sons out to you any more than to Melbourne, if I give them crystals to cut diamonds with. They say there is a little bit of the heartless about you. I won't believe it. If a man digs for stones he must use a pick as his neighbours do, and it is better while you are at work to have a fellow whistling by your side than cursing."

CHAPTER XIV.

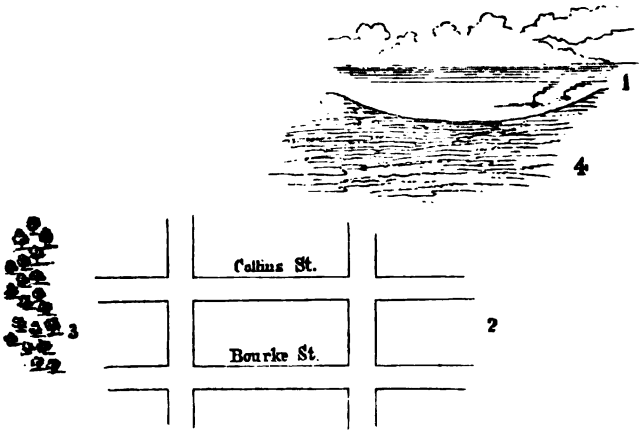
No Gentleman—Melbourne's Age—Her Symmetry—Sandridge—Things to see—Handsome Streets—Water—Dust—Museum—College—Royal Park—Pentridge—Town Gaol—The Library—Art Gallery—Hospital—Incapables, Capables—Lost—Parliament House—Public Buildings—Some Conversations—The Club—Government House—Brighton—St. Kilda—A Walk—Market—Cathedral—Cattle Market—A Bun—Run to the Country—Bare Plains—Sunbury—Kyneton—Castlemaine—A Gold Mine—Two Puzzling Facts—Hospitality—Sandhurst—Runnymede—Echuca—The Plains—The Reception—How Small is the World—The Menage of the Squatter—Buck-jumper—Kangaroo-hunting—Geelong—Drive to Colac—Our Goal—Father and Sons—"Long Clark"—Warien Hills—Lake District—Wild Fowl—Rabbits—Ondit—29th January, 1870.

"YOU are no gentleman," said two young men of Melbourne to a canny Scotchman, who I don't believe had ever said he was. "Come out," said they, "and we will show you you are not." But he didn't go out. He stayed in (at the hotel at Galle, where we had all just arrived), he and his money bags—and he had loads of them.

Victoria—how shall we do justice to this spirited young country, see it without being bored, acknowledge its virtues without disguising its blots?

Let me introduce you. "Mr. Melbourne—my friends." "They are not all aware, sir, of your age; a little over thirty, I think, and, if you will allow me to say so, the most wonderful young town in the world. Ah, yes, sir, I have seen San Francisco and Chicago, but I don't consider them your equals. You're their equal, if not superior, in fine streets and fine buildings; and, considering your long distance from home, your extreme youth—you are younger,

sir, than San Francisco — your general good order, your energy in promoting art as well as success in making money, you surpass them. You have got 130,000 children, I think, sir; and there are of the Victorian family 700,000 of you in all, 3,000 aborigines, and 90,000 square miles of land. Chicago makes money, but is not plucky enough to buy up a bit of her lake to beautify her houses with. San Francisco makes money, but can she show me a library like yours? and why does she allow her citizens to shoot one another in open day? No, sir, permit me to take my hat off to you, to wish you prosperity, good sense, and good taste, and, if you have no objection, to photograph you. There you are."



1 IS THE SEA.
2 IS THE TOWN.
3 ARE THE GARDENS.

Melbourne was one of the few towns that took a comprehensive view of itself before it was born, planned itself, laid itself out, and then grew. Most older towns (New York especially so) stuck themselves down in a corner, and when nearly suffocated with their own wedging, kicked out

violently in every direction and became what their kicks begot. New York kicked out symmetrically. Melbourne began advisedly, but her suburbs are getting rather out of hand. We shall land at Sandridge or Williamstown (about where the two boats are in the picture), some distance from Melbourne, and plough through a desert with little houses almost buried in sand, up to the town a mile or two away. It often seems strange to me to think how little advantages have to do either with making or marring a place. Why should London be the capital of England? Did any one ever conceive a place more hopeless to make anything of than Aden? Why is not Hobarton the leading place in the Australias, or Trincomalee in Ceylon? And why should Melbourne have sprung up on the ugly, sandy, waterless edge of Victoria, with its (considering the distance from the sea, shallow passages, and distance even from the town itself) bad harbour? When we get to the station, we will hire one of those useful ugly covered dog-carts for three shillings an hour, and begin at once to see the place. We will drive up this street, visit the Museum, the Library, Pentland, and come back to the Club. Then we will go out in the other direction up to the Governor's house at "Rithmond"—as a man called it to me, and didn't seem to have the slightest idea that such was a misleading way to pronounce Richmond to a stranger—sweep round by Brighton and St. Kilda, and home by the public gardens. Then two country excursions, and fly to Tasmania.

The shops are very good in Melbourne; some of the buildings magnificent; the streets splendid and unusually wide, so much so indeed that you feel more like as if you were in a suburb than in the heart of a town; they are remarkably well watered, and need it excessively. Except

San Francisco—which is worse, I think—I don't suppose there is such another dusty town in the world. Perhaps if you wanted to idealise Melbourne and Sydney you might say that the latter gave you the impression of a country, the former of a commercial town.

The Museum, though small, is most excellently prepared for instruction. Bream, boar-fish, flying fish; extensive cases of osteology, cases of zoology; grebes, grammet, gulls; species, locality, name clearly printed on each bird, beast, or fish. Rifle-bird from Cape York, green fruit-pigeons and pigmy-geese from Rockhampton. In the same garden as the Museum stands the College, an unfinished building, but with more scholars than Sydney boasts of, stiff examinations, and a good library. Also the College of Surgeons, from which six doctors have already been turned out, and which contains the proper assortment of bottled babies and other surgical curiosities. From the gardens of the College we shall drive across the Royal Park. It was from here that the ill-fated expedition of Bourke and Willes started; and where finally, but a few short years ago, the last but one of the party succumbed to starvation and want, now there stands an inn. In the park, which is as pleasant as burnt-up grass and gum-trees will permit it to be, there is a small zoological and acclimatisation garden—monkeys, grey rabbits, a silly adjutant bird, and crows with their mouths open. From these gardens many animals—deer, hares, partridges, pheasants—have been turned loose in the country, and have thriven.

Pentridge is the Portland of Victoria, and seemed well managed, better than the prison in the town. It lies about six miles out of Melbourne, and contained about six hundred prisoners, the rigour of whose imprisonment was varied, and the silent system adapted to the term of imprisonment. *In*

the gaol in the town, a heavy blue stone building, capital punishment is carried out. There were about three hundred male and seventy female prisoners in this latter gaol, where the discipline seemed lax. There were no less than eleven different gradations of diet—a dinner of three potatoes and a bit of bread seeming as much too small as one of meat, bread, and potatoes seemed too big. Maize made into hominy was the morning and evening meal. Here was a poor Chinaman ill with leprosy, and a youth who, with rare talent, had copied, quite inimitably, in pen and ink, Frith's "Derby-day." His talent seemed his curse, as he was in prison for forgery, and for three pounds only. Young children are not separated from their mothers here. I was told it would be an impossibility to do so without exercising cruelty towards the innocent children, but it seemed incongruous to see them beginning their early life in gaol.

The Library at Melbourne is magnificent. An enormous room, 230 feet long, and 50 feet high, divided into, or rather the sides consisting of, numerous small rooms, in each of which is a table and catalogue, and containing 53,000 volumes. The books in each recess relate to one or two subjects; and any one can walk in, refer to the catalogue, take down a book, and read it. It is expected that it will be restored to the same place, and generally this is done, though there is, I believe, a *slight* loss per annum. Adjoining the Library is an increasingly valuable and creditable exhibition of art, both native and foreign. Near to it is an hospital remarkably well kept and beautifully clean; it contained well on to four hundred patients, on whose behalf an expenditure of about £18,000 annually was incurred, five out of the eighteen being raised by private charity; five doctors were in permanent employment, and fourteen attended. A Benevolent Asylum for

Incapables did not seem quite so well managed; and I thought another charitable institution for capables (children) ought to be called in to tidy up for the incapables. To support the incapables, £1 was needed to be raised for each applicant by private means, and then the Government gave £3. Husbands and wives were not separated; and amid the number of respectable, for the most part, working-class, I was pointed out one ex-officer. Poor fellow! Sometimes when a gentleman finds himself sinking deeper and deeper into loss of self-respect (not that poverty entails this), his nature almost seems to change, and erst a gentleman he becomes absolutely and in every way the reverse; he no longer wishes to remember his former life or to amend his present, but becomes thoroughly hardened and irreclaimable.

Like many public buildings in the colonies, the Melbourne Houses of Parliament are unfinished; the conception of them is grand, and the execution will be, but at present they are only the shadow of coming events. Well placed on a slight rise abutting the public pleasure-grounds (reserves they are called here), they stand amid a small colony of churches and public buildings—a Roman Catholic cathedral, English, Wesleyan, Baptist, Congregational, Unitarian churches. Here, too, is the Government Printing Office, Treasury, and Public Offices, and from amid isolated buildings open out the wide and handsome streets of Collins and Bourke. There are about seventy-eight members of the lower house, thirty of the upper, the latter elected for ten years; a President for the upper, a Speaker for the lower house, and £14,000 a year divided among the ministers. It is since I left that the principle of paying all members has been adopted in Victoria. The library of the House is complete, good, and contains 50,000 volumes. The debating rooms are handsome, and

built with all conceivable care as regards acoustics and ventilation. "What is your candid opinion of manhood suffrage?" said I to the janitor. "I don't like it," was his answer. "Every one ought to have his say, perhaps, but what everyone says is what no one thinks; so mind ought to have a preponderance over matter, and the overwhelming weight of mere numbers be kept in check by education and property." "Sir," said the high official at the prison to me, "the discipline is lax. Officials owe their appointments to the influence of members, to whom they fly for protection if they get into disgrace, and the members themselves are venal and incapable." The proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and though honourable members may confine the editor of the only Conservative paper, the *Argus*, in their prison, under their House, for breach of privilege, they look in his sheets for what they want, though they may write in other people's sheets what they wish other people to want. I had a talk with one of Captain Standish's splendid body of police—twelve hundred, five feet nine inches eleven stone men—whom he rules with strictness and success. My friend, the policeman, said, "It is very easy to keep order here, but I don't think five shillings goes as far as it does at home" (it is still very often "at home" in Australia). "You have to pay ten shillings a week for a couple of rooms, and then if you want anything done, you have to bribe." "I don't think much of our members," said an overseer to me. "We'll have a better lot soon," said the M.P. for ——, whose election cost him £1,000; the people are beginning to see that it doesn't pay to elect the needy." "The people elect their nominees," said a squatter; "and when they have got them elected, distrust them." "The minority is unrepresented in Victoria, but, through the happy venality of the elected, a

Conservative municipal law got passed not long ago, whereby, according to the extent of the tax paid, an elector voted up to three votes; so some little good has arisen out of the evil of manhood suffrage, or the suffrage of mere numbers as opposed to either property or mind—only the voter didn't intend it." Very different these views to those given me as we steamed over the Laramie plains, in America. "Give the people their heads," said he of Laramie, "and you will find they never go far wrong. Your country, sir" (that is ours), "is the worst governed country in the world. You have more rich and more poor in it than any other place on the earth. And yet," he said, meditating, "if I were asked if I would rather go to heaven for three hundred years, or walk about the English lanes, I think I would choose the latter." The worst governed country in the world, Laramie! More rich and more poor! Thank you, Mr. Paradise in Love Lane; I had not been to New York when I had the advantage of meeting you, so I could not contradict you *then*.

The Club at Melbourne, they say, is the best out of London; fine spacious rooms, good bedrooms, good *cuisine*, and good coffee after dinner. It is handed round, and I prepare to receive it in the usual way by taking hold of a cup. "That cup's engaged," said the man. Fancy an engaged cup! I have heard of an engaged couple—of a man in his cups; but for a cup pure and simple, whose creed ought to be polyandriacal, to go so far on the road to matrimony as to become engaged to one man, is more than I can understand.

The Governor of Victoria lives in a draper's house, which is rented for his Excellency—a very pretty house standing in a park in the suburbs of Melbourne. Victoria intends to build a government house, I believe.

If you prefer it we shall walk, if not, we will take a train

from South Yarrow to Brighton, and be lodged by it almost on the very beach itself. As the west-end of Sydney is the east, so St. Kilda, and not Brighton, is the Brighton of Melbourne. Here are many houses, and the "largest swimming-bath in the world." I believe it. So large is it that I think the sea ought to take an action against it for breach of privilege and encroachment. The only thing that cannot, or probably will not, happen to you in that bath is, that you probably will not be eaten by a crocodile. Anything else, in reason, such as drowning, getting the cramp, going to the bottom and staying there, may happen as often as ever you like. At Brighton there are only a few tea-trees,

BRIGHTON, AUSTRALIA.

a sandy beach, a pier, and one or two houses. I think I should like to live there, and teach the Victorians to walk by doing so myself. By the sea, whose tide rises and falls only six or seven feet; by that nasty smelling slaughter-house, three miles from my presumed home at Brighton, to St. Kilda, passing those stationary bathing-boxes *en route*, where papa and mamma bring the dear little children for a dip; by those rude little boys, who (where did they learn it?) asked sarcastically, "Who stole the donkey?" merely because I had a white hat on; then up by the pleasant and

extensive park, or reserve — noting that burnt grass and gum-trees are not so pleasant as green grass and beech-trees, and wondering how it is possible for the cattle to feed on the burnt, withered pasture; up through the Botanical Gardens, too large for Melbourne's present means, but carefully arranged so as to give information, and where the public are entreated "not to deviate unnecessarily from the walks;" over the winding Yarrow, with its pleasure-boats; past the cricket-ground, where the English pedestrians are making believe to be beaten, and the velocipedes are having a steeplechase amid an orderly and decent crowd, the "roughs"—that is, all there is of "roughs" in Melbourne; through the pretty Fitzroy Gardens; past the Houses of Parliament, and so into the market-place. Nearly all this walk, of perhaps eight miles, is by beach or through garden or park, and is now, and will be increasingly so, a most pleasant round.

It is Saturday night. Bourke Street is alive with singing shops and gaseous amusements of different sorts. The market-place is full of sounds and smells and sights, and not one actual beggar to be seen.

"Ho'll buy? ho'll buy? ho'll buy? 'ere's 'alf a sheep for a shillin'. That's right, ma'am, feel 'em and try," as a respectably dressed woman, her husband in tow, confronts one of many stalls with hecatombs of whole, half, and quarter sheep, artistically arranged behind flaming gas, or heaped one on the top of the other in covered carts, in which they come from the shambles. "Onions, ma'am, a penny the pound. Potatoes, eighteen pounds for a shilling. Let me make you up a lot." "'Ere you are, sir, this is the best table"—one out of nine—"sixpence a dozen, sir, all fresh native oysters." "Twopence a pound, sir, the pears,

real juicy 'uns." "Does your mother know you're out?" "Never mind, my little dear, come and take your fill, and never mind the doctor's bill." "Three halfpence a pound for the plums, threepence for the grapes, twopence a pound the peaches, or you shall have three pines for a shillin'." "Rabbits! rabbits! rabbits! one shilling the couple"—this at 10 P.M.; at midnight, "what your generosity likes to give." Strange, that ninety miles off the rabbits should be rotting away as vermin, and here even offered for sixpence! But the carriage and the climate prevent their reaching the market. "'Ere's a prime lobster for two shillings, and sixteen Portugal onions for a shilling. I don't mind sayin' 'alf a crown for the lot." "A coocumber, ma'am? Yes, ma'am, best in the market, ma'am; a shillin' each. And them there lemons, ma'am, can't sell them under fourpence each." "Can't do it for less, sir—positive." What, seven shillings a pair for those miserable little chickens, and eight shillings for that wreckling of a turkey? "Can't do it for less, sir." "'Ere, ho'll buy? ho'll buy? ho'll buy?—buy, buy, buy, buy." And so we stroll, smelling the nasty open drains, and pushing amongst a vulgar but not rude crowd of well-to-do folk; down Collins Street, where you could buy a watch for a shilling, and everything else in the shop for twenty shillings, if there only happened to be twenty things in it, and out into the cattle market, by which time it is day. In struggling out to the cattle market we had passed near to the abominably ugly church, called Cathedral; clean inside, and that is all you can say for it, except that it seems a pity they don't sell it and the plot of land on which it stands for fifty or sixty thousand pounds probably, and build a better. We pass, too, the great meat-preserving place, and out into the outskirts, where many acres of earth are

covered with well-arranged cattle-pens, above and round which run covered sheds, where the buyers congregate, and bid "£5 2*s.* 6*d.*" and "£6 17*s.* 6*d.*" for the cattle underneath. Some cattle, when I was in Melbourne, had come all the way from Carpentaria,—only about two thousand miles!—to be killed. The Government of Victoria, however, has been very shortsighted; instead of reserving wide tracts of land for cattle-feeding, as they come wearily to market, they have allowed the land in many places to be bought up; the consequence is, the poor brutes sometimes have to march a couple of days without food, and that at the end of a twelve weeks' march at ten miles a day is somewhat trying.

They are active people these Melbourners; and at 1 P.M. the amount of beef, beer, tea, porter, and pork-pies that is made to fly about in —— Refreshment Saloon by the women waitresses is something marvellous. However, we only want a bun, so we are easily served, and can start at once for a run in the country.

One hundred and sixty miles to Echuca by train, £3 11*s.* 6*d.* Then a drive of thirty-two miles in a one-horse buggy, £2; six shillings out of which £2 goes to reward Mr. —— for building a small wooden bridge over "Comepassme" Creek. The would-be learned spell this Creek "Campaspe," but it was spelt to me on the spot "Comepassme;" besides, it wears on the face of it proof of the correctness of the spelling—the creek is jocular, derisive. Before Mr. —— built the bridge, she (for I suppose a creek is she) bothered the weary settler with her uncertain torrent, steep banks, and bad bottom; and now, since Mr. —— has built the bridge, she bothers the weary settler with her enormous charge of three shillings each way,

and still keeps on her derisive "Come pass me" if you can.

It is a quarter to seven o'clock A.M., and the train has moved out of Melbourne on a double line of rail. We look out of the window, and see that after we have left the town we pass over a vast plain, ugly and big. Stalky, burnt-up, hay-looking grass represents its green counter; low, basaltic bluestone walls divide with timber fences the treeless expanse. But a few sheep are seen. Gradually, however, this poor and uninviting scenery changes. As we approach and pass Sunbury, low undulations and more green trees relieve the ugly flat; farther on the grass gets greener, more trees; and then a rich circuit of black soil, vineyards, corn, oats, in luxuriant growth, and the larger town and station of Kyneton. The relief of the change from the barren and poor soil that surrounds Melbourne to this productive circle of a score of miles, would tempt one to dally among its merry fields; but even as you hesitate, the train bears you on into Australian bush, from out which you emerge on to the characteristically ugly auriferous regions that surround Castlemaine. I say characteristically ugly, for it seems no matter whether it is iron, lead, or copper, or coal or gold, that is dug from the earth, the digging makes the place dirty and untidy; though gold, inasmuch as the soil from whence it is dug is of a whity-brown colour, disfigures a country less than iron or coal. We are now in a centre of the mining operations of Victoria. By Malmesbury, by Fryars Creek, by Sandhurst, enterprising labour or enterprising capital searches for the precious metal. The patient Chinese with the impatient Briton is lured to the spot, the former often enriching himself with the latter's waste.

A. declares that "volcanic action has upheaved the country

and sunk the gold that has so plentifully enriched the early washers of the surface soil." He rushes home, collects capital from the gobemouches on the mother soil, hies him back again, sinks a shaft, erects an engine, and sends periodical dispatches home to say he has just not got the gold. The gobemouches are pretty nearly as satisfied as if they had struck ore. "Has not the —— Co. Lim. paid 300 per cent., and why should not we?" &c., &c., &c. I am a gobemouche, and so I ought to know what they say. Another A., or the same A., or Z., if you prefer it, knows of four common men. They have scratched, picked, and poked the surface till it will be scratched, picked, and poked no longer, with success; and so he, A., has made arrangements with these common men. "All that is wanted is capital. R., next door there, has made a fortune. A fortune? Ridiculous! Several fortunes! The gold is all there, in those quartz rocks. There can be no doubt." So out comes £20,000 from home, and the A. S. S. Co., Lim., is started. Limited, mind you. Yet what is limited? The A. S. S.? I doubt that. The capital? But when that is used up, which it is in about six months, they merely ask for more; and the original A. S. S. is limited to nothing except a fresh buck up. Up goes an overseer's house, workmen's cottages, the most approved crushing-mills go stamping their very life out, but forget that profit is the object, not their life. A flaming dispatch goes home. "They've found—— the quartz! But, rather unfortunately, or quite accidentally, —no one could have foreseen it—they have sunk the shaft in the wrong place, and think it is better at once to sink another; for which £5,000 more will be required. It is a mere error of judgment. Nobody's fault."

If you don't object, we'll go down a shaft. It is all the

same which we select. Let us say the "Polly." You know what a shaft is—a square thing with a hole, and boards at the side. Probably it has gone through a bed of sand, so soft and fine it was very difficult to get it through at all; or, mayhap, through stone of such adamantine hardness, that the shaft very nearly struck work altogether. But, through whatsoever it does go, it always goes down, and we after it in a bucket. When we got to the bottom, we were pushed along a drift of dark bluestone, in a tramway, and soon came to where a couple of men were hewing the "*quartz!*" Brilliant sight! Streaking the otherwise dark blue surface of the wall of stone in front of us was the white quartz, zigzag, like solidified flashes of lightning. Dotted over its surface were not nuggets of gold, but I was shown them when we got to the bank; and it was explained to me that to find them every moment visibly in the unhewn quartz was not necessary to the success of the mine, though much to be desired. When we got to the bank, we followed the quartz to the crushing-mill, where it was soundly set upon by the great stampers, and, amid a deafening roar, knocked into tinder, you might say, only it happened to be pulp or mud. You uninitiated quite understand how it is done, don't you? The quartz is tumbled in at the top, and then, set upon by the great iron stamps, is broken into sand, which, mixed with water, trickles out at the bottom. The gold therefrom is extracted by the aid of mercury, a chemical affinity producing the desired end. Fire again clears the gold from the mercury, and the precious metal—the remote possibility, Euclid's point—is locked up in the safe; from whence, granted only a sufficient quantity, the profits of the A. S. S. Co. begin. For myself, I was so delighted with the appearance of a particular mine I went down, that I immediately

wrote home and begged to become largely interested in the —— Co. Had I not seen the quartz and the gold? Was not that proof of profit? But it was not.

There was a young fool
Who had learnt at his school
That seeing's believing, they said,
But when he got home, he found that his bread
Didn't . . . . did . . . .

It's very hard to get a rhyme in here—

Didn't come . . . . from . . . .

"bed" is what I want to get at—

Australian quarts bed.

"Australian-quartz," dactyl. But "bed" isn't a spondee. Oh! I give it up. There's neither rhyme nor reason in a gold mine.

Two things puzzled me in Australia. One was, how it could possibly be necessary, in this land of forests, to have laws relating to "timber preservation in the state forests." The other was, what an Australian carried in his valise. I had an opportunity of discovering that it was not a tooth-brush; it is too long for a night-gown, too thin for a change of suit. What does it carry? Every one carries one, so they must carry something; but it is not a hair-brush, because that is provided by the house. And, *àpropos* to valises, a story occurs to me. In Australia, a traveller, if he finds night approaching and no inn near, rides up to the first house he meets and requests lodging. This hospitality, sometimes a tax, is hardly ever refused, and the only way in which the fusion of incongruous elements — such as a snob and a squatter—is prevented, is by adjudging, at a glance, the proper place—either at the first or second house, that of the squatter or the steward—for the seeker of shelter.

It was towards dusk that a traveller presented himself at a certain isolated house, and, meeting the lady of the house, asked for the ordinary shelter. For a moment she was puzzled as to which house to invite him to, when, catching at a straw, she decided on the steward's; "for," said the visitor, "I have been lost in the 'bŭsh,' ma'am." What a caution this is for any young Englishman lost in the Australian "bŭsh!" "Say 'boosh,' sir!" I once knew a lady of very high degree, and she used always to say "sŭgar." Where will *she* go? I mean in Australia, of course.

But we must hurry on to Sandhurst, if we want to get to Echuca at all to-day. Every one knows Sandhurst by name, and, if they will take my advice, they will let their acquaintance drop there. I mentally gave a motto to all its inhabitants, and that was, "Needs must." Why else should they live there?—a sort of flash Yankee town; a place of cheap showy drapers' shops, fruit shops, grog shops; a splendid bar-hotel, all plate glass and verandah; a benevolent asylum; a gaol; of course an hospital;—a place that owes its ephemeral prosperity to the worked-out alluvial diggings by which it is surrounded—pits, and heaps of ugly, bare, whity-brown, dusty, gritty, untidy messes: no water, no grass, no trees, or an apology only for each. There was a very pleasant gentlemanly young assistant-surgeon at the hospital here, however, notwithstanding the glowing sun and the hot wind that drove the gold grit into your eyes. He had "£200 a year and all found," and perhaps aspired to his senior's £500, when that senior changed his home, or finally put off the clothes which I presume did not come under the all-found agreement.

From the auriferous districts of Sandhurst the train carries you again into "bush"—into Mr. Du Grave's eighteen hun-

dred acres of "reserve" at Runnymede, where, as the train stops at the few wood houses, a grey "satin bird" pipes us a few melodious notes. Miles of fencing, that cost some £40, some £70, a mile, is seen; perhaps enclosing on some better piece of soil a little agricultural produce, but generally merely divisions for stock-grazing purposes.

Echuca is the present terminus of the line, and I wish some one had given me Echuca before the line got there. It must rise in value and importance. On the borders of the navigable Murray River, vast grazing plains to its north, mining speculations gradually settling down into steady investments to its south, and Melbourne accessible for its productions. Standing in the midst of bush of more than ordinarily good trees, it has cleared for itself space whereon to plant its long, broad street, the hotel at one end, the terminus at the other, and, between, public-houses without end, stores and shops of wood and brick. The street has perhaps bound itself together in a certain bond of unity, but the chief portion of the town has displayed a reckless indifference as to locality. "I'll have my place here," says wood shanty, and "I there," says brick cottage; so down goes the bush, and up goes the "bark humpy," or the brick house, with a hiatus of mud and dust between each, splendid for dirt pies and dirty babbies, but indifferently bad for the boots of us grown-up folk.

What a strange sight to a Britisher—accustomed to the cramped fences and small enclosures of, let us say, "the Crawley and Horsham"—are these vast plains of Australian natural clearings, whereon, having left Echuca, we are now driving! Acres and acres, miles and miles, of plain; over which the thousands of sheep, hundreds of horses and cattle, droves of kangaroos, emu, and native

companions are dotted, all but invisibly, and only now and again seen. Two and a half acres for one sheep, and thirty-two thousand of them in one run. These runs divided into enormous paddocks with log, chock and block, or wire fencing at £40 a mile. Not a drop of water to be seen, but the course of the Murray, noticeable by its fringe of trees, and the stampede of a score of horses thereto, as they take their evening gallop for their daily draught. The thermometer 107° in the shade, 140° in the sun, yet no languor, at least not for a stranger.

It is toward sunset; the plain, that has up to this been its own horizon, now rises in front of us in a circle of granite rocks, covered with thin grass and a few trees, curious in peaks and jagged points. What a place for goats! Gloves five shillings a pair! My friend, can't you beget kids, and enrich yourself by their fall? I already feel the equal fit of the "New Australian Kid Glove, one shilling per pair." "Hope" for ever!

I am not expected. Being told how to direct my letter, I improve on my instructions. I am told to put "Durham Ox," so I put "Durham Ox, Echuca;" and the result is the letter goes thirty miles away instead of twelve, which is the distance of the nearest post from the station. But what matter? Without asking my name or the pronunciation of the word "bush," the servant shows me to a room, gets me a bath, and at eight o'clock I find myself in the heart of Australian country life; and if refinement is the heart of society, then am I in the heart of it as well.

And here there occurred an incident showing how small a place is the world, and how unexpectedly, at its far corners, we rub up against folk. Many years ago (as we get older

our form of expression is, "I don't like to say how many"), a brilliant run with the Kildare hounds was seen through by a man, a perfect stranger to me, on a grey horse. The fact was impressed on my memory because I, too, rode a grey horse; and, coming home, received with pleased and silent acquiescence the flattering opinion of the natives. "Dat's the man dat wint so well on the grey harse." It did not happen to be me. But the coincidence was strange, that, thousands of miles from the place of action, I, the recipient of the chance hospitality of this acquaintance—may I hope, now friend?—of but a few days' standing, should have to despoil myself of my borrowed plumes, and congratulate the man that "did go so well on the grey horse."

I wish the good folks in Australia had consulted their pockets less and their comforts more, and built bigger houses. How would you like to live in a F. O.'s quarters at the Curragh, with the thermometer at 90°? "I assure you we have to cool the water for the children's bath in the morning," said my hostess; and I believed it. Perhaps the winter weather makes you enjoy life in a small house; but though the heat of Australia is nothing compared, in its effect, to that of India, bush life would certainly be much pleasanter if people could move into summer quarters. There were sixty horses in the park, and one groom. Sixty horses, some bred from a sire that cost a couple of thousand, and yet which, unshod, ungroomed, and unfed,—except what they eat at night as they run loose,—gallop after stock and kangaroo, carry the young ladies, or go in the American carriages by day. Small colonies of wood houses are these squatters' homes, where out-houses are comfortably furnished sleeping-rooms, and where the steward's colony may be at some distance from the squire's. With us it is life and luxury to escape from

the town and get to the country; in Australia the luxury is thought to lie the other way. "But what shall we do this morning?" said my host. "Shall we visit the three half-caste aborigines, count the fat sheep, or take a gallop after kangaroo?"

I never saw a real good buck-jumper in Australia, though I tried to see one slip himself through his saddle as they can do. So, ignorant, I ask whether, under such circumstances, the point of good riding is to stick to your saddle or to stick to the horse? If your imagination will carry you to the position you will necessarily assume in the former alternative, you will perhaps be able to come to a decision. I myself am of opinion that the expression, "Stick to the pigskin," wants revision; for you will observe, that when the horse, having slipt his head through the girths, finally disengages his forelegs from the little difficulty of stirrups, and you, that may remain, you, though adhering to the pigskin, will be off the horse, and I confess my inability to quite decide which is your proper position—whether, in fact, you ought, as the expression "Stick to the pigskin" seems to warrant, to adhere to the saddle and so get unhorsed, or adhere to the horse and so get unsaddled. My host, however, did not give me an opportunity of practically solving this knotty point. He did not mount me on a bucker; though no doubt if he had, he would have wedged me in on an Australian saddle, where, with a bar across my thighs, I probably might have remained as long as the horse acquiesced. We mounted excellent horses, which, as soon as we saw a herd of kangaroo, flew. We did not take the dogs out in the morning, it was too hot; but my host selected one kangaroo out of many, and our nags, laying themselves out over the dry, hard plain, gave chase to the

uncouth animal that hopped away with quaint springs in front of us. It grew hot for her, poor thing; and so, to save herself or it, she suddenly cast from her maternal pouch her already well-grown offspring, which fell with a flop resonant on the dry ground, and for a second lay stunned; then, picking itself up, it too hopped off; and we, witnesses of the precocity of the small kangaroo, that actually knew, and did, what its mother wished it to do as soon as ever it "came out," drew rein and came home. The horses, hot as they were, were turned into an empty stable, their bridle-reins passed under the stirrup leather, and left there till towards sunset, when we went out again. This time we took the dogs, large strong deer-hounds. We had only to ride a mile or so over the dry, cracked plain, when in the outskirts of some bush we came on kangaroo. "Gelert" and "Smut" were bent upon a particular unit of the party that were making a hurried flight in all directions before us—a herd perhaps of sixty kangaroos; but "Fergus" had selected an "old man" for his diversion, so, to encourage the young dog, we selected his quarry. Away we all went, the old-man kangaroo hopping in great ungraceful bounds, "Fergus" in close attendance, we bringing up the rear. "Yoicks! have at him, puppy," for "Fergus's" four legs were too much for the "old man's" two; and so, halting, he turned round on him, standing up a good ten feet, and volunteering to squeeze or claw the pup with his diminutive but dangerous fore-paws. "Fergus" did not quite see it, hesitated, and wished for "Smut." This hesitation enabled the "old man" to make a new run, and the puppy to change his views altogether, and select a less dangerous foe. But "Smut" and "Gelert," hurt that all the "Yoicksing," had gone with "Fergus," turned on his neglected quarry, and

pressed him very hard into the bush. As we entered in close pursuit, I began to wonder if, in case of collision, the tree or my knee would yield, and to hope in the mathematical precision of a bush horse. But there is little time to think. Over a couple of bush fences we go, in and out of the trees; and then, with a very telling "Yoicks" in my lips, I find myself with an excellent view of my host's back, and of a bush foreground, but the dogs and kangaroo nowhere. "Where are the dogs?" said my host. Echo answers, "There." There, hid away in the bush, where "Gelert's" bay soon led us. We found the "old man" nearly up to his neck in a pond, looking at us out of his great liquid, deerlike eyes in stupid wonderment. The position he had taken up was his strongest; for his nether part was protected by the water, and his short forearms, his strongest weapon of defence, were free. "Smut" showed great discretion. Her *will* was evidently to have no *claws*, for she merely stood on the bank and bayed. "Gelert," bolder, swam into the water and made several fruitless attempts to drown the kangaroo by ducking him from behind. I agreed with "Smut," and bayed. "Yoicks," said I; but yoicks never killed quarry. My host sympathised with "Gelert," and plunging up to his waist in the pond, hit the kangaroo behind the head with his waddy—a short, thick stick—and killed him. Our other runs consisted of one after a "flyer," a young kangaroo, and the quickest hopper, that turned and doubled like a hare; and of a grand tableau on land, wherein a huge "old man" fought valiantly with his foes and failed. Resting on his hocks, or standing up on his hind feet, he tried hopelessly to defend himself from the repeated attacks of the dogs which bit at him from behind, but avoided a front attack, and then at last, fixing his large, melancholy, questioning

sort of eyes on my host, he hardly tried to ward off the blow of the waddy that laid him prostrate at our feet.

Kangaroo are looked upon as vermin by the squatter, though in places they are preserved as game, and therefore to kill them is a necessity; but though capable of severely hurting the hunter and killing his dogs, the amiable stupidity of their black eyes robes to me their death in a sentiment of pity. We tried to get a gallop after emu, but failed.

A few hours' interval, some cold lamb at Scott's, a night's rest, and the train, this time in the other direction out of Melbourne—forty miles on the way to Ballarat, over vast bare plains of indifferent grass land, and a halt at Geelong. Geelong is somewhat disappointed, I believe, that it is not Melbourne—feels as a younger twin does perhaps—and when it shows you its bay, points with scorn to Melbourne's long sea arm. As it is, it is a thriving, broad-streeted town, with good shops, some manufactories, and tanneries. My way led me out of Geelong along the well-made macadamised road, that, with few unfinished breaks, goes for two hundred or more miles to Belfast. "£3 10*s*., including a buggy and one horse, there (a hundred miles altogether), but you must come back in the coach," said the inn man at Geelong. There is never much difficulty in getting a buggy and horse in Australia, but a man to go with you is a treat. However, by a little cozening, I got a man thrown in with the bargain, and off we set, doing our first stage of fifteen and a half miles, to The Lady of the Lake, in an hour and a half, and completing our fifty miles, changing the one horse three times, in four hours. The drive was full of interest. It said at every step, "See how much has been done, how much remains to be done." In the first place, Geelong spoke by the mouth of its factories of the part accomplishment of a

still existing want in Australia—the want of works whereby the artificer may consume the produce of the labourer. Then leaving the town, we found ourselves in the midst of agricultural land, in the midst of flourishing orchards, and of extensive and productive vineyards. Then as we approach and leave Winchelsea, past the brackish waters of Lake Muddywary, past Burragurra, we find a somewhat uninteresting grass plain stretching out into the horizon on our right, and divided on our left by a range of wooded hills from the sea; yet by the rich herds of cattle, by the neat vine-covered inn at Winchelsea, and the wealth of the great Squire Austen of Barwon Park, and his rare stock of blood horses, by "the £2 a week the stonebreakers are earning," we are made to see the progress of plenty. As we get into the "Lake district," we pass through a succession of gentlemen's places — brick two-storied houses in parks of gum-trees; and as our buggy flies with us through Colac, we note the pleasant wood houses, probably covered with creepers, that lie on the borders of the lake of the same name. But we are bound for that substantial bluestone house which, standing on a slight rise, in a large grass park, but slightly sprinkled with trees, overlooks its thirty-five thousand acres of purchased land, with its herds of splendid Durham and Devonshire cattle, and its rent-roll of £60,000 a year. It is about half-past seven as the blood mare eases her panting sides in the sweep at the front-door. An old gentleman and some three or four dogs are crossing the garden-path towards the house. I divine it is the "master," and bow. He knows I am a stranger, and, "We are just going to dinner, dress or not as you like, your things will be taken up to your room, and I am delighted to see you." Again, a kindly reception preceded an introduction, and I was made at home before I was asked

who I was. One among many, the successful artificer of his own fortune, he had sent his boys to Rugby and to Oxford, and they now twine round the parent stem ably and usefully. These and such like patriarchates exist in England, but they are more noticeable in Australia, and most useful. "Have you never quarrelled?" said I to one whom I chanced to meet and ride along with, on the Huon road in Tasmania. "Quarrelled," said he. "No. Why?" But I did not say why. But I thought how many a father at home would so knit his family together as his had. "You see, when father came out he prospered; and when we grew up, he divided his land among us, and only kept the orchard for himself and mother. They often talk about the old country, but we have never been there, so don't quite understand all they say. No; they don't care to go back, and we don't want to go." What is £60,000 a year, though, to £365,000 a year! Victoria is a mere chicken—was only hatched in 1850; she might still be looking and wondering at her shell; but, nevertheless, since she was born, she has enriched one man to that amount, so I was told—"Long Clark," erst a butcher, now worth three millions! And with such thought, our mouths watering, let us go to bed. I say let us go to bed, for if we don't lie down at night how can we get up in the morning, and if we don't get up in the morning how can we go to the top of the Warien hills, and take in at a glance the fair landscape that lies beneath? Let it not be forgotten that water in Australia is the great want; so that to see the Lake district stretched out beneath you, is as though at a crowded ball you saw only one lady with diamonds; for those you would admire, without inquiring if they were of the purest water. Far away into the distant horizon lie immense plains, dotted here and there with isolated trees; perhaps a few acres of cultivation,

but generally herds of cattle grazing in the fenced enclosures. More immediately surrounding you is a grouping of low hills, intersected with extensive plain, dotted with lakes, whilst on one side is a fringe of interminable forest. The day is cloudless; a light pure atmosphere, and a burning but

VIEW FROM WARIEN HILLS.

not oppressive sun overhead. As you leave the garden and the orchard that surrounds the house, cross the intervening grass land, and climb the higher points of the Warien hills, the melodious whistling warble of the pied-crow, and the, to us, unaccustomed sight of a flight of cockatoos, delight the ear and eye. Dame Nature must have been merry when she dug amid these basaltic hills these many lakes; and somewhat spiteful, too, in this land of drought, to line their sides with

so much saline matter that the water is often salt and useless. There may be some half-dozen pieces of water, lakes, lakelets, or large tarns. Korangamite, ninety-four miles in circumference, is salt; Colac, thirty miles in circumference, fresh. These two are the largest; the others, such as Cowragulat, Doragulat, are much smaller, and perhaps fresh, perhaps salt.

Let us descend from these heights to the borders of Korangamite, and visit another squire of the neighbourhood. Wild turkeys fly overhead, spur-winged plover, quail, ducks, and positively hundreds of black swans are met with swimming by the borders of the lake, which fringes the precincts of the house, and stretches out there, a vast sheet of water, enclosed within low and generally woodless banks.

There was a gentleman once lived in England! He rented a shooting, and he cried, "Dear me."

"Dear me," said his wife in response, "what's the matter?"

"The matter," cried he, "why matter enough. Here is another demand for damage done by rabbits. That makes £60 I have paid for rabbit damage, and I don't suppose I have made £40 altogether by the sale of them."

"Dear me," said his wife and a gentleman, who had that moment come down to breakfast. "Dear me; but after all that does not strike me as being quite so heavy a damage bill as my friends in Australia have had to pay. And the worst of it is, they imported their own damage from England—nursed, petted, coaxed, and preserved it."

"I remember," he went on to say, "that when I galloped over the 14,000 acres of purchased land that adjoined my host's large estate at Colac, we found the grass all bare, and discovered that the rabbit was a perverse animal. After he had been brought with much solicitude, like the thistle down

from Scotland, to Australia, he was bid take care of himself, and turned loose. A few of Mr. Mill's precepts about breeding were read to him, and he was told whatever he did he was not to go on the grass. Instead of attending to his instructions, the unphilosophic bunny bred like a rabbit, ate the grass, and got in amongst the blue boulders of basalt that crop out in places pretty plentifully on the bare pastures, from which almost impregnable fortresses he made nightly raids on the cattle's food that lay all around. The extraordinary development of philoprogenitiveness, destructiveness, and secretiveness in the English rabbit proved a severe shock to the Australian squires, I can tell you, sir, and they puzzled their brains and their pockets to get relief. The force of their despair even reached France, from whence an energetic Frenchman wrote, suggesting a palliative or a cure. The address nearly took the breath from him whom he sought to instruct. He, Director-General! Why, he was in the most abject need of help himself—how could he direct others? Still the letter was evidently meant for the gentleman who opened it, and who found himself addressed as 'Mons. Robinson de Colac, Directeur-Général de la Chasse aux Lapins, Australie.' But to clear 30,000 wombat holes of 3,000,000 rabbits requires some help, or rather self-help; and in one year and a half Mr. Robinson had expended £10,000 on the extermination of his own imported *lepus cuniculus*, without entire success, whereas on the adjoining estate, where the expenditure had been less, the damage continued greater."

Ondit is a strange name to find attached to a township in these neighbourhoods, where it is known as a native name and not Norman; and from whence let us gallop away amid the dark green sheoks (pronounced oak), so like round brooms that you wish to pick them up, turn them upside

down, and begin to sweep; amid tea-trees, wild cherry-trees, box-trees, with their pretty white flowers; and leaving the district, hope that when we next see it we shall find it as happy and as prosperous as on this morning of Saturday, the 29th January, 1870. On that day in a leader of a daily paper there appeared the following: "Another of the scorchers, another day of the intense power of the sun, another out of several days of intense and oppressive heat, the thermometer standing 109° 1″ in the shade, and 147° 2″ in the sun." But you and I did not feel the heat, did we? Was it anything like India? I should think not. Would you there get the quickly following cool breezes that here relieve the heat? Why, at the very moment of this description of fearful heat, the farmers and their wives were driving out of Geelong market, on their way home, muffled up to keep out the cold; and odd they looked with great puggeries on their heads, and mufflers round their throats.

CHAPTER XV.

Start for Tasmania—The Yarrow—Population and Acreage of Tasmania—Tamar River, Launceston *v.* Hobarton—Widow and Telescope—Dowling's Pictures—Public Buildings, Launceston—Gardens—A Ride—Need of Capital—Tidying up—Coach to Hobarton—Campbell Town—Road across Island—Melton Mowbray—Mr. Kermode's House—The Coachy—Webb's Hotel—Hobarton—Government House—Parliament House—A Walk—The Harbour—Town Hall—Post Office—Museum—Fern-tree Gully—The Forest—"Ploughed Field"—Summit of Mount Wellington—The View—Sunday Clothes—Stubbins's—The biggest Tree in the World—Sequoiæ *v.* Eucalypti—Giant Gums—Alternation of Climate—Start for Geelong—Résumé.

IT is 280 miles from Melbourne to Launceston in Tasmania, and the *Tamar*, Captain Saunders, embarked and disembarked us in the space of twenty-eight hours. For vessels of smaller draught the Yarrow's narrow, muddy stream is sufficient, and quays in Melbourne are built for the purpose of freight. It was from the Queen's Wharf that the *Tamar* weighed anchor, and may I never assist at such a weighing again! Drawing but ten feet of water, and having to slew completely round, she managed in the process to stir up such a mass of black-blue filth, that the smell therefrom was unequalled in foulness, except perhaps by that which proceeded from the various boiling-down places that lay here and there on the hideous muddy banks of the "river." From the neighbourhood of Sandridge and Williamstown, where the horrid stream opens out into the long arm of the sea, which forms Melbourne harbour proper, it takes four hours to get to the Heads, and stand out in the open ocean of the South Seas. The wind had somewhat freshened, and the *Tamar*, though a good sea boat, was narrow and crowded. The con-

sequence was the usual accompaniments of a short sea journey—bleating babes, wretched retching women, and men miserable. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when we steamed into the arm of the sea that gradually narrows into the "Tamar" River, and leads you up to Launceston. Launceston, the second, the most thriving town in Tasmania, of which Hobarton, with its 30,000 inhabitants, is the capital—capital of 100,000 people, of an island 250 miles long, and 16,778,000 acreage. If my statistics are right, the population in 1861 was 100,706, in 1869 100,000; if so, it marks a well-known fact—let us hope but temporary—viz., the decadence of Tasman's Island.

As you sail into this, what you have heard of as, and find to be, England's double, you are perhaps disappointed to see it with scenery emphatically Australian—white sandy beach, low hills, dense wood of eucalyptus. As you steam up towards Launceston, however, it somewhat loses its Australian character, and is relieved by more frequent patches, and squares, and streaks of cultivated land, houses, and villages; whilst in the distance you see higher mountains—Ben Lomond 5,010, Cradle Mountain 5,069—and the view is not devoid of interest and beauty. The channel of the Tamar is unsatisfactorily shallow, so much so that though our steamer only drew ten feet of water, and we were only a little behind our time and the full tide, we went aground once or twice, and finally had to stop short of the quay, and disembark in small boats. When I landed at Launceston, I thought it a dull little place, but then "I had not seen" Hobarton, as poor Colonel Willoughby Moore, whose heroic death is still sorrowfully remembered, is said to have said with a different object. The story runs that Moore, who was as quaint as plain, overheard a man say to another alluding to him

(Moore), "Well, I do think that is the ugliest thing old Mother Nature ever turned out." Whereupon Moore said, "Sir, you should see my wife." So if you think Launceston dull you should see Hobarton. Did not the bun-woman at the former place tell me business was looking up? Is it not on the right side of the island? Is it not near to that new district of Ringer Reuma and the fertile country that abuts the Mersey? Will not the rail to Deloraine open up trade? Ah! I fear that "All the king's horses, and all the king's men," that by means of convict labour and the old country's capital set Humpty Dumpty (Hobarton) up, will not be able to set her "up again." The shallow river of the Tamar, from being on the right—the Australian—side, will drain the almost matchless and glorious harbour of Hobarton, and add another proof to the fact that a harbour, however good, will not make trade; but that ships will rather ground up the Tamar, or bump about in the open roadstead of Colombo, than nestle peacefully but freightlessly in the splendid harbours of Hobarton and Trincomalee.

Did you ever try to make a fat elderly old widow look through a telescope? I have. "Now, ma'am, shut that eye. No, the other. Yes, that's it. What do you see? Nothing! Pull it out. There—gently—let me hold it for you. . . . . ." You can easily imagine that by the time the eye is adjusted, the focus determined, the object, if you happen to be steaming thirteen knots an hour, may be a little out of sight. What that remark has got to do with some very nice pictures that I saw in the Mechanics' Institute at Launceston I don't know, except that the telescopic old lady's name was Dowling, and the artist's name was ditto. There were two copies of Winterhalter's "Queen and Prince

Consort," and two "taken from sittings" of Albert Edward and the Princess of Wales, also an interesting picture of aborigines. Beside the Mechanics' Institute and Town Hall at Launceston, there is a fine building containing a good library, the post-office, and telegraph office. In the square there is a garden, and in the garden a huge bronze fountain of which Launceston is proud, and which commemorates the water works and the mayoralty of Dowling in 1857. And then there are the public gardens. What luxurious places these public gardens are in all the Australian colonies!—with what little trouble the things grow! But here not only by the English flowers, but by vines in a vinery, and oh, joy! by the song of English birds, are you carried by one trill twelve thousand miles. What Launceston prides itself on and photographs is "Corra Lyn," the views up, and the bridge over the "South Esk." These views are somewhat similar—picturesque bits of rock and river and high-wooded banks; but to me a long ride of some score of miles by St. Leonard's and Evendale was more interesting than the "bits" which you "must see." It was a very pleasant ride through land whose fields, ripe with golden grain, lay merrily basking in a perfect atmosphere. In the course of it we picked up a farmer. A very few years' servitude at "£70 a year" enabled him to take a farm; and as we rode, climbing up this slight rise, over that rolling field, through this small village or that hedged lane of (except in England) unaccustomed beauty, we talked. "Who is that?" said we, as a sporting dog-cart passed us. "That," said the farmer, "is Mr. ——. He once had not a shirt to his back, but now owns many broad acres, which, as soon as he gets, he turns down into grazing ground, and so diminishes labour." "That's not the way to help the poor man." "No, no."

"But, now, do look at that field," said we; "did you ever see such a field of thistles? Surely that ought not to be." But our friend the farmer made no rejoinder but "good-day;" and, turning up a short lane to a wooden house, left us in the pitiful position of knowing that the field of thistles we had insulted was his. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Once-shirtless is right, and it is better for the country to turn it down in grass than to suffer needy farmers to wear it out with frequent crops. Tasmania is gasping for capital; acres and acres of the once rich land is exhausted. It cries for two things too costly to be procured; one is labour, the other is manure. Highly creditable as the small holdings no doubt are, and much to be commented on in emigration puffs, it is very doubtful if the country had not been better served if our friend of the thistle field and his contemporaries had, in default of such wage as £70 a year and his meat, lived and died labourers. Tasmania is waiting for something to turn up, but when you try to find out what that something is you fail. The most conceptive mind says, "Gold. Give us a gold rush and we are made men." But they had a gold rush, and Tasmania remains lethargic. It is too comfortable. It has a splendid climate, and a population that, take them as a whole, are well off—neither rich nor poor, but contented. The Yankees come and take the whales away from under their very noses, and leave, as the chief sign of life, Archdeacon Reiby of Entally, as at a spanking pace he drives the Governor's four greys down the approach at Government House. My friend Major Dumbledon would not change places with H.R.H. of Cambridge, but then D. came out with strong hands and a large heart, and pitched his camp in a fertile district on the Mersey; and here's success to him and his trusty henchman, my steamboat companion from

Calcutta to Melbourne. Mr. Roberts, however, whom I asked about settling, said, "Don't; or if you do, do not expect more than five per cent. for your capital. The best lands are taken up, the Government lands are poor, and labour is so high that they cannot be cleared except at a ruinous cost." A miller, an upholsterer, a photographist, an officer and settler, confirmed the opinion of the solicitor. "We are waiting for better times," said Mr. Blackwell, the pleasant sporting host at Melton Mowbray, the M.F.H. of the country, "but we don't know when they'll come, or what they'll be like." I was told that £10 an acre was required to clear land, so that it is cheaper to give that amount for cleared land than to buy Government land and clear it. Mount Vernon, a two-storied house and property of 5,000 acres, was valued to me at £10,000, though £30,000 had been refused for it in the "good times," and, by a certain expenditure of capital on irrigation, it could be raised in value from £2 to £4 the acre. For an estate of 4,580 acres and square stone house in the middle of the island, Mr. Page, I was told, gave £10,000. Had I two bumps (energy and determination), did I lack two bumps (love of quick gain and excitement), I don't know anywhere I should like better to go with a small capital than to Tasmania; and there, whilst seeing things slowly prosper, and returning me a safe but small interest, enjoy the beauty of the climate and thorough quiet of the island.

At mine inn at Launceston, "The Ship" (the grander "Launceston" and "Brisbane" were full), I was made very comfortable; but they had a maid there, and that maid tidied up! Now no fate is too bad for a female with such tendency. She should have her face darkened, a pipe stuck in her mouth, a crumpled cap put on her head, have herself hoisted

on a stick, and a liberal largess of nuts given to the happy possessor of the successful knock-me-down that finishes her, neutralises "the missus's" orders, and ends our woes.

The maid at "The Ship" had tidied the room up in my absence. Boots, desk, and goloshes, were on the top of the portmanteau, that turned upside down, and all put in one corner to look neat. No wonder that not the blackness of the morning, nor the hour (4 A.M.), nor the steady, unflinching down-pour of soaking rain, prevented me mounting the knife-board of the four-horse coach, which, with twelve changes of horses, runs over the 122 miles to Hobarton in fifteen hours. What a wet drive it was! How acceptable were some dry boots and breakfast at Campbelltown, and how sensible, unwilling farther to face the storm, was the descent, at a roadside inn, of my companions, of whom Dr. B——, the £7,000 a year dentist of Sydney, was one. I pushed on, the teeth of the Manchester farrier in front of me chattering with cold and wet. Those teeth made me wish I was a hero. I had heard of a king who divided half his loaf with a subject; if I only could harden myself to give the chatterer my mackintosh—but I could not, so I lent him my umbrella, and made him buy a blanket at the dining place. This road across Tasmania has been much vaunted. The fact of its being "worked" by an "Old English coach-and-four" speaks for it; the good road is much in its favour, and its homely look is a high recommendation. A traveller, indeed, does not journey many thousand miles to see a copy, yet when he does see it he is pleased. The drive between Launceston and Hobarton is an English copy. The road is studded with villages, but they are called towns here—nice English Midland Counties villages, each with one or two good clean inns in them, supported, I should think, more by their farms than

their guests. Such, out of several, are Perth, Campbelltown, Ross, not forgetting "Jericho beyond Jordan," a place and a river. I stayed a night at Melton Mowbray, a comfortable stone-house, where Mr. Blackwell, as I said, was M.F.H. or rather M.B.H., master of beagles, that give many a good run after kangaroo and fallow deer. His was a clean road-side inn, where there was an "ordinary" for the coach; and that there was only one flea, amid four mattresses and a feather bed entombed in a roof, four posts, and side curtain walls, spoke wonders for the cleanliness of the landlady. Good butter and fat turkeys made a satisfactory foreground for what we call a park-like view in the distance; grass and a little arable land on the valley plain at our feet; and wooded hills its fringe. Of course, in a drive of 122 miles the scenery must vary, but its general aspect was homely. Hedges are homely, the road was homely, it is homely to have fires in inn parlours in summer, and to see a rabbit hop across the road, though a cockatoo with us is not common; nor indeed is the peculiar green of the gum-tree familiar, nor the frequent stump cropping up amid arable or pasture land; but in sketching general effect you are not asked to sink to pre-Raphaelite minutiæ. Mr. Kermode's house is *the* house of Tasmania, indeed of Australia perhaps, and is met, but scarcely seen, half way between Launceston and Hobarton. It was described to me as being very large, very handsome, and rather useless, even though the host was so hospitable. The "coachy" was homely, quite naturally and laconically grumpy. "Have you much snow in the winter?" said I. "Knee deep," says he. I can't help thinking he must have meant ankle, or it must have been only on the top of a high range, over which, by an easy ascent, the coach goes; but he said "knee." "Any red deer?" put I

in again mildly. "Red, white, and 'all sorts,'" was the reply; which, drowned in a deal of horn-blowing, heralded our final halt near to "Webb's Hotel and Club-house," at Hobarton, towards 8 P.M.* By the thoughtful attention of members, I had been elected an hon. member of the club department of Webb's Hotel, for there existed a sort of Siamese ligament between the club-house and the hotel. I was of the privileged, and had access to the best. "Why, then," may I ask, with all reverence, of the blooming hostess, "why had I a filthy table-cloth? why no milk?" "And why did a waiter, in his shirt sleeves, serve me to vinegar in a jelly-glass in this the best hotel—or said to be—and club-house of Tasmania?"

You wish to be presented to Hobarton, so I take you by the hand and lead you up to Newark, or any still, quiet town in England you may think of, and thereby help you to grapple an idea. You know the sort of place; half brick, half stone, with a superfluity of drapers and solicitors; which wakes up on Sunday, or perhaps Saturday evening, and which shows itself awake by the promenading of its boys and girls in the main street. Over Hobarton you may look, at the busiest hour of the busiest day of the busiest week, and find a Sabbath stillness reigning; not an anvil, or a puff of smoke, or a shout to wake the contented snooze in which it lies from June to January, and then on to December. Hobarton has its Government House and its Parliament House. The former is fine, stands in a park, and adjoins the Government Gardens; it possesses good rooms, a ball-room, and all the needs of State. The Parliament House is not

* This description of the drive, now that the rail, even in Tasmania, is to supplant the coach, had almost deserved a tablet, "In Memoriam," to begin it; or, perhaps, should have attached at its close the three letters which a friend of mine added to the notice of his wedding,—"R. I. P."

ornamental but useful. I walked out one day to visit the handsome and apparently well managed Asylum for Destitute (or Deserted it might be read; it being a not uncommon trick in Australia for a father to desert his family and ramble

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HOBARTON.

off into the bush) Children,—a happy home for these little stray urchins,—and was saluted by innumerable, invisible frogs on my way thereto—a dead prolonged rattle the chorus, one deep, single trumpet-note of the bull-frog the key-note.

The walk, a mile or two in the outskirts, showed me comfort on every side. No great life, or push, or energy, but good houses, breaking into villas and gardens, and no doubt enough of interest and enjoyment for each individual life, though hardly enough for the country's advance.

What a splendid panorama encircled me, though, as I stood, in my homeward trudge, in the well-kept and useful "Royal Society's Gardens." What a matchless harbour lay before me, opening out to the sea, with any amount and any depth of anchorage. Sixty miles across at its mouth, it comes gradually in for forty, and, sweeping round the "Iron Pot," commences to form shelter from any severity of storm, and for any size of fleet. In what a lovely nest Hobarton rests! Mount Wellington, 4,066 feet, Mount Nelson, 1,191 feet, and their attendant ranges, its frame; whilst, at its bidding and for its use, winds the Derwent, coy and capricious, widening now into a lake, now narrowing in tortuous folds, its banks ever clad in wood or fertile clearing, now edging the silver stream, now cutting in on it with sharpened point or rounded promontory. Perhaps one, perhaps two, I should say actually not half a dozen, ships lie listlessly at the quays, waiting for the little freight that this unsuccessful capital of a country can give.

The Town Hall, with a fine organ, the Post Office, and the Museum, are good-sized and handsome buildings, and I was at the latter place after the capture of the first salmon. Happy little spawned offspring of the offspring of an English sire, what hopes do not your nine and a half ounces and twelve by six and a half inches give! But some doubt you.

By dint of a "midsummer night's dream," by dint of a painter's fancy, by dint of the light play of thought, by dint of the pretty, albeit meretricious, suggestions of the

stage, or by the shreds of fancy woven from out an artificial fernery, I had idealised, but never hoped to realise, "Fern-tree Gully." Yield the rein to your imagination, for I shall fail to describe what I saw as we stepped from out the glare of a January sun in the Southern Hemisphere into a narrow valley of ferns, nestling in a forest of giant Eucalypti. People the narrow valley with Pucks and sprites, and inhabit with me their home. For carpet, the veriest entanglement of grasses, low-lying ferns, and mosses, broken into, as perforce it must be for the ascent, by a path, barely recognisable as such, now climbing over enormous boulders of dead gum, now creeping under them, now ascending by means of steps of a dark brown fibrous nature (really bits of the stems of the fern), now mid festoons of overhanging verdure, showing you a glint of far-off falling water, noiselessly, in silver streamlet, lighting on a mossy bed, and thereby aiding enchantment, but always, whether passing under a stem or up a step always mid the overhanging, intertwining, and softly-graceful canopy of the tree-fern. With a feathered head of falling fern leaves, raised on a dark brown stem of perhaps ten feet high, and two, more or less, in circumference—a stem formed of the interwoven stemlets of its own crown as it increases in years—the tree-fern stands: not inelegant in itself, but when grouped together yielding an effect of fairy beauty and grace, mid which, in our ascent of Mount Wellington, we lingered for over a mile.

Emerging, we broke into a more ordinary bit of the great forests of Australia, forests that possess an ugly beauty. It is ugly to see hundreds and hundreds of bare stems, and yet so great are these stems, and so many, and sometimes so relieved by green parasites and creepers, or by the intermingling of lower growing green trees,—

the wattel, the sassafras, the myrtle, the grass-tree,—that I doubt if the forest scenery of Australia is not equal, if not superior, to any other in the world; and, in speaking thus, I am comparing it with the wide forests of India, and with the world-renowned home of the Sequoia gigantea in the sierras of Western America.

From such we come out on the "Ploughed Field," a mass of boulders of basaltic rock, the stony snowballs of the giants of olden days grown grey with disuse, and lying about in reckless profusion, and then stand on the grey summit of Wellington, 4,166 feet above the level of the sea. From this summit, and from the hut of a lady quondam convict, half way down, who gave us tea and sticks cut by the "gude man for twa saxpences," we enjoy the prospect. Below us lay the town of Hobarton, in a green plateau, peaceful and toy-like; in the farther distance, the vast untouched forests of Van Diemen's Land; whilst before us lay the splendid harbour, opening out to the sea in quickly gaining breadth, contracting and winding about after passing the town in so unattainable a manner, that I think I may be pardoned the long bow of imagination if I compare it to an enlarged view in one glance of the Forth at Granton and Stirling.

However, let us push farther on on the Huon road, and penetrate into the bush, and try to find the *biggest tree in the world.* Yes, tremble ye of Tuolumne and Cranes Flat, tremble all ye guardians of Sequoia, so feebly called Wellingtonia or Washingtonia. "The biggest tree in the world!" Only it was not. Realise, as you ride with me, a huge primæval forest—before you, behind you, forest—huge, branchless, topless, bleached, bark-stripped (for nature strips them of their bark, not their leaves) Eucalypti. Per-

GUM FOREST.

haps in places an opening, a clearing, where a wood hut, a few fruit trees, a goat, and a few potatoes are found. I pick up a small child, and pop him on to the shoulders of the Hobarton hack I am riding, and he promises to guide me to "nigh Stubbins's." Nigher than nigh he will not go; and though he lays his excuse to the door of the fact that he has not got his Sunday clothes on, and is therefore not fit to go into society, I am left to believe the truth is, that if he came near to the charmed region of Stubbins, he might be thought to be prying into the whereabouts (Stubbins's secret) of the biggest tree in the world, and the consequence, however unmerited, be sassafras or cane. At any rate, in midwood he slips from my grasp, and declaring that if I pursue that path "I can't miss Stubbins," leaves me to the tender mercies of the forest and a venomous black snake that wriggles across my bows.

Sorrow has reached even to the forests of Tasmania, and laid her finger on the bark-humpy where Stubbins dwells. "Oh, it's very 'ard livin', nowadays," says my hostess; "and now the cow's gone." "The cow's gone!" said I; "how?" "Oh, some people come and stole it. It is a sad loss for us."

It is pleasant to fancy a ray of light streaming from a central sun in which all unwittingly floats a golden speck and lights at Stubbins's—a speck that, begotten of sympathy for the lost cow, and in gratitude for strong bohea, gladdens the heart and brightens the eyes of Mrs. S., albeit bad with ophthalmia. But a little urchin has got hold of me, has tied my nag up to a rickety old railing, and has invited me to leave "moother," and to trust to his guidance to the biggest tree in the world. I am "the first stranger this year." And as Barefoot Brighteyes pioneers the way, the maze of luxu-

riant vegetation somewhat puzzles even him. "Cutting grass," ten foot high, cried "halt!" stumps feet in height and hundreds in length, echoed the grass cry; ferns felt our faces, and were curious as to what was under our hats; a moss-grown bridge gave way beneath us, and snakes—"Oh, I have got such a headache," said Barefoot Brighteyes." "Have you, my child? Why?" "Oh, I was sittin' on a stump this mornin', and a great snake came out quite close to me. I warn't frightened, and tried to kill it; but it has given me such a headache." And then Barefoot went on farther into the bush.

It was with some difficulty that even this scion of the Stubbins stock, the alone possessors of the clue to this the "biggest tree in the world," found the way, overgrown as it was; but at length we reached it. It was enormous. I marched round its base, and measured thirty-one yards; I looked up for its top by bending my neck as far back as I could, and could not see it, but was told its height was over three hundred feet. Bleached and branchless till near the top, its huge stem, disengaging itself from its base of roots, rises in a girth of eighty feet, rises from roots that overtopped the boy who guided me, and perhaps were five feet in height.

I cannot compare this monster tree, but little larger than its neighbours, with the giant trees of America, because I had no means to measure it accurately, and none but Brighteyes to ask its measurement of; but when the Eucalypti and the Sequoiæ meet, I warn the latter to look out—I had nearly said, to look up—for "three hundred" feet is more than "two hundred," and "thirty-one" paces is more than "twenty-four."

Round the tree there clustered a group of tree-ferns, and a wilderness of bushes, and ferns, and grasses, and moss-

covered logs. To give an idea of the size of some fallen giant gums, I was told that a man photographed a buggy and pair of horses alongside one, and that the roof of the carriage was overtopped. Whilst another, a six-foot man, meeting one lying across his path, could, by being hoisted on his friend's shoulders, reach the top, but could not by leaning over pull him up after him. But we must make for home—must leave this giant forest in all its wealth of growth, its still repletion, its solitude of abundant life, and, turning on to the Huon road again, our backs to the town of Franklin, ride to Hobarton. What a characteristic day it has been—a still morning without a cloud, a hot wind blowing at noon, and a sky dull, seemingly saturated with water; whilst now, at even, great guns from the north are driving against the windows, hardly less cold than fierce.

A penguin is swimming on the still waters of these southern seas. A great mass of smoke curling in a dense cloud lies on the shore, from which a current of heated air comes down upon us, whilst across the horizon there lies the brilliant streaks of an Aurora Australis; colours red, green, and those of paler hue sink from sky to sea, constantly change, and greet the *Geelong* as she steams out from the Heads on the 1st of February, 1870.

Now I have been for two months in four states, extending over an area of 3,000,000 square miles, and moving amid nigh to 2,000,000 people. Am I expected to sum up? Shall I settle the affairs of Queensland, arrange New South Wales, trim Victoria, and adjust Tasmania? Shall I discuss universal suffrage and electoral qualifications, treat on the labour question, point to free selections and pre-emptive rights, trace the causes of the fluctuations of property, and the effect of general legislation on the individual man? Shall I, having

judged the past, foretell the future? If so, then let me sign myself the "Greatest Briton." Before this, however, and before I bid you good-bye, Australia, and good fortune, which befits the fair, let me have one word, and I am done. Why is it—for it is so—that when those great fires, the dense smoke of which we now see, sweep across your virgin forests, they burn but your undergrowth? Why when you "clear" do you find the great difficulty to be not only to cut down, but to burn your giants when they are down? Is it because that wood, like the heart, must be somewhat "tinder" before it burns? And, alas! Australia, your stringy barks and red gums are far from tender—rather tough. Now that we have run through Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania—have done so at their worst (hottest) time of year, and have come to them after India—we may corroborate what we heard, and say, that with regard to injury to the constitution the evil effects are almost, if not altogether, *nihil*. True, the thermometer marks many degrees of heat, but when that heat is, probably, not of long continuance, when cool breezes blow at night, particular hours and days of great heat are not matters of much moment. The physique of Australian-borns is said to alter. It may. It does not follow that it will not be equal to its own climate. Besides, if they are weakly at Sydney, they are giants at Goulburn. As regards a country to live in, I should designate Australia pleasant, various localities varying in degrees of pleasure. It seems that what made Australia marred it. The rapid fortunes of the early squatters and diggers attracted fortune-hunters of all sorts, who, purchasing at ruinous cost what had enriched the settler, looked in vain for a like profit. Naturally in vain. For the early settler was enriched, not by his own toil so much as by the sweat of the land, which,

whether in the shape of alluvial diggings, grazing or agricultural land, he sold impoverished to his successor. With diminution of profit to the employer came diminished wage to the employed, so that the flow of population to the colony—its very life-blood—was checked, and the early prosperity of the country proved its temporary bane. A man to prosper in Australia should determine to settle permanently, not temporarily, in the country; nay more, he should be willing not to make a fortune, but merely to earn a comfortable living. Only in proportion as he submits to hardships, or in the proportion of talent which he possesses superior to his neighbours, can he hope in any extraordinary degree to succeed. There is room for any amount of, and all sorts of, emigrants to Australia, if only they will be content with a fair return for their labour or capital. There lies a great future before her, a future of centralisation and self-government; but until Brisbane is connected by rail with Adelaide, if not Perth, the continent is unfit for either centralisation or self-government. I mean by that, government entirely independent of the mother country. Victoria offers more general scope for talents perhaps not yet developed by their owner; but wherever a settler wishes to go he will find that with perseverance he can ensure both comfort and competence. No one should go to Australia if he wishes to live economically on a small income, for five shillings in the colony, except in food, does not go so far as five shillings in England.

I finish with an entreaty to the better sort of colonists not to shirk from the duty of governing, but to mingle up in the various departments of the control of life the just spirit that checks the assumptions of rowdy ignorance; to stick to the country of their adoption, and to bring their sons up with a liking thereto. Enterprise in Australia is gradually being

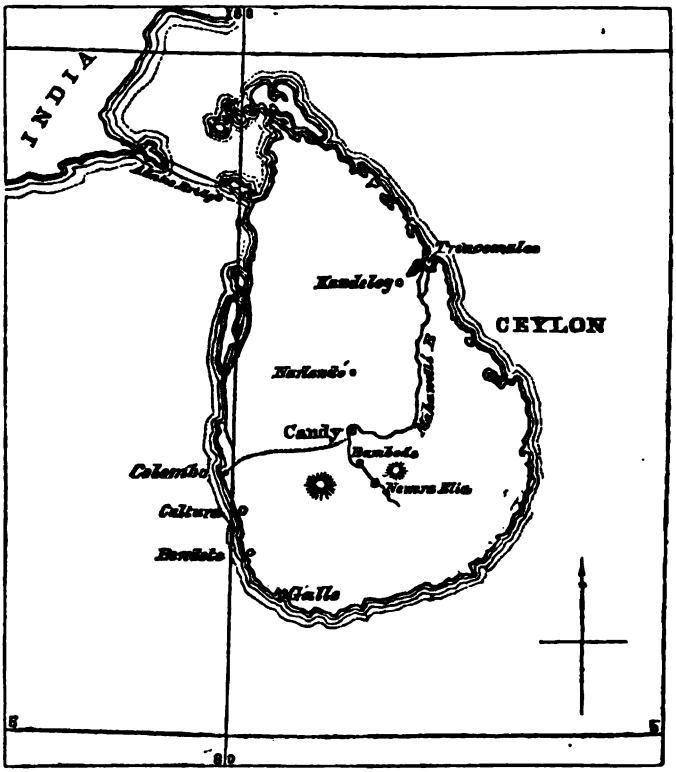
weaned from those fitful starts of excessive and ephemeral prosperity, which injure a country excepting in as much as they attract population. If this is the case, the more need there is for statesmen to know how to guide the ship between capital and labour. Such steering requires almost superhuman skill, loaded as it is by the fact that it is labour—that is people, numbers—that puts the steersman at the helm. Still if those in power do not recognise the fact that unless capital is fostered labour must perish, and that if capital is fostered it must result in the enrichment of the few, at the seeming, though not real, cost of the many—unless the statesmen of the southern continent support that "*bête noire*" of the many, the rich few—the country must retrograde. Government is the head, the body is the people, the arms are capital; but if the body electing the head insists that it cut off the arms, what is to become of the body? Yet it is a difficult task for the head, dependent on the body for its support, to prove to it that its life, certainly its prosperity, depends on a free use of the arms.

CHAPTER XVI.

Incidents of past Voyage—Galle Harbour—History of Island—Comparative sizes of different Islands and Populations—Different Opinions—Oriental Hotel—The Town—The Environs—Cocoa-nut Palm—A Walk—Buddhist Temple—Start for Colombo—The Road—Soisoizd and Cinnamon—Colombo—The Tortoise and the Host—Curry—A Coffee Merchant—The Quay—Australian Cattle—Legislature—Imports—The Railway—Start for Newera Elia—Valley of Death—The Ascent—Coffee Bush—Rice Terraces—Captain Dawson's Road—Dog-cart Coach—Ramboddé—Night—Morning—Newera Elia—Don Pedro—Source of Mahawellé—Walks about Newera Elia—Bullocks—Drive to Kandy—Bridge over and Windings of Mahawellé—Kandy—Its Lake—Again a Guest—Peradeenia—Dr. Thwaites—Walks and Rides—Tooth of Buddha.

SEXAGESIMA Sunday, which, in February of 1870, was the 20th, and we are in Ceylon. Happy traveller in an arm-chair, why should you be exonerated from the tedium of the eighteen days in which Captain Dundas steered his good ship *Geelong* across the Southern Ocean? Why should not you, like we, play bézique at noon, quoits in a bucket at four, whist at eight? Why should not your greatest excitement be the sight of a mutton-bird, or a flying-fish? Why should you miss seeing a waterspout, and be, as we were, disappointed with its appearance? And why should not you, as we, stand shadowless at noon under a vertical sun? But the interlacing stems of the many palm-trees which line the Bay of Galle Harbour are already in sight, and if we mean to learn somewhat of Ceylon before we land, we must do so at once. With the history of a country extending over "twenty-four centuries" we cannot deal, except most

sketchily; it is interwoven with that of Hindostan. The 24,600 square miles which make up the Island of Ceylon,* and which, for the most part, is still covered with dense forest, seems in the early days to have had an aboriginal population, a people now known as "beddahs," who, shunning



CEYLON.

* The proportion of this, and the other islands which we have, or are to visit, is:—

	Square miles.	Population.
Ceylon	24,600	1,421,653
Tasmania	24,000	100,000
Australia	3,000,000	2,000,000 (?)
Great Britain and Ireland	120,971	30,000,000
Islands of Japan	122,735	15 or 50,000,000 (!) (say, 30,000,000)

the society of other races, still exist in small numbers, and lead a semi-animal, harmless existence. Higher in the scale of social life by many degrees, though perhaps with some blood affinities with these beddahs, are the Cingalese: but whether indeed they were found in Ceylon, and adapted themselves to the higher civilization of the conquerors from Hindostan, or themselves came also from the continent, I leave to others to decide. That there exists, however, now in the island two native peoples speaking different tongues, Tamil and Cingalese, is seen even by the blind; by the feel of whose finger over the page of the history of past ages there is found to have come conquerors from the neighbouring coast, themselves scions of the Solar race from Northern India, who established laws, who left vast stone and water witnesses of their greatness, and who ended a succession of kings as recently as 1815. In the sixteenth century the Portuguese overran Ceylon; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Dutch superseded the Portuguese; in the nineteenth, the English the Dutch; whilst, mingled with this mixture of races, are Mussulmen. Thus, in this area of a few square miles—amid the abundant wealth of a tropical nature, throughout recurring ages ever teeming with luxuriant natural growth—man's mind has been fed with the successive beliefs of the all but divine nature of Buddha, of the Virgin, and of Mohammed. Is the imbool-tree, ignorant of its naked stem and branch, flaunting its gaudy flower before us, but a type of the human mind?—a flower and no leaf centuries ago, a flower and no leaf now! Are we to believe, with Darwin, that we *have* advanced? Is that phase of the human mind that in past ages worshipped and still worships, the only stagnant portion? Does truth lie in research? Are parallel lines (reason and revelation) to meet,

not only as the horizon causes them to seem to do, but as we thought we had learnt they did not, but which research will prove to us they do? Is the mind alone not to grow, oh we sprung (or not sprung) from hairy caudal animals, with pointed ears and arboreal tastes, whose sires were larvæ-vertebrate-marine! Or does it grow? But if so, under what?—faith or research? or can these go together? For centuries and centuries the son of the satin-wood has budded and leafed, and died like its sire; the song of the seamew has not altered by one note from that of the gull which in far-off ages swept the wild waves with its wings; has man's mind too stood still? or are the signs of the times, found B.C. as well as A.D., but signs of the progress of the mind? Is the pivot of truth faith? or is the guide of faith truth? Are both the same? or "What is truth?" Oh, Gotama! Gotama! who found truth in the extinction of it, and who as true is still worshipped by tens of thousands here and elsewhere, are we still untying the knot you cut by "extinction," or have we light, and, as the bat, fly from its glare?

The harbour of Galle it is destined to improve; and in 1870 the warring factions that had grown hot over the rival claims of Trincomalee and Colombo had yielded grumblingly to the fiat of Government. "As if Galle was the proper place to improve!" said Colombo. "A mere trick of the P. and O. Now, had they made a floating dock here at Colombo, where, whether they like it or no, all the trade will flock, our money would have been wisely expended. But Galle! tradeless, at the wrong, the fruitless side of the island, wherefore on it such outlay?" "Colombo, Galle, avaunt!" said Trincomalee. "Here we have a harbour almost unequalled in the world; and expend but the money you intend to on opening up the panting country

that is about the harbour, and that cries but for the water which ancient kings more wisely gave it, and the result will be population, cotton, sugar; and rice exported, instead of imported, as now." But Sir Hercules said "Galle."

The hollowed-out-tree boat "sampan" floats up to the side of the steamer; and it is with the confidence begotten of hope that we commit our bodies to the care of the two Malays, who—balancing the craft, if necessary, by sitting on the outriggers, formed of a heavy log a foot from the top of the gunwale, and lying parallel with its sides—pilot us the quarter of a mile to the quay. Whether it is the general humidity of the atmosphere or what, I don't know, but till we see the perspiration pouring from our brow, and bursting through our cotton clothes, we are not conscious we are so very hot, and with a tolerably cool mind make our way to the only one of the "Foreign Hotel Company's" hotels that have answered, and entrust ourselves to Mr. Barker's care. How can I present you to Galle? If I bid you feel a humid, still, sultry atmosphere, if I land you at a quay where a hundred string-loin-girt Cingalese load barges with coal to feed the steamers, if with me you pass under a somewhat picturesque arch over which are the offices of the P. and O. Co., and go up a short avenue of trees to where the large Oriental Hotel, with its spacious verandah and cool rooms fronts the sea, shall you have any idea of the place? A place, a town that possesses fortifications, barracks, a light-house, and narrow streets; wherein, besides stores that minister to the passenger's and the resident's bodily wants, a church and a post-office minister to his spiritual and mental. In the piazza of the Oriental Hotel assemble all the different boats' passengers as they delay on their onward journey a few hours at Galle:

those to and from Australia; to Calcutta and from it; to China and home. Tortoise-shell sellers, jewellers, who retail glass as amethysts; fan, lace, and chair sellers, with others less virtuously inclined, abound; and a hum of conversation, between the triple meals, from bodies lolling in every direction on the long cane chairs, goes on from dawn till dark. If the actual town of Galle offers few attractions, if you are soon tired of a stroll round the ramparts, where a warm damp breeze blows off the ocean rolling in at your feet, you will be the easier disposed to go with me a few miles into the country. We shall stroll out from under the ivy-covered arch, and, passing along the bay, look across its inconsiderable breadth at the waves rolling in, crested and foaming; at the collection of, perhaps half a dozen, steamers, and as many other ships, chiefly colliers; and at the graceful fringe of cocoa-nut palms that, leaning in all directions with bare and almost plaited stems, hem in the semicircle of white sand that ends this bay. Much more than any other scene we have yet met with does this forest of palms, amid which, scarce observable, are scattered the huts of the natives; this collection of large fishing-boats ignorant of nail; this soft balmy wind; this crowd of Cingalese, naked from the loins, and from there clad in petticoat (comboi) of rich colouring, their long back hair done up in cue and comb; this superabundance of fruit and vegetable, impress us with a feeling that now at last we are in the tropics, and are moving amongst that marvellous fecundity of nature which is begotten of sun and showers. Passing over the intervening small plain of green grass, we dive into a thick grove of cocoa-nuts; and as we wind amid the refreshing shade, over the bare dark carpet of earth, sum up their oft-told uses.

THE COCOA-NUT PALM.—*Flower-buds*—toddy, vinegar, jag-

gery (a sweet); *fibrous husk*—cordage, carpeting; *kernel*—food, oil, soap, candles, oil-cake, manure; *shell*—ornaments, utensils; *leaves*—roofing, umbrellas, mats.

This tree, the cultivation of which is so easy, and the uses so many, is, properly, not wild, as the many trees of the forest into which we pass are, but digged about and cared for. We find ourselves, as we leave the cocoa-nut grove, now tracing the narrow borders of a rice-field, caught in mid forest; now crushing under our feet beds of the "sensitive plant," that almost chides our clumsy steps as it closes under pressure and opens again when the danger is over; now wondering at the military precision of ants which, extending in a column of fours for *half a mile*, march across our path; now trying to find out the names of some of the larger trees that stand out pre-eminently from amid the leafy bowers under which we move. The bread-fruit tree, with its grand broad leaf; the jack-fruit tree, with its huge conical fruit hanging from its stem; the native apple-tree; and—for if we meet them not actually in this walk, we shall sooner or later—the calamander, satin, rose, sapan, iron, halmalille, teena, potatoe, ebony. . . . . But of what avail even to try to name a tithe of the trees of Ceylon? The clever botanist and venerable clergyman at Trincomalee, I think, told me that in all England we had seventeen thousand different sorts of plants; whereas he himself, with his own hands, had, in a radius of four miles around Trincomalee, collected eleven thousand! Amid all this luxuriance, unknown cries of birds sound in our ears; monkeys, in the proud possession of superior agility, gibe us; the forest teems with brilliant colourings—the lilac flower of the potatoe-tree, the scarlet of the imbool, the white of the temple-flower tree, and the rich and varied greens of every leaf; and so we pass up to the shade of the sacred

Bo, and the precincts of a Buddhist temple. Certainly the place is more inviting than a Hindoo temple; clean swept, offerings of bright flowers on the simple stone altars, but no filthy lingam visible. In the pagoda there is a huge "golden" image of Buddha, and over the entrance door, "Derma Alancara Siri Sumana Tissé Terunanssé, B.Y. 2367, A.D. 1824, Paramananda Vihara, Rev. D.D. S.S. Tissa, Buddhist priest," is written. Some priests, whose unostentatious homes adjoin the temple, are about. A man, whose offering of flowers is placed on a detached altar of plain stone, half kneels, half crouches before it, and appears to be led in his simple prayer by a deacon, whilst the chief priest wears goggles, is dressed in orange robe, speaks a few words of Hindostanee, and courteously and quietly bowing his shaven head, greets the strangers.

It was six o'clock, A.M., on Wednesday the 23rd of February, 1870, when the two-horse charaban coach waited to bear us to Colombo, the road to which place lies along the sea-coast nearly all the way, and may be described in two ways—one, as a continued street of seventy-two miles; the other, as a continued and luxuriant avenue. How it is that the two descriptions are correct is, that village succeeds village so closely that one street is all but made; yet as each small, low, and generally thatched bungalow stands, often in its own garden, and always amid a tropical luxuriance of cocoa-nut palms, arica-nut palms, talepot palms, bread-fruit trees, papoi-trees, jack-trees, the appearance of an avenue is gained. The road itself is good, flat, well made, and of a red colour. A law that compels the native to work on the roads six days out of the year contributes to this. At Bentotte, half-way, and the sixth out of the eleven changes of horses, we got a fair breakfast, and for ninepence a hun-

dred could have bought any number of the noted oysters of the place.

"Caltura," "Pantura," "Moratoor," are the names of some of the chief places *en route*. At the last of which places dwells Soisoizd. He, being but of the cinnamon caste, cannot rank with the higher castes of his country, such as the Goï in Cingalese, or Wellálé in Tamil, *i.e.* the labourers or tillers of the ground; but his wealth and munificence rightly draws to him those not fettered by such inheritances. By his cinnamon gardens, along which we passed, hedged in with edible pines, he had enriched himself. These dark, low bushes of cinnamon, the palmy days of whose monopoly is over, yield camphor from their roots, cinnamon from their bark, oil from their leaves, and a disagreeable smell from their white flower.

It is 4.30 P.M., and our coach rolls over the wide stretch of green grass that, flanking the sea, heralds the white town of Colombo. The focus of Colombo is Government House, a large cool-looking stucco house, and round it are clustered the offices of the different merchants, the barracks and forts, the post-office, and government offices, the hotel, and some native shops. In the outskirts are the dwellings of the merchants, to the best of which, standing on a slight eminence, and in a park of cocoa-nut palms, we shall go and solicit hospitality. A tortoise, "one hundred and fifty years old," quite blind, with a foot like an elephant, that likes being petted, and stretches out its wrinkled head for a scratch, "that can carry three people on its back," and is almost worshipped by the Cingalese, receives us. "Premadu numut Satakai," is what the tortoise says, if not in word, in deed, when foreseeing the monsoon, he moves his quarters twice a year, and, "slow but sure," waddles off—in

the rainy season to the top of the park, in the dry to the bottom. Our welcome is kindly, and the hospitality shown us such only as is met with in the East. Mangoes, delicious, albeit much bedaubing, tempt us at the early tea, before going down to bathe in the warm sea waves that here are so handy to the park. Large cool rooms, curios, and Japanese pug dogs help us to while away the long midday hours of enforced idleness. Attentive servants would, but that the sea-breezes render it unnecessary, raise for our good an artificial punkah-born wind, and prepare for us, ah! such curries! If you want to live happily, says the gourmet, you should go to Bombay to eat her "ducks," to Madras to eat her curries, to Singapore to suck her mangosteens; and Elysium itself will be gained when you can "breakfast in Scotland, lunch in Australia, and dine in Paris." Agreed, Monsieur Gourmet, but you must not die till you have been to —— and eaten his curries. Are there not seven dishes?—the curry, the vegetable, the cocoa-nut, the chutney, the biscuit, the duck, the rice! Behind the house, over which clusters stephanotis, and in the park, around which grow many different kinds of lovely flowering trees, is the coffee mill; and those who will not be merchants unless they may be princes also, should be successful coffee merchants at Colombo. What in the beautifully clean dry berry scattered over the large tarred brick yards is there to sully the whitest hand? What—from the earliest moment of its growth, when climbing up the beautiful mountains of Ceylon, it bears on its low dark-green leafed bush, its sweet-smelling flower, and bright red berry of two kernels, to the time of its being gathered and sent by train down to the coffee mills at Colombo, there to be dried on the flat yards, and cleaned in the rolling-mills, sorted by the obsequious native, and shipped perhaps in four days from

its receipt in Colombo—what is there, I say, in all this but the work of a merchant prince? Class a coffee merchant with a soap boiler—pshaw!

As we drive through the streets of Colombo, sometimes lined with shady trees, by the native bazaars, by the large lake of fresh water, the impression it leaves is pleasant; and the "five hundred Europeans" whose lot casts them there, if not to be envied, are at least not to be pitied. At the quay there is a superabundance of life, and scores of small bullock-carts are waiting their turn to help to load or unload the ships lying in the offing. In some of these have come those very ordinary Australian cows we see one day sold for from £50 to £60 a-piece; whilst the ugly bull terriers fetch £7 and £10. In the cool public library we read something about the government of Ceylon. A governor, an executive council of five, a legislative council of fifteen, including the executive five, four other office holders, six unofficial members, and these last "are free to vote as they like." Bitterly do some of the merchants upbraid the home government for "milking the cow that's calved," and for saddling burdens not their due on the solvent island. "Why should we be used as the head-quarters of Labuan and the Straits? And, because the home government finds it cheaper, be burdened with the Rifles? Why should official members be *ordered* to vote for government measures, and thus swamp the unofficial vote?" Ay, why? Yet notwithstanding all this bad government, you have exported £2,564,000 worth of coffee, Mr. Ceylon; and your wretched government has made so excellent a railway for £700,000, borrowed at six per cent., redeemable at par in '72, '78, '82, and '3, that it pays, and carries in safety annually an export of £60,000, and an import of £90,000. "That excess of

import," says Grumbler, "is because the old kings, wiser than we are, used to provide the water and tax the rice; we don't provide the water, so have to import the rice."

But we will take our ticket, seventeen shillings, and start on this line for a seventy-mile drive to Peradeenia, leaving it to complete its remaining four miles to Kandy, whilst we, for two pounds ten shillings, climb upwards by coach a score more miles to Newera Elia (pronounced Newralia). The line runs at first for some half-dozen stations through a plain, where, amid abundant forests of all kinds of wood, and occasional rice-fields, it makes its way to the foot of the mountain, over which it climbs. You have passed Mähärä, you have passed Ambepussä, and you glide along by the river Mahahoya, swiftly flowing over its rocky bed. Look out of the window; breathe the fresh air, scent-laden, balmy, and even somewhat cool; and see nature laughing on either side with a plethora of abundant growth. A dense green jungle, a forest of valuable trees, climbing up a hill to your right, perhaps a paddy-field, and the clear water of the "Mahahoya" rippling along at your side. The blue vault of heaven overhead rests in an atmosphere as bright, as pure, I was about to say, when I remembered that this sweet valley, that seemed to defy death and to invite you to constant ease, was the "Valley of Death." That for every wooden sleeper laid, a dead man lay; that out of six hundred Cochin coolies, two hundred only left the happy valley; and that the bodies of the dead labourers lay all unburied as the line advanced. So poisonous is the miasma that arises in this mocking valley, that it is said some one bought and sought to cultivate a portion of the forest hill that flanks it, but died so soon that his wishes regarding his property, his name even, were never known. I was told, too, that the river, so clear, was deadly; that the most

dangerous sort of river was one, like it, that flowed swiftly over rocks; and that in respect to the same, the most dangerous position was a few feet above it, and not at its edge.

And now we begin the ascent of the pass, and continue for twelve and a half miles up a gradient of one in forty-two. The line has been most skilfully made, but strikes me as being more dangerous than any of the other mountain lines we have crossed together. It is not only that often you hang over a precipice many hundred feet down, but that the wall of rock from which the line is cut overhangs the rail; and in one spot, so threatening is a particular bit of overhanging rock, that a hut has been built, and a man stationed there to give the first alarm should he see any indications of a split. Once a huge mass did fall, and the whole rock is of that "bastard" nature it can neither be depended on to remain, nor does it give any warning when about to give. The drive was most lovely, and with scenery peculiarly its own. The Bombay Ghauts possess great beauty in their dense growth of jungle and peaked mountains breaking out therefrom; but this Ramboddé Pass claims admiration, not from the height and grandeur of its mountains, which do not attain much more than four or five thousand feet, but from the abundant luxuriance of the vegetation over which you look; the tropical wealth of which, the masses of green, the intermingling of palms, is so noticeable to the stranger. This—no less than the terrace upon terrace of rice, and the distinctive feature of the dark green coffee-bush, climbing up the side of the dull red-coloured mountains, and lying there wheresoever, not too high, some small valley or lesser slope renders cultivation possible—makes up the peculiar beauty of the drive. At times we obtain views of Captain Dawson's

(R.E.) well-constructed road, winding along, like a white string in a green bower, from Colombo to Kandy; and at the top of the pass find the monument that commemorates his work.

From Peradeenia we took a sort of dog-cart-coach-thing with one horse, that runs at some seasons between Kandy and Newera Elia, and prepared to ascend there by a road which would petrify the Simlaites if they are frightened at their own. For the first part of the road we kept the distinctive features of the scenery of Ceylon; but as we climbed higher, and got to Newera Elia, we found ourselves in what was more like to that of the Himalayas. Gampurley and Pusselawa were tolerably large villages, and we rested at Ramboddé.

It is night. Within the rest-house, the verandah of which opens into the common centre room with a table and a few chairs in it, and from which one or two rooms with bedsteads, mattresses, and mosquito curtains open, there is a gent from Java asleep on a sofa, some children are crying, one or two more guests are feeding, and half a dozen noiseless effeminate-looking, lithe, willing, petticoated, long-back-haired Cingalese are endeavouring to soothe the sturdy Briton by aid of tea and toast, chicken and ham. A little later, and these half dozen attendants are laid snoring on the verandah outside, and over their prostrate bodies you step into the still, dark, warm air. A tree-frog, or, perhaps, "the coppersmith barbet," of Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India," p. 119, is hammering away with laudable zeal, fire-flies are flickering about, a few stars peep out and help to light up the dark background of all but invisible mountains which, now and again, a brilliant flash of lightning brings into relief; whilst, if you look towards the rest-house, you may

chance see the black obscure relieved by the partial glare of a shaded candle within, and by the dull red light of a small fire without, round which the squatting forms of some half dozen natives, supping late, are scarce discernible.

The next morning the soft balmy air tempted a splendid bathe in a stream and under a cascade hard by, and there, seated, clotheless, in the rocky dressing-room, we looked over the distant view. Already four thousand feet up, we yet anticipate the luxury of cold mornings and warmed water at Newera Elia; and scanning the coffee-grown and hutted valley at our feet, we look up to the Duke-of-Wellington's-Nose Mountain in front, and to the broken and uneven panorama of hills, some bare, mostly wooded, by which we are surrounded.

Newera Elia, in some respects, is a pleasanter place than Simla; it has not a tithe of the society and gaiety, but it has a nice grass plain whereon to ride, which Simla has not. The air is particularly pure and rarefied, without perhaps being very bracing. There may be some twenty or thirty families that assemble here for five out of the twelve months in which rain does not fall. Surrounding the plain, over which at uncertain intervals are scattered isolated bungalows, an hotel, a church, is a dense forest, wherein strolling, we see monkeys, and come upon quite recent tracks of elephant; and from which, daring to prowl on a cattle raid, chetah (at least one was) are caught in a large cage of stones and wood, and shot captive.

Is it possible to be anywhere where "the young people" do not get up a dance? If not, then we must assist at one during our stay at Newera Elia, and dance on rattan matting. We must walk, too, up "Don Pedro," if we do not go on the proper expedition up the sacred "Adam's Peak." The

pathway cut up to the top of Pedro, that has its summit some eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, lies through dense jungle, and from the top a fine view is obtained. Here the "Mahawellé Ganga" takes its rise, the largest river in Ceylon, and whose almost entire course, from its rise to its flow into the sea, we are destined to trace. We visit Sir Samuel Baker's unsuccessful speculation, ruined brewery and farm, and during the hours when the claims of our host and hostess do not call for our attendance, we make long walks in the rich forests that surround these plains. On the narrow shaded roads we meet strings of small bullocks, some with splendid horns, carrying coffee down to the rail from some more distant plantation, and encouraged in their file marching by the yodel of the bullock-drivers, no less than by the melodious ring of bells attached to their necks. Perhaps the leading bullock has a small bell with a true note, whilst others of the file have bells varying in size and sound and material, from a wooden one to one of metal with three tongues, that goes swinging along to a sort of "kettle-*um* kettle-um" tune, which, consonant with the peculiar cry of the driver, sounds pleasantly. Invisible, winding along on the good but narrow paths, mid the thick forests of teena, potatoe, and palm, imbool and cotton tree, they approach or leave you, and kettle-um, kettle um yodel, dies away in the distance.

From Newera Elia, the sanatorium, the Simla of Ceylon, we must go, and passing again by Ramboddé, Pusselawa, and Peradeenia, drive to Kandy. How clear is the recollection of those four miles from Peradeenia, and how impossible to etch the recollection! How I was laughed at by my new host at Kandy for speaking in a poetic vein of the bit of road so commonplace to him! Yet to me the back-

ground of hills which hedges the valley in which Kandy stands, clothed chiefly in wood, the sides of the hills often terraced with coffee bushes, the dull red soil laid bare for the cultivation of the same; the well-made road; the many natives in their great variety of rich coloured dresses; the lines of palms and caoutchouc-trees; the streets of bungalows, their verandahs hung with innumerable fruits—all contributed to endow the scene with unusual attraction. The "Mahawellé Ganga" flows by Peradeenia, and is crossed by a handsome bridge, both for road and rail. This river, flowing to Trincomalee, whose birth we assisted at at Pedro, and which, loth to leave the cool air of Newera Elia, we watched toying with the plain there, and winding about on it twelve miles in half a mile.

Kandy is a pleasant place, and one remarkably and peculiarly like Kandy, and like nothing else that I know. It stands in a valley, it possesses a Government House, a barrack, a church, an hotel, a railway station, a native town, a shrine!—most sacred—where sleeps the tooth of Buddha; several pleasant detached bungalows where dwell the merchants, or Government servants, civil, and military; and last—but not least—a large artificial tank or small lake some miles in circumference. From the rippled waters of this lake, round whose margin a pleasant drive is cut, a fresh breeze blows, and Kandy, thanks to its elevation and its lake, is comparatively cool.

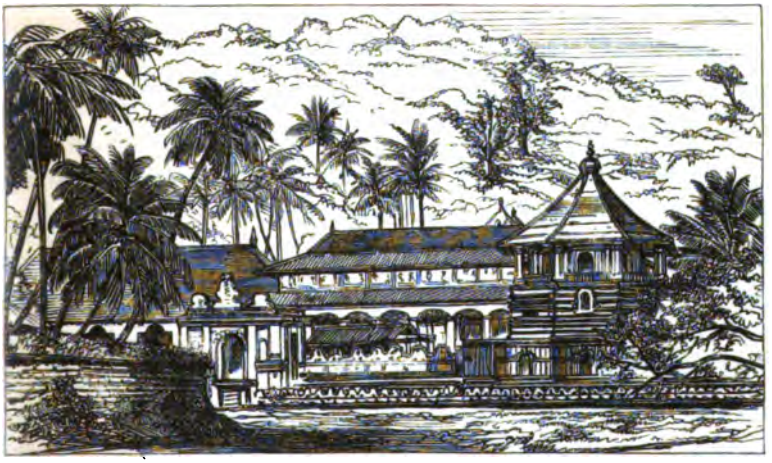
I was again a guest; a guest at one of the best houses in Kandy; a house for which £200 a year in rent has to be paid, and which stands on a slight elevation imbedded in cocoa-nut palms overlooking the lake. Within, all that in the shape of comfort, attentive servants, good cook and wines can delight the body; without, all that

in the shape of beautiful plants—flamboyants, hybiscus, a lovely wax flower, a cocoa-nut grove—can delight the eye. As the cool of the evening draws on, we drive a couple of well-fed Cape horses to the public gardens of Peradeenia.

What marvels does not nature, the tropics, and the fostering care of the eminent botanist produce here! See the glory of that poinciana; see the rare flowers of that grand talipot palm; press the milky caoutchouc from out of those splendid Ficus, whose giant roots, rising some feet out of the ground, lie, fit base to the huge stems that grow therefrom, and which, hung with dark smooth green leaves, tower over head; see the extraordinary dissimilarity of creepers which fall in lofty festoons, and loop tree to tree in threads and twines of vegetable cord, which lie in flat cables broader than the broadest rope, or, like a huge python, coil round some chosen stem; see the cinnamon grown to a large tree; the mahogany-tree; a splendid group of bamboos; smell, if you will, but I advise you not, the cinnamon flower; escape, if you can, from the positively filthy odour that comes from the lime-like gorœnda-tree; and feel, as you look upwards at the flight of flying foxes, waking with the dusk, the sharp bite of the leech as it climbs up your leg and bleeds you. Yes, the gardens of Peradeenia are indeed lovely, and the life of Dr. Thwaites, wedded as he is to botany, and seeing around him a growth so luxuriant that when "Kew" writes exulting of the growth of its exotics by inches, he can reply by yards, is not altogether unworthy of envy.

There are some beautiful walks and rides in the neighbourhood of Kandy, which well show the peculiar and attractive kind of scenery of the island. A rich carpeting of the greenest luxuriance of forest, mountains rising in sufficient height to give a wonderful effect to the scene, roads that wind among

the thick woods in narrow slightly red lines, passing under alcoves of trees, and water here and there sparkling in the distance. Through plantations of coffee, by lanes of huge aloes and lantarna, we can ride and come on the wooden bridge of "Katugastotté," with its most dangerously open balustrade. We may not, however, leave Kandy without dining at Government House, where Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson are already preparing for H.R.H. of Edinburgh, and without visiting the sacred tooth of Buddha. The tooth itself, of course, we may not see. It will be shown to the Duke only; for "as long as ever it is exposed, it rains." We may visit the temple, however. A civil func-



TEMPLE OF TOOTH OF BUDDHA, KANDY.

tionary, head of all the priests of Buddha, shows us to the sacred shrine; and there, in a sort of huge gilt or gold diving-bell-looking place, with seven or eight inner locked shrines within the outer, which alone I see, is the tooth of Buddha—a tooth that, burnt by the Portuguese, was miraculously restored to the temple, and is now locked case within

case. The outer one is richly adorned with precious stones, emeralds, garnets, topazes, and is itself enclosed in iron railings, at the door of which constant offerings of flowers are made by the faithful. This spot is the centre of Buddhism; to it the Emperor of China and the King of Siam send tokens and gifts; and it is said that, to possess this relic of the true faith, the King of Siam offered a fortune.

CHAPTER XVII.

Start for Trincomalee—Pony bought—A Companion—Coach to Martalé—Absolute Rule—Road to Martalé—The Rest-house—Our Entertainment—Drive to Narlandé—Seven Balls—Great Heat—Rest-house—Coolies—Ratamahatmeer—Coolie Raid—Full Dress—Kongahawellé—Ellahara—Confusion—Oh, those Holes!—To Kala-ha-Kala—Ambaganga—Breakfast—Animals—Jaggery—Buffaloes and Wild Fowl—The Hut at Oodoocelli—Toparé Lake—Mr. Lawton—Forage—Evening closes in—Enervating Heat—The Ruins—Glasses wanted—Visit of Villagers—We photograph—Sacrilege—Leave Toparé—Noosing Elephants—Kootoopillani—The Parson Bird's Sermon—A Pandall—Peacocks—Fire in three Languages—The wounded Man—Hindoo *v.* Christian—Paddle down Mahawellé—Kanderkardoo—Black Ants.

AND now for a march across the island; for which purpose I buy a pony for £13, which, as it never turned up, it is as well I did not pay for. It was to help me to Trincomalee, I having been fortunate enough to meet with one, as companion, to whom Tamil and Cingalese were as easy as English, whose acquaintance with the by-ways of the country was perfect, and whose official position, no less than his personal attributes, gave him power over the natives. We leave Kandy on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 9th of March, for Martalé by a two-horse coach; and here the pony had to meet us, but never did.

The necessity of an absolute rule, even at the cost of some acts of injustice in the exercise of it, over a conquered people like the Cingalese and Hindoos seems to me apparent. Take as proof the question of transport. You are entirely dependent in these countries on the assistance of many individuals for the power to go from place to place. Suppose that the individual rights of each man of the number you require is to

be consulted, and his whim not to move to surmount yours to go on? What will happen? Now this may seem a very puerile remark, but the fact is that the truth which it contains is one that ought to influence every M.P. in the House, and every citizen in the country. If we have placed ourselves in the false position of going and taking possession of a country that does not belong to us, we must accept the burden of that possession, and that is to assume towards the people of the country the position of a schoolmaster. No doubt he tries to make the best general laws he can; but if he finds his ushers and monitors enforcing his laws in a way he does not altogether approve, he does not immediately take away power from them and thereby beget riot through an excessive sense of indiscriminate justice. Such method of legislating, however, is what presents itself to people who stay at home, as the only just course.*

The road from Kandy to Martalé passes over a low pass of about two thousand feet, but as Kandy itself stands about sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, the height is not observable. The road is good, and winds up and down amid valleys, the forest sides of which are broken in upon by numerous coffee plantations. The profit arising from these plantations is somewhat uncertain, the soil often wears out, and some least promising in appearance are most fruitful in result. Lying, perhaps, in a small valley that catches the detritus of mountains overhanging them, the soil is thus constantly renewed; whilst other plantations, excellently situated as regards height and temperature, yet lying on the slope of a mountain, find the soil year by year impoverishing. The result of this is, that, coupled with increased consumption, new uncleared lands have to be brought under cultiva-

* Vide the Eyre scandal, the Cowan.

tion. Sometimes a most profitable investment is made in the purchase of such forest lands. When I was in Ceylon an estate was offered me for £1,000, which had attached to it a singular relic of bygone times, no less than a gold shield, presented by the last King of Kandy to the forefather of the present owner—title to the land which was given him by the king as reward for having treacherously murdered an English officer and some men. It was dark as we drove into the long straggling town of Martalé, and up to the good rest-house, where we were glad to get dinner and prepare for bed. I have a habit of going to sleep after dinner; but I was informed that with my present companion, a celebrated *raconteur*, sleep, at any unlawful moment, was an impossibility. Two friends, officials of the place, came down to see him, and, judging myself off duty, I fell asleep. Guess my surprise, however, on awakening, to find our guests on the point of departure, because that it was no longer possible to continue a conversation with two men, both fast asleep. Of course I apologised; but as for my friend, he neither apologised nor moved, and how long he remained oblivious to what is due to the "proprieties," remains unknown, for I went to bed.

There was still a sufficiently good road left for our next march, and so, as the pony had not arrived, we hired a small carriage, and drove fourteen miles, to Narlandé, and there stayed the night. If ever you have driven scores of miles in a dawk gharrie by yourself, or sheltered from the sun for hours of the midday heat in a tropical country alone, you will have learnt the advantage of having with you a pleasant companion; one that has not the mock humility of never speaking about himself, but lets that subject and its experiences have their fair play in general conversation. "My

brother, a V.C. and C.B., fell suddenly off Lord ——'s carriage in London, and was picked up dead. They opened him, and found seven balls in his lungs, two evidently he had received at Ferozeshah, though he was wounded also in the mutiny, and two were our own Enfields." But you don't want our conversation, I hear you say, you want an idea of the scenery. Perhaps, therefore, more thoroughly to appreciate the feeling of a march in Ceylon, you will pass the next twenty-four hours in your stove-house, and thereby the better be able to believe that there must be something wonderful in the power of the air that can support life from day to day in these forests, loaded and poisoned as that air is with hot, humid vapours rising from the wealth of vegetation, living and dying, everywhere about. We were now well down in the valleys, at an elevation only slightly above the level of the sea. On either side of us rose lofty hills, clad in forest, and striped and patched with coffee plantations; and as we drove, under a glowing sun, we passed through rich masses of green, palms, tamarinds, banyans, limes, relieved by the heavy-scented white temple flower, and the leafless gaudy scarlet-flowered imbool.

The rest-house at Narlandé was good, and here were congregated a load of road coolies, to whom pay was being distributed, and who, as is the wont of all Easterns, had a very great deal to say to each other after the receipt of the money. Quiet among the noisy crew stood the "Ratamahatmeer," or head man of the village, his black eyes, his long black hair done up in a knot behind his head, his short black beard, his dark skin, naked to the hip, showing up well under his white cap of office and sweeping scarlet comboi. "We shall want coolies to-morrow morning, and mind they are here punctually," said my companion to the Ratamahatmeer.

Alone, amid some splendid tamarind trees and lime bushes, stands the rest-house, but hard by are the huts of a few natives.

The next morning dawned, as many mornings, refreshingly cooled by a canopy of mist, in the damp folds of which we wished to luxuriate for the first few miles of our march; but there were no coolies. The Ratamahatmeer was wisely not to be found, and we were, or rather I was, brought to a full stop. But my friend, the representative of law, knew when to break it; and inviting me to a coolie raid, we advanced boldly on the few huts that lay around our bungalow. First we summoned the garrison to a parley; but being denied that, and our terms of peace being rejected, we proceeded to bombard, and with our sticks very soon effected an entrance. In one case we got more than we expected, in the shape of a pretty native woman with nothing on but what—default a more poetic name—I must call her shift; but the general result of the raid was the unearthing of the unwilling coolies, and thereby the means to proceed on our march. Shall we discuss the right, the justice of this raid, or shall we push on on our way to Kongahawellé, about a a score of miles off?

The first part of the journey led along the main road, a mere bridle one, or at least a very indifferent one for wheels, and through dense low bush hung with many intertwining creepers, from which now and then brilliant flowers peeped forth; and then, at a spot where we sat down to rest, it struck into the great waste of forest with which we were surrounded, and pursued its way, a mere track, through the jungle. At this spot, where we left the main road, a tiny black infant, in full dress, offered us green oranges, but did not dare quite to put them into our hands. I am justified in

saying that this bambino was of the male gender, for though distinctly in full dress, that dress was made up of a bit of string, of a few threepenny-pieces, and of two small bells, which tinkled cheerily as the little legs warily approached. This fashion in dress, my companion told me, had shown itself in a very marked manner on one occasion, when a quantity of new pennies had been sent to him; the loins of youth of both sexes being thereupon adorned with such pence.

We found Kongahawellé to be a native hut, or perhaps two, in the midst of the forest, where a few rice-fields gave occupation to the inhabitants. Our bed (had we not carried our own), the clay floor; our board, a rooster,—"Master, lend gun to shoot one chicken;" the roof, thatch; the walls, clay, but round them many-coloured combois, hung there in honour of the visit of the English magnates. It certainly was a new sensation for John Bull, to light on this solitary family of Cingalese in their native forest, to try so hard to make out which were the men and which were the women, to watch their quiet manners, to wonder over their daily life, and the sum of their happiness compared with the like rank at home. Whilst we were waiting for the chicken, cocoa-nuts were knocked down for us, one of the green ends of the large nut chopped off, and the sweet water given us to drink, or some of the nut to chew.

It was the night of the next day before we reached Ellahara, a repetition of the place we had left at Kongahawellé, only worse. An indescribable scene of confusion lay on the clay floor, where we were to rest. We were all tired, all dirty, all hot. There was of course no dinner ready, the chicken was still unshot; it was too dark to bathe; and all we had to do was to hope for rice and chicken, and wait for bed, notwithstanding that we saw we

were to be co-partners with the surviving chickens, and that I at least had holes in my mosquito curtains.

Oh, those holes! what moral discipline did they not oblige, so as not to covet my friend's curtains that had none! I am determined that you shall come to bed with me, I will not allow you to pass through the Ceylon forests unbitten. No, to-night, tired, dirty, unbathed, amid a wilderness of confusion, heaped on a mud floor, almost in the dark, you shall go to bed. You creep all round your cot outside, that is the first thing you do, and carefully tuck the mosquito-curtains under the mattress. If bitter experience has already warned you, you take a candle and a lucifer-match to bed with you, and then, untucking the smallest portion of the curtain that will avail your purpose, slip lightly into bed and tuck up the hole after you. You are asleep in a moment, and a moment after awake. Oh, that hideous ping-ing that has awakened you! You seize the blanket, and burying yourself in it, head and all, fall asleep again for another minute. But to remain head and all under a blanket on a sultry night in the Ceylon forests is a position that can only be endured for, say, seconds; and panting, bathed in perspiration, you emerge from your harbour of refuge. Ping-ing! Oh, misery! And how tired you are. What a long march you have done, and what a long one you have to-morrow! You seize your fan and commence a new form of relief, under the influence of which you again fall asleep; and again ping-ing, and you are wide awake once more. You strike a match, you light the candle, you seek fruitlessly, but more diligently than the housewife after the lost piece, for the persecuting ping-ing, and blowing the light out, hopeless and exhausted, fall fast asleep. Morning breaks, or rather it is perhaps between two and three A.M., when you have to get up to

resume your march, and for the first second or two you have no very distinct recollection of last night's engagements; but your eye catches the candle in bed with you, and gradually the whole scene comes back. You look at your "pyjamas," bloody witnesses of the fray; you search further, and discover what reason compels you to accept as you, but so changed! The fair skin, that went to bed custard, rises plum-pudding—blotched, red, swollen, and, oh! so itchy; except a slice of lime, there is no relief. With me it was on the 9th of March when "ye fyte" began, and not until the 17th do I see two words in my journal, "Repaired curtains!"

The slight glimmer of day showed us that our house had no side walls; and, stumbling from out the confusion within, swallowing our early cocoa and bread, we prepared for another and, to-day, terribly hot march of nineteen miles to Kala-ha-Kala. My companion had a pony; but it was very well we were both good walkers, for otherwise the share of one quadruped would hardly have sufficed the two bipeds. There had been another stampede among the coolies, and another raid had to be made; but eventually, pushing oneself into clothes still damp from yesterday's perspiration, we got off. The march led us by the Ambaganga River, and across streams which we had to ford. By one of these streams, hopeless of better fare, we sat down to feed, mixed a little of Moore's cocoa with cold water, and cut a slice of bread and bacon; it was an excellent repast till indigestion came on, and then it was not. By what beauties, though, did we not breakfast! Gaudy butterflies flew past, lovely creepers hung before us, and other flowers mingled with the dense green bushes that laved the stream. On this march we saw elephant tokens; an animal with a tail like a fox, in

shape like a weazel, and as big as a big dog; and a wild boar. As we neared our halt, we met, in an open rice-grown swamp, some Moors, who were carrying rice, and who gave us a bit of jaggery—a dark brown sweet.

At this night's halt we were again honoured by the natives, who hung their combois round the mud walls of our hut, and gave us pumpkins to eat, and water out of dried gourds to drink. Next day we had a short march of about seven miles to Oodooelli, a field near to the solitary rest-house close to Toparé, where we remained three days. Leaving the rice-fields by which the village Kala-ha-Kala, where we had slept, was surrounded, we struck first on to an old disused tank, across the reedy bottom of which a herd of half-wild buffaloes came tearing along, snorting, and banging their wooden bells. No wonder they flushed half a dozen wild ducks in their course, and raised snipe and water-fowl innumerable; then our way led us through forest, opening out every now and again on beautiful heavily-grassed vistas of park-like scenery. A little further, and we come on Doomoodooderra (I am not answerable for this name, my companion is), a large sheet of water, perfectly covered with lilies and aquatic plants, and from which water-fowl rose in every direction; and then we reached the solitary one-roomed hut at Oodooelli, which had to accommodate three of us for three days. It consisted of a thatched-roofed mud-walled building, standing within a stockade, and close to the Toparé Lake. We were now at Pollanarua, in the precincts of Prakrama, a mighty king A.D. 400, the monuments of whose greatness—in the huge artificial lake, twelve or fourteen miles round, with dams, sluices, and high embankments, rising fifteen feet over the water-level; in the many ruins but recently cleared from the forest—we were here to see and to photograph; for

Mr. Lawton, the successful photographer from Kandy, has to join us here.

It is very, very hot; and though bathed in a clear stream hard by the rest-house, we are somewhat refreshed, yet the sun streaming through the open porch, and not to be kept out by a talipot-palm mat hung from the roof, scarce lets us eat our breakfast in peace, but irritates us, as does the news brought by a messenger, and pricked on a strip of Palmyra palm-leaf, that Mr. Lawton is brought to a stand-still, default of coolies, at Mineré, some miles off. Peremptory orders are sent off accordingly to the head man of that district, to provide the necessary supplies, and meanwhile we listen to the report of the Peons (sort of official servants), who have been sent to forage for our dinner. Two whistling ducks, a water-pheasant, five snipe, and a fat old wild sow, that has to be buried immediately it is brought in. We try to make ourselves comfortable, lying on the palm mats stretched over the earth floor; but there are many creeping things about, and those two great, buzzing, black, stinging "carpenter beetles" are most annoying. We welcome evening, stroll out in the breathless, sultry air, and sit down on one of the massive sluices of this great lake of olden days. Flights of bittern sail over our heads and, lighting on the far side of the lake, whiten the trees where they roost; the fish eagle screams; the red cardinal bird, and the double-crested hornbill go to bed; the grey-bearded wanderoo monkey utters his semi-growl; whilst quantities of lesser "rilowas," dropping and springing from branch to branch, keep up a screaming chatter, or else pass silent and ghost-like through the branches; tortoises wake up sleepily; an owl begins to hoot; snakes haunt the partially ruined sluice, on the stones of which we are seated; and as night

gradually closes in around us, the pertinacious goat-sucker (night hawk) begins his incessant talk. It is impossible to tell whether that dark object crossing the lake in front of us is a buffalo swimming, or a solitary canoe making its way among the crocodiles and lotus leaves. We sit and watch it as it silently moves across the tank, sit till we can see it no longer; and then rising, and stumbling over the frequent tortoise, make our way back to the rest-house. Why is it that the recollection of some moments dwell with us so vividly, and others pass so entirely away? The memory of that darkening evening by Prakrama's Lake is with me now, as though we sat there still. I feel the deep quiet. I feel the sort of ghostly wonder that crept over us as we saw that black thing resolutely pushing across the lake. I feel the utter indifference to our presence of the thick profusion of the animal life by which we were surrounded. I feel, not the apprehension, for that did not exist, but the lazy conjecture that we felt as to whether or no the stone that bore us sheltered a deadly snake. I feel the still, damp, warm atmosphere. I hear the monosyllables we spoke. I am conscious of the sense there derived, of the marvellous profusion of life. Yes! alone on those stones we were in the midst of an overflowing abundance of life, animal and vegetable; life that, if man was swept from the earth, need not tremble; life, begotten of a Will so immeasurably great that the mind of man fails even to conceive its outline.

Our walk next morning was effected in a perfect bath of perspiration. The thermometer only marked 103°; but the heat was of that dead, heavy, enervating kind, that it was impossible even to clean the glasses for photographing, much less to photograph. We walked to the grand ruins, for information about which I refer you to Tennant, and which

we were here to photograph; and midst beautiful glades of open forest, midst herds of spotted deer, and by numerous track of elephant, we came first on the ruins of the ancient palace, then on a seven-storied house, then on a huge dageba, then on a grand statue of Buddha, and then on a recumbent one. These grand relics of bygone power, divided from one another by half miles of dense forest, tell of a time when they were all united in one imposing whole—of a time when "Prakrama flooded one court with milk and another with oil," and Mrs. P. "surmounted the Rankot Dagoba with a gold umbrella." We selected sites for photographing. To-morrow we must really begin; but there are more glasses wanted, so "Weité" must go to Kandy to get them—three days' hard travelling there, and three to come back. "Balypooly" might go; but he and "Sinnatamby" and "Tamby Mootoo," Tamils and Peons, are wanted for our welfare, so "Weité," I think the head Peon, goes.

There is a village near to our rest-house, which (the rest-house) is, of course, during our stay, the centre of attraction to the villagers; and, with a horde of lesser lights, Mr. Tenabandé, the head man or Ratamahatmeer, visits us, and, in his train, Mr. Apohamie, the Koralie or second, and Mr. Pooncharalie, the Arachie or third titled dignitary. Little do they or we think of the fact that a very deadly snake has just been killed in the rest-house, which by this time has got into a mess of indescribable dirt and disorder. The talipot matting is covered with earth; boxes, beds, clothes (dry and damp) lie about in every direction; the bread, besides being full of ants, is likely enough full of dirt too, as probably it is on the floor. Your own body tingles with mosquito bites, and, moist with constant perspiration, feels at ease only when bathing. Let

us, however, mix a little sherry, quinine, and cocoa-nut water together, and then follow Mr. Lawton and photograph Alhayagiriya, the temple; Watté-da-ga, the place of worship where offerings are made to Buddha; Sat Mahal Prasada, the seven-storied house; and many other ruined buildings. Let me here, too, advertise these photographs, for they are good, and bring Mr. Lawton's (of Kandy) agents—John Anderson and Co., 32, Great St. Helen's—to your notice.

To obtain an interior view of a temple hewn out of a block of isolated granite rock—the Galwiharé—we had to break down the walled-up entrance; sacrilege which, under promise of a better wall, was submitted to by all but one Buddhist present. The enormous statues of Buddha, which here have been cut out of the granite, and rest against its exterior surface, have each that same placid waiting expression which all have, whether found in Hindostan, Ceylon, or Japan. The almost exact similarity is not unworthy of notice, seeing that each statue must have been cut by men widely separated by age and place.

Whilst the wall was being broken down by a score of willing coolies, I amused myself with eating betel-leaf, areca-nut, and chunam—a pungent mixture, not disagreeable, but which dyes the teeth red, and is offensive in appearance when too much used. A centipede, like a parboiled lobster in colour and a crayfish in shape, six inches in length, was caught; and a praying mantis, in appearance like a bit of straw, with its two fore feet in the attitude (whence its name) of prayer, turned up for inspection. A stone creature, "Makra Torréna," with snout of elephant, ears of pig, head of dragon, and feet of lion, adorns pretty frequently some of the various ruins, from which we had to go on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 16th of March, and make for Velan

Kardo, seven miles off, leaving Mr. Lawton at Toparé, he kindly lending me his pony for a couple of days.

The ride led us by rice-fields knee-deep in mud, through lovely glades, leaving the "Gunner's Coin" mountain, a well-known landmark, on our right. We saw some Marabou storks. Our halt was at a Tamil village; our dinner of chickens, eaten like tailors, squatted on a talipot palm-leaf mat; and our night's rest, a night's unrest, by reason of the mosquitoes, which neither the squalling of peacocks in the jungle, nor a fire of elephant's dung, would intimidate. In this village of heavily thatched mud houses within stockades, there were two young elephants which had been caught last season, probably in the way that will henceforth be altogether adopted, kraals being too expensive. A couple of men will go out into the jungle, and, selecting an elephant, will noose him round the hind leg, and fasten him to a tree. This method of capture requires great dexterity and some daring, one of the men having, I think, to attract the elephant in front, while the other nooses him from behind.

Once more on the trudge, making for Kotoopillani for breakfast, seven miles off; then down the Mahawellé Ganga River to the village of Kanderkardoo, ten miles farther. The first part of the march leads us through the clean-swept village of Onamie, and through exquisite park-like scenery, the dense forest opening out into beautiful glades of grass, with clumps of trees interspersed. As we march, we come on a parson bird (black stork, with grey neck), mutely addressing an invisible audience. Perhaps it was saying how much more the old kings had done for the island than its recent conquerors have; perhaps asking where all the dense population had gone; perhaps explaining how most of the old tanks, whose waters used to fertilise the country, had been

allowed to go to waste; perhaps proving how much could be grown in this fertile country, if only a little care was given, and how, instead of an importation of rice, an exportation would arise, if artificial irrigation was more attended to; *perhaps* he was saying all these wise things, but he looked rather stupid. For our accommodation a "pandall" (a withy booth, hung round inside with combois) had been run up on the banks of the Mahawellé Ganga, where we sheltered from the burning sun.

My companion had not succeeded in shooting a hare, after which he had gone, and so I thought I would try and stalk a peafowl. To do this, the partially dried bed of the river had first to be crossed, then the water in a boat, and then a walk taken through some jungle and rice-fields on the other side. The guides could not speak a word of English, I neither Tamil nor Cingalese; and when we got across, I found the heat so tremendous that I thought nothing less than a sunstroke could happen. My head seemed to swell; the more I tried to make the coolies understand I wanted shade, and to go back, the more they seemed to think I wanted peacocks, and to go on in the open; and not till chatty after chatty of cold water had been soused over my head, did I feel equal to acknowledging that I had not got a peacock, and to attacking a chicken and some ugly clotted red rice. To have endeavoured to make the men understand by speaking to them in Hindostanee, would have been useless, seeing that the languages are totally different. For instance, "fire" is *gindera* in Cingalese, *herepo* in Tamil, and *arg* in Hindostanee.

Whilst engaged with the curry, two men were brought before us, one badly stabbed, and my friend had to administer justice. The prisoner was committed to gaol, and punished

besides for contempt of court. He laughed, but he got what the French would call "one good box," and did not do it again. The wounded man was sent to the hospital at Trincomalee, and I could not help thinking to what hospital could a Cashmerian have been sent, and comparing, favourably for ourselves, the advantages of a Christian and a Hindoo rule. As the afternoon approached, we prepared for our start down the Mahawellé Ganga, and stowing ourselves in one of the two canoes—mere hollowed-out trees—half floated, half paddled down-stream. The scenery was engaging; the river wide, and flowing on in a full current, which, at a flood, would rise as many as twenty feet, the banks thickly clothed in brushwood; whilst, now and again, streams, dark with an immense overgrowth of trees, would pour into the main river. Up one of these, towards dusk, we turned, shooting in amongst thick creepers and under a very tunnel of boughs; landed, crossing a waste of uncultivated rice land, ploughed up by elephant; reached the village of Kandarkardoo, where they were erecting a large bungalow for the Duke of Edinburgh, and stayed there for the night. We first took up our abode at the old rest-house; but the discovery, on the part of my friend, of a nest of black ants, drove us away for shelter to the Duke's bungalow. These ants were trooping out in a long line from a hole in the middle of the rest-house; and, as we had lately been keeping company with praying mantis, centipedes, tic-polongas, millepedes, and carpenter beetles, I thought little of them; but my friend, who had experience of their sting, instantly charged their hole with powder, and we decamped.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vigel River—Comparison of Mahawellé Banks to English Scenery—Down Stream—"Pop's" Troubles—"Whistling Billy"—Elephant with Headache—Breakfast and Bathe—Eccentric Dress—3rd Buffs—Kilhiveddé—Allai Tank—Moodoor—Boat to Trincomalee—The Town—The Harbour—Service—A Drive—Palampootra—Kandelly—The Dutch Burger—The Tapawl—"One Elepant"—Altwais—Tame Fish—Dambool—The Temple—Narlandé—How to make Fire.

THE early morning of the 18th broke. The hollowed-out trees were again freighted, and we on our way down the Mahawellé Ganga, till it branched off into the Vigel, whose course we took. The Vigel is supposed to be an artificially made river, and opens east into the sea at "Trinco." We halted for breakfast at Marviloo, and then walked and rode to Kilhiveddé—sixteen miles of water and nine of land.

It is perhaps, however unjust to Ceylon, only fair to those who strive to get ideas of scenery from reading, to make homely comparisons for them. The banks of the Mahawellé Ganga, before reaching Marviloo, are not very unlike what banks at home would be if covered with a thick hazel forest; at any rate they are greatly made up of bush, and of wood of about hazel-wood size, thickly and closely growing, and thus preventing any one on the river from seeing anything beyond the jungle fringe that lines the water. This jungle is of the kind most dangerous wherein to track elephants; for whilst it offers no resistance to them, it affords no shelter of big trees to the tracker, either to hide behind or to climb up. You may hear any quantity

of big game crashing through the boughs; but unless a sudden opening reveals them, you see nothing.

It was between such framework, then, that you must realise our two canoes paddling down-stream, the hot sun burning on the glassy water, and almost blinding with its reflection therefrom. As we glide on our way—one very rarely, if ever before, made a highway by the Europe man—we startle the many creatures here at home. A pelican, with its pink legs and black and white wings, rises heavily and flies overhead; storks, ibis, eagles, cormorants, Norfolk plover, gulls, and ducks join in flight; the snake-bird wriggles his long neck on the sands; peafowl, rarely seen but often heard, squeal in the bush; the lovely aureole and kingfisher glitter in the bright sky; and crocodiles slip noiselessly into the still waters, when by some sudden turn of the river they are caught napping on the warm sands, or on the slope of a rock in mid-stream.

The distinguishing mark of a thorough sportsman is the care of his guns. It is no wonder, then, that "Pop's" stock having unfortunately, as you may remember, got broken in Cashmere, I should have sent him home. True, he could have been beautifully doctored at Sreenugger; but I remembered the anxious love, Mr. Dougal, of St. James's Street, had bestowed on the stock, measuring it to my arm, looking down the barrel, bidding me point at his eye, causing me to realise him as a tiger, warning me not to shut both eyes. I remembered how carefully the rifle and the gun had been fitted with the same shell, and I thought that "Go, Miss" might pine for "Pop," so I sent them both home.

This care, this laudable zeal in the preservation of my weapons, left me deprived of all but a small revolver. Do

not imagine, however, that, amid elephant and alligator, we were without other fire-arms. If, by reason of the hurry of our march the battery *de cuisine* of my companion was somewhat deficient, the battery of fire-arms was complete. It was, therefore, with no sort of fear that we heard, crashing through the branches on our starboard side, a herd of elephant. My companion silently gave directions to put the canoe ashore, and, pointing to a huge device of death, signalled to me that now was the moment of distinction. The piece of ordnance which I picked up, and which, with another, generally lay loaded in the canoe with their noses in the direction of the passengers, was of enormous proportions, ancient build, and with a propensity to kick. However, it was the best available, and gliding on to the sand, more quietly even than the stealthy native who bore "Whistling Billy's" assistant, we dived into the overhanging jungle, and, crouching up a sort of natural ditch, went to intercept the elephants.

I have endeavoured to describe the sort of wood we were in, and called it hazel. If my "kyind friends" will now realise the facts as they occurred, they will see a Cingalese and the author some hundred yards or so from the river, standing in a small opening, a few feet in circumference, in the dense bush. We had reached this place by the ditch, and had hoped to intercept our big game, there meeting them in full front, or with a shoulder exposed to fire. As it happened, however, we were just a second too late, and arrived in this small bit of more open forest only in time to see the sterns of two elephants, the fore part of their bodies enveloped in the thick slight wood which gradually closed round them, and hid them again from view. They had crossed at right angles to our ditch approach, a second before we got up to where they were visible. I have been blamed for not firing into

their nether quarters; have been told I might have broken a leg, and then the boatmen might have run them down; have been told that then I could have said I *had* shot elephant. Very well! Now I can say, "I *could have* shot elephant." Besides, when you shoot elephant in Ceylon, all you do to ninety-nine out of every hundred you shoot is to cut off the tips of their tails, and then leave the poor brutes' useless, tuskless carcasses to decay in the hot air. I confess I have more pleasure in thinking of the escape these two animals had (for I could not possibly have missed them when they were not a dozen feet from me) from at least the infliction of suffering, than I should have had if now I had been able to take two elephants rampant as my supporters. We returned to the canoe; and at another spot a mater elephant and her child coming down for a drink, "Whistling Billy" had an opportunity for a kick, though mine was not the shoulder that received it; nor was I responsible for the headache which Mrs. E. got in consequence.

Our breakfast of rice, chicken, and cocoa—the bread had run short—was eaten in a glade of dense forest not far from Combonaché, where was a rare preserve of elephants for the Duke. Whilst waiting for breakfast I bathed in the river, and when I had come out a native told me it was very dangerous to go in on account of the alligators. Hundreds of small fish were swimming about, sixty-five of which we caught in one pot by simply dipping it in the water. Here we were joined by a gentleman who had been anxiously waiting to see us for some days past, and who was engaged in opening up some of the irrigation works in the district. After breakfast we crossed to the left side of the river, and made our way, up to our knees in mud, through acres of uncultivated grass, and over two streams, to where

some ponies were waiting for us. Mine was a small dun creature, provided by the Vidhané (Tamil for head man of the village). On the round back of this eccentric animal I had no sooner got than, from some unaccountable reason, I found myself on the broad of my own, looking up inquiringly into the eyes of the bridleless dun, to some muscular action of whose body I attributed my present position. My companions, seeing me in such plight, asked me—why I can't say—what was my old regiment. "3rd Buffs," I said; but it was not. The ride to Kilhiveddé was through lovely forests of beautiful glades of grass, where coolies were hard at work cutting roads and making rest-houses for the visit of the Queen's son; and at Kilhiveddé, a central point in the expected shootings, more preparations had been made and larger accommodation built. We did not dine till 10 P.M., and that was a serious matter.

Bidding adieu to "Wanoriah," head man of the district, and "Vidhané," head man of the village—the latter father of the former—we got into so frail a cockle-shell of a boat, that the farewell injunctions of Wanoriah and Vidhané were "Sit quite still, or she'll upset." To embark on a four-mile cruise with such, as we found, obvious truism ringing in our ears, was not encouraging, to say the least of it. The Allai tank, across the three thousand six hundred acres of whose water we were to go, held three death-warrants: the first was, alligators to eat us if we got upset; the second, water to drown us in; the third was a thick entanglement of weeds and water-flowers, which grew from the bottom of the lake and covered its surface with a rich carpet of grasses, of lotus, of white and lilac lilies, and other flowers and leaves. As we pushed our boat through this forest of water-plants—a great preservative against evaporation—loads of water-fowl rose in

every direction—black-backed geese, whistling and all kinds of duck, rail, cormorant, ibis, bittern. A herd of buffalo came scampering down to the lake, and almost seemed to threaten battle as they tossed their heads in the air, formed a loose order of attack, and snorted; whilst in the distance we saw deer browsing.

The work of reconstruction was going on successfully on this Allai tank; and as we walked for a mile along the fine bund near to Tuppur (pronounced "Topoor"), the sluices of which once more fed the adjoining rice-fields, one could not help reflecting on the many hundred years that had passed since the grand artificial lake had been made. "Please take master's gun and shoot one fowl!" These wretched fowls! why can't they come to be killed instead of fluttering about clucking, and escaping into all sorts of holes and corners? At the rest-house where we breakfasted lived a gentleman—a subordinate of our new companion in charge of the works of reconstruction. Bananas and cocoa-nut trees adorned his garden, and helped probably to encourage numerous snakes, which he, all unwillingly, housed, and which shared with him his board. After breakfast we had a gallop of six miles to Moodoor, notable for the tamarind-tree where John Knox cut his name. And here, refreshed with some hard-boiled eggs, and cocoa-nut water, we took to the sea. Our boat was manned by five Moor men, who rowed and sailed us the eight miles to Trincomalee. It was dark before we got there, from the outer harbour of which into the grand and extensive inner one we at last passed. Here my companion was at home, and I again became the guest of a courteous host.

It was early on Sunday morning when I endeavoured to get an idea of this celebrated harbour and town. The latter is built on the narrow tongue of land that has the broad waves

of the Indian Ocean to its front; the secure, deep-watered, and extensive harbour to its rear. It is a place of hardly any trade, and the few Europeans that live there are chiefly Government officials of one sort or another. Next in social rank to Europeans come the Dutch Burgers, who have become semi-Cingalesed, and whose homes at "Trinco" (leaf houses) are the very expression of easy-going idleness. With a certain similarity to Hobarton, with a magnificent depth and breadth of clear water, with safe anchorage for a fleet, with an outer entrance bay whereby the stormy waters of the open sea are hushed and the entrance to the inner harbour rendered available, sunk amid low hills covered with forest, I yet put the harbour at Hobarton before that at Trincomalee in scenic beauty.

There was service, at which the old and eminent clergyman officiated. We rested, and in the evening took a drive and saw the natives catching and squeezing the hideous beche-de-mer (a huge sea-snail, the trade in which with the Chinese, for the sake of its oil, is very extensive), than which a more sickly sight I never saw. Men pumping water, themselves acting as the weight to raise up the bucket; chilies growing like French beans at home, and among them a pretty green flycatcher plying its trade; gardens and plantations of palms attract the eye as we drive.

Perücolum, near to Nalavelli, a small but useful and pretty lake, is ridden to on Monday, where we are entertained with a story of a python caught in the act. He had swallowed a deer all but the horns, which remained proof of his larceny, sticking out of his mouth. A flight of butterflies also, we were told of, "fifty yards broad," that continued "in an unbroken line for a fortnight." We saw, too, walking fish,

little amphibious creatures that covered the ground near to some brackish marshes close by the sea. A ride in the afternoon by Fort Ostenaburgh finished this day, and to-morrow we (that is I) are away back to Kandy, driven as far as Palampootra (ten miles) by Mr. M'Bride.

The road to this rest-house and new bridge, the main road between Kandy and Trincomalee, is fairly good, and like all the roads of Ceylon passes through thick forest. From Palampootra, a very small cream-coloured pony, christened "The Object!" carried your correspondent fifteen miles farther to Kandelly, which he reached about 5 P.M. There is a most exquisite artificial lake at Kandelly, a bijou among lakes, and one whose weedless clear water, and whose luxuriant forest banks, would sell for a million if transplanted to England, especially if its countless snipe and waterfowl were given in. The rest-house is a mere hovel; and whilst I was enjoying (?) my evening meal of rice and chicken, eaten in all the usual dirt and disorder now so much a matter of course, a Dutch Burger drove up in his bullock cart. "Sit down," said I, "and eat; but I am afraid I cannot afford you anything to drink." So we two dined together, and entered upon a sort of half-understood conversation. My suite consisted of three coolies, "The Object," and "Sinney Tamby," a Peon who had been kindly lent to cook for me and talk to me as well as he could. By his advice and the Burger's I was persuaded to avail myself of the torch of a "Tapawl" (postman) who, starting at 9 P.M. that evening, ran with his bag of letters, thirteen miles, to Alutoya.

Pitch dark it was when we started, and our procession was formed: first the "Tapawl," then "The Object," then the three coolies and Sinney Tamby. The red glare

of the palm-torch illumined only us few figures and the immediate foreground of dense black forest. The air was hot, heavy, and still, broken in upon only by the cry of some night-bird, and as I trudged along, leading the pony, the intense quiet of the place and the sultry air almost set me to sleep-walking. Suddenly the "Tapawl" stopped and began to swing his long torch round violently, crying out at the same moment in an excited tone something that sounded to me like "Chaga." Perfectly indifferent to all that was behind, his attention riveted on something in front, he neither moved when I endeavoured to make him, nor cared when he hit me with the burning end of the torch. Connecting a black wood, a torch, and midnight together, I conceived that the stoppage arose from a hobgoblin, and turned to Sinney Tamby to get some information. The scene, as I looked back, was very picturesque. All but where the torch sent its red light was steeped in impenetrable darkness; where there was light, it rested on the green boughs that immediately overhung the path, and on the white figures and earnest faces of my companions, staring anxiously to the front. "What is it all about?" said I to Sinney Tamby. "Pray," said he. "Pray," said I; "but what about?" still under the impression that it was some malicious spirit that barred our progress. "He pray to God to keep prom harm." "But what harm?" said I. "One elepant," said Sinney Tamby. "He kill one man." And just as he said that, gathering probably from the "Tapawl," whose excited cry was still going on, that the right moment of escape had come, he and the coolies all rushed past me, and left me holding on to "The Object's" head, who was pulling hard against the reins, anxious to bolt anywhere away from where he was.

As the cry of the Tapawl ceased, I heard quite close, but could not see, the crunching of the branches, and presumed there was the "elepant." It did occur to me to think if my revolver would go off; but fearing that the result might be, if it did, that the elephant would come on, I refrained, and followed the coolies. A "Rogue" or "Allien," that is, a single elephant, separated from a herd, is dangerous, and if ever he has killed a man, especially so, and it was provoking not to have had the means wherewith to clear from the Tapawl's nightly beat this Rogue. Sinney Tamby afterwards told me he was not frightened. I am not aware, however, that I said he was. It was prudence, no doubt, that carried him past me with the coolies at the moment of his finishing his explanation of in what consisted our danger. We changed our Tapawl at Kitloot, where, in the lonely forest, one palm hut held a few men, and pushing on, reached Altwaia, or Alutoya, I am not sure how it is spelt, about 1 A.M. Thus, in this one day, we had put about thirty-eight miles between us and Trincomalee.

These rest-houses are Government houses, and are shameful. Dirty, untidy, tumbling down, the best of them put to shame by almost the worst Indian one. This at Altwaia was on the top of a slight hill, at the bottom of which flowed a stream, in which that morning, after a few hours' sleep, I bathed. Whilst in the water, I was literally attacked by the fish, the little things positively nibbling at me as I lay in the stream. This is no exaggeration. On another occasion, as we were sitting by a stream, I amused myself by feeding the fish out of my hand. They had no objection to this whatever; but when I changed my views, and endeavoured to catch them as well as feed them, after the second attempt they declined all further con-

nection with the clumsy biped of doubtful principles; and neither food nor finger could again get them within reach.

Wednesday's noon saw us *en route* again, and at 5 P.M. found us seventeen miles farther on our way back to Kandy, and at even a worse rest-house; roof more dilapidated, mud floor, and walls more crumbling, and the attendant with less capability to assist the traveller. There were no incidents on the road, except falling asleep on "The Object," and being always too late to shoot a jungle fowl, as with their splendid plumage they slowly crossed the path in front, and became at once lost to sight in the thick jungle on either side. We are now about fifteen miles from Dambool, where, as far as rest-house is concerned, we shall be in clover. Sinney Tamby said we could not go on at 3 A.M., when I awoke him, because of "elepants," so we did not start till five. The way lay pleasantly in shade; monkeys swung themselves about among the leafy branches; jungle-cock strutted across the road; a drove of tavillums (bullocks) came "kettle-um, kettle-um" along the path; and at Enavelli, where was a mud hut or two, some one knocked down a cocoa-nut, and gave me the sweet cool water to drink. Once at Dambool, you feel you are back in the world; there are a good rest-house there, a road on which you can drive, perhaps a European, and a tolerable large collection of natives and Buddhist priests.

It was towards the set of sun that, tired and hot, the writer was seated on the slope of the dark blue-grey gneiss or granite mountain that, rising some considerable considerable height over Dambool, overlooks it. The way up had been by almost natural steps worn in the rock, embosomed in white temple-flower trees, whose leafless branches and heavily-scented flowers were relieved at times by bananas

and palms; and the way down lay first over the smooth surface of the rock on the other side, and then by a path to the plain beneath. It was here, half-way up this mountain that, fifty years before the Christian era, a temple had been cut out of the solid rock, and still remained witness to the faith in honour of which it was hewn. Let us look first at the view that is stretched out beneath our feet. What a glorious and matchless one! How distinct from Cashmere or Japan! yet how difficult to convey in words the peculiarity of the difference! Beneath us lies a sea of green forest, brilliant in colouring, abundant in rich waves, and folds of luxuriant vegetation. From out this ocean of palms and other trees there stands one, perhaps two, rock islands, quaint in shape, and isolated; of these, the quaintest, in the far eastern distance, is "Sigori," rising in one huge piece of rock from out the wood lake at its base. The horizon is bounded to the west by an amphitheatre of conical or rounded mountains, on whose rugged peaks the quickly-setting sun throws mystic shadows; and as the still atmosphere and dying day invites to reverie, these distant hills become peopled with angels, and the forest garden at our feet tenanted only by our first parents. Alas! the yellow-robed bald priest of Buddha wakes us from our dream, and bids us follow him to his shrine. It is in the dark rock that the temple has been hewn, having, as a platform on the outside, a ledge of the same rock; into it we pass, and find the roof of the cave sloping gradually down on the farther side. The ceiling is emblazoned in colouring, and represents events more or less mythical—elephants kneeling, people with uplifted hands, and gods many. Round the cave are numerous idols, each with a curtain before it; sacred water drips through the roof; a red Dagoba, ornamented with tinsel, and an

enormous recumbent statue of Buddhà, to whom flowers are offered, are found within the cave. The place is heavy with incense, and rings with a sepulchral echo if perchance there is noise; but the yellow priests flit noiselessly about, and add to the semi-sacred, semi-stupid feeling that the place begets. Are these gods, that with those features calm, contemplative, expectant, line the wall? Is that incense Catholic? Who are these priests to whom cleanliness is godliness? Without, we have dreamt of what *was;* within, we find what *is*. The intellect reels as, mixing up in one inextricable web the apple, the folly of the philosophy of Buddha, its millions of disciples, the prey (in nature) of life on life, the gnaw (in man) of the mind as it feeds on the soul, or the cud-chew of the soul as it digests but that portion of the mind it dares,—and, breaking from the hollow echo of the cavern, we seek relief in action.

It was noon before we got breakfast the next day, and we were up at 3 A.M. Where we did get it was at Narlandé, fifteen miles from Dambool, on our course to which place we came on a group of Tamil coolies, returning to the continent of India. Two were engaged in making a fire; one of these turned a small dry stick round and round between the palms of his hands, its end resting in a small socket of another bit of stick of the same size and shape; the other fed the socket, in which lay a small bit of dry rag, with his breath; and when the rag smouldered, folded it and covered it with leaves, and the fire was kindled. I threw down a sixpence and picked up the sticks. Can I make a fire? "The Object" seemed sadly tired when it cantered up to the rest-house at Martalé about 7·30 P.M. the same evening; and having finished its engagement, returned next day on its way back to Trincomalee, leaving its late employer amid the dimly-lighted houses that

made up the native bazaar. We eat jack-fruit, with its nasty putrid sort of taste, and not "sour squash," because we are told that it resembles flannel steeped in vinegar, and on Tuesday find ourselves in Colombo, in a most oppressive atmosphere, though the thermometer only marks 90°.

CHAPTER XIX.

Colombo—Arrival of the Prince—The covered Way—Road to Avisewellé—The Don's Breakfast and Testimonials—Description of a Kraal—Saturday—Sunday—Monday—Bopé—The Rest-house at Hangwellé—Galle Coach—The East *pro* and *con*.—The Mails—Letters—An Introduction—The *Travancore*—Fare from Sydney to Hong Kong.

TO-MORROW, the 30th of March, the Duke of Edinburgh lands at Colombo. Royal punctuality! 5 P.M. the *Galatea* lies in the offing, where all ships must lie that have dealings with Colombo; and, mid a long line of native boats, mid a royal salute, H.R.H. is pulled in his gig to the end of the short pier of wood. Sir Hercules Robinson (Governor) meets him here, and, a little farther up, within a circular temporary building, Lady Robinson and the *élite* of Colombo are assembled.

How different this, the busy part of Colombo, looked to day! All the little bullock carts gone, and the whole place and people *en fête*. Pandall is the proper name for the succession of booths, the covered way, through which the Prince passed, from the pier-head to where the Governor's carriage waited for him at the far end. A quantity of areca-nut palms had been cut down, and stuck on either side of the way; an arched roof, by means of split wood, bamboo, and what not, had been formed, and it hung with grasses, jack-fruit, cocoa-nut, grapes, and a varied and rich stock of other fruits, flowers, ferns, and leaves; the walls being similarly adorned. The effect of the whole was

exceedingly light and graceful. This covered way continued unbroken for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then detached itself into triumphal arches and other signs of welcome. Lining it on either side were natives, head men of districts and villages, native officials and Buddhist priests. What a funny lot of guys they looked! They had been ordered to come in their best bib and tucker, and, with the privilege of the halfpenny cat, we may look at them. Their feet were, as likely as not, shod in a pair of English highlows; their combois (petticoats) of many colours, twisted into a sort of trouser shape at the ankle, tucked between the legs, and gathered into an indescribable huge bustle where a bustle ought to be. On their shoulders they wore a short brocaded jacket, and on their heads an enormous hat, in shape, size, and appearance like an exaggerated cook's white cap. Perhaps they held in their hand a large fan or hand-screen, whilst pendent from their waists might hang one, two, or three gold medals, self-acquired, or relics of the extreme satisfaction with which the supreme Government had noticed Moodliar So-and-so's conduct, and whose son now inherited his papa's honours. Some might have a short scimitar into the bargian, and some enormous rings, bigger than a five-shilling piece, and studded with small jewels. This description is given to try to convey the idea of many in one, but you may vary the dresses *ad lib.* All sorts of incongruities existed: intensely Cingalese sub-extremities surmounted by a prosaic and battered "billy-cock;" small scimitars and very eighteen-penny-looking kid gloves; whilst in some an enormous tortoiseshell back-comb, fastening up the, to our idea, woman's long hair on a man's head, was all that existed different to an ordinary European costume to mark the owner as Cingalese. Men there were, armed with

a hand-screen six feet in length and decorated with a portrait of Queen Victoria; men whose beginnings bare, were swathed as to their middles, jacketed in the upper regions, and capped with a conical absurdity. The Buddhist priests alone of the motley crew had any pretensions to the picturesque, as, lining the entrance to the covered way, on the land side, they sat silent. Perfectly bald, their bare brown faces and skulls shone from out folds of the richest-coloured amber satin; this, their only dress, was thrown about them in a form that could claim neither beginning nor ending, and in their hands they carried a hand-screen. Perhaps the satin of the highest was more than Gotama of old would have permitted, but then the lowest sort had on only yellow stuff: but how would not the founder's tender heart have grieved had he known that his second highest servant lay in prison, under sentence of death, convicted of having instigated two men to murder another priest.

On Thursday there was a levee, when the Duke received with the grace that is natural to him and his family. Lady Robinson gave a ball the next night, and every one went to the "kraal" on Saturday. The Avisewellé kraal is some thirty-five miles from Colombo, and the road throughout is lined with decorations. These for the most part take the shape of thin wands stuck at intervals along the side of the road, from which strips of the young palm-leaf are hung on strings of the same. Triumphal arches are met with at the junctions of roads, where the arch is made into a sort of temple, under which you dive. One of these had a very peculiar effect—made of something that looked like coarse hair from a mattress (cocoa-nut fibre probably), dark brown in colour, mixed with yellow, and having trumpeting elephants on the top of the arch. One

arch had Scripture quoted on it; and all nearly were hung with fruits and nuts, pines, oranges, limes, lemons, grapes, areca-nuts, bananas, cocoa-nuts. A handsome Cape horse drew four of us merrily along the good road, and helped us to pass many less fortunate "crawl" seekers (at least, kraal is pronounced *crawl*). Some were walking; some were riding; some wearily plodding along in bullock bandies (carts); some contemplating the effect of an upset dog-cart; some masters wondering where their stupid Syce (groom) had taken their change of horse, and some Syce wondering why their stupid masters did not come to the spot appointed for the change. We made our first change at the little rest-house of Kaduwellé, seven miles on the road; the next at Hangwellé Fort, about seven miles farther on. Here Don Christofel Dias Bandarenayke, Modliar of the Cina Corle, gave a luncheon to the Duke. The table, covered with a profusion of fruits and flowers, wild and cultivated, looked beautifully cool, graceful, and inviting.

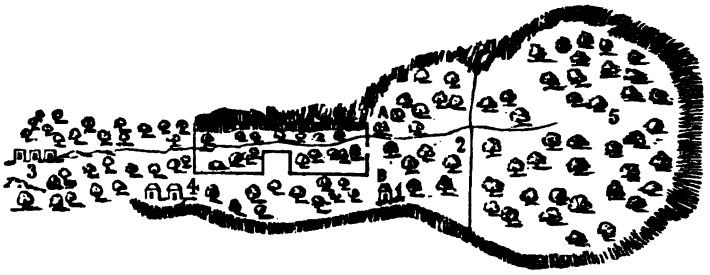
I hold a pamphlet of "The Testimonials and other Documents" of the Don's family, "arranged in the order in which they were received." "Buchan" gave a testimonial in '3, and "North" a medal. "Moubray" gave a testimonial in '4. They were given in '5 and in '6. From "Brownrigg" is gotten another medal in '18, and in '22 the Don of that day is "faithful" to "Hardy," whilst in '43 "Campbell" "confidently trusts" the Don's example will be "followed."

At Hangwellé we found horses. There were four of us, however, to ride three horses; so at Bopé, a rest-house, about half way out of the eleven remaining miles, I walked. The road for much of the way ran along the Kalané River, through jungle of palm, and by many native villages and

solated huts. It was tremendously hot; indeed, during the whole time of the kraal it might be admissible to say we wrung our clothes out at night in consequence of the perspiration by day.

And now for the kraal. Imagination to the front! Realise an enormous jungle, *i.e.* here, at least, neither more nor less than an immense dense forest. Part of this natural wood, a large part, had been cleared for this occasion, and on a slight eminence in this clearing a pavilion had been erected for the Duke of Edinburgh, commanding most lovely views of the forest in the foreground, of the sea, and some higher mountains in the distance. Adjoining the pavilion separate bungalows, all of palm, had been erected for the different officials. Nearer to the actual kraal, access to which was strictly forbidden to the general public, and overlooking it, was the single bungalow of the Government Agent, Mr. Saunders, to whom was owing the success of the whole arrangements of this kraal. Though until driven into the actual stockade, the elephants were perhaps half a mile from this bungalow, almost complete silence was maintained in it, people spoke in whispers, and went about on tip-toe. The general public were located in "Kraal Town." Now Kraal Town was the work of one energetic "Nicholls." May his shadow never be less than his prices! who had run up wicker-work shanties for £10, and provided refreshments for an unknown quantity of pounds. But this town had to be built partly for the sake of quietness, partly for the sake of being near a stream, some distance from the actual site of the kraal; and it was therefore with gratitude that I availed myself of the offer of a shake-down at Mr. Saunders's bungalow, which immediately overlooked it. And now let us look from this bungalow over where the elephants were on

Saturday, the 2nd of March, the day we went out, and where they were on Sunday, the 3rd of March, the day they went into the kraal.



The kraal is made of enormously strong palisading; the inlet, led to by a bridge, is the Duke of Edinburgh's stand, and is built entirely on large trees, there growing, to prevent the chance of upset by the elephants.

1 is Mr. Saunders's bungalow, many feet above the kraal and the jungle.

2 is a path cut across the jungle.

3 is the position of Kraal Town, the stream at which (the line marks its course) runs through the kraal.

4 the position of the Duke's pavilion and the other bungalows.

5 where the elephants were on Saturday.

You must understand that the circle of jungle given on the paper was rising up from the kraal towards its outer edge, and had the aspect of a horse-shoe. The side of the kraal opposite to you, as you look at the paper, sloped up from the centre; the Duke's pavilion (not stand) and that of Mr. Saunders's being at a much higher elevation than that of Kraal Town and the kraal. If you have at all grasped the idea of the site, you must now understand that when we looked from Mr. Saunders's bungalow on Saturday we looked down upon nothing but tree-tops; jungle lay in the kraal, out of the kraal, and all around for miles and miles, except

where, as at the pavilion, a piece had been cleared. For months previous to the present time the elephants had been gently induced to enter this locality, and were now surrounded by a thousand natives, the ends of whose half circle rested on the stockade flanks, A, B. As you can imagine, therefore, all must be silence in front of the elephants, all noise behind. Thus all Saturday night shouting was kept up by the natives, swelling into a long chorus yell if the elephants approached too near the human enclosure, and fires, of which the elephant possesses a wholesome dread, burned amid the thousand Cingalese watchers. As you looked over the jungle, which I shall again, fault of better, compare to an English hazel wood with large trees intermingled, you saw by the waving of the wood the whereabouts of the elephants, but them you saw not. At times, in the horse-shoe circle, you heard a rush, and crash went tree after tree, as a panic seized the unwieldy beasts.

And now for an ignoble comparison! Imagine yourself Hop-o'-my-thumb, looking down upon a drove of twenty-five pigs in a ripe corn field. Just as you would see with awe the corn-stalks bend and crash under their weight, so did we see the power and effect of these five-and-twenty elephants amid the jungle of Avisewellé.

The Duke and Sir Hercules arrived at dusk on Saturday; and whilst taking a walk that evening with "His Ex.," we came upon what, to me at least, was a new creature—a millepede; a pretty black thing, that when I took it in my hand coiled itself and its thousand feet into a ring, and looked like a bit of black jet or ebony. On Sunday there was an early service, and after it, it was deemed well "to drive." For months previous, as I have said, the elephants had

been urged closer and closer to their doom, by means of slight noises; they, always thinking that as they walked forward they were escaping from their foe, instead of flying into his meshes. But now it was becoming patent even to them that they were being enclosed, and the longer they allowed themselves to be pressed the less safe they became. You see path "2," which is shown on the plan—that was cut so as, when the elephants got pressed down toward the stockade, the pursuers might have greater power to force them into the kraal mouth. Of their own accord the elephants would not cross this; and at times during Saturday afternoon we would see the boughs bend near to the path, and some one of the herd reconnoitre it, attest its danger, and induce the others to seek a safer spot somewhere between the path and the outer circle. When, however, the actual drive began, when the tom-toms beat louder, when guns were fired oftener, when fires burnt up brighter on the outer circle, and when shriller screams more than ever confused the elephants and alarmed them, they began to think that after all there was less danger in the path than the people. Driven to it, therefore, they crossed. It was a strange sight. A great one-tusker led the way out of the jungle on one side into it on the other, then twenty-eight others, of all sexes and sizes, down to one no bigger than a Newfoundland dog. No sooner had they crossed, than surge, and down swept the great ring of yelling natives. They lined the path, they lit fires on it, they climbed up trees and posts, purposely prepared, and they tom-tom'd, screamed, and shot off guns more vigorously than ever. And now the fray waxed furious. The more their danger appeared imminent, the more the elephants tried to escape; the more they tried to escape, the fiercer waxed the shouts of their pursuers.

The enclosure of the elephants was now very much narrowed, for the encircling line was bounded by the path instead of by the outer ring. But even this, their last sanctum, was invaded by some of the more daring of the Cingalese, and fires were lit even here. Once and again an elephant, the position of which was easily seen by the waving boughs, would come up even against the very stockade, and so into view—a position that seemed to awaken in him the liveliest apprehensions, and again instantly he would dive back into the bush. Already great gaps were being formed in this narrowed refuge place, and amid trumpeting and shrill screams great patches of wood would be laid low, and the elephants brought to view. But something evidently must be done, the fires are getting closer behind, the stockade is in front; there is no help for it, this yelling, firing multitude must be charged! Mr. Saunders, with whom we were, and who had brought the Duke to this the best spot wherefrom to view the entrance of the elephants into the kraal, saw the danger, and, rushing down from our eminence, flew to the spot where he saw the elephants were making ready to charge. It was a critical time; for had they once broken through the human string that surrounded them, Ceylon was open to them. Alas! for the poetry of this moment; alas! for the pluck with which I would wish to endow you, oh you great ugly "elepant!" Mr. Saunders checked this charge with his umbrella! Yes, I am afraid it is true, that notwithstanding his mutterings of thunder, his shrill trumpetings, his mighty strength, Mr. Elephant is "one coward." This was a case of escape or arrest, of life or death almost, and yet I saw one man turn an elephant by poking his long pointed wand in the very brow of the beast, whilst Mr. Saunders undoubtedly turned the charge with his

umbrella! Thwarted in their attempt to escape, the herd turned to destruction, and uptore the jungle; and really what was on Saturday a thick jungle or forest, became on Monday within the kraal, and to-day (partially) without it, a fallow field.

As it was impossible to charge an umbrella that opened and shut in that remarkable manner, and as there was yet one way open, these monarchs of the forest quietly—everything they do is done quietly, with a sort of slow precision—walked into the kraal. On rushed the crowd, in went the bars, up went three cheers, and the elephants were kraaled. The crowd surrounded the stockade, fires were lighted, and if ever the elephants approached too near the enclosure, extra wands were poked at them; as in "Rejected Addresses," oh, my stars! they poked the wands between the bars, and pricked them in the nose. There was nothing more done that day, except that some tame elephants were turned into the kraal to break down the trees about the Duke's stand, a work which was soon rendered unnecessary on Monday.

The kraal was, as you see, in shape like a parallelogram, two long sides and two short ends, and the Duke's stand was in the centre. That side of the stockade on which is the stand was that which commanded the best view of the kraaling, and where were two other stands exterior to the kraal, soon full of anxious spectators. As there were too few good places outside the kraal, and too many people who wanted to see well, the stockade was soon surmounted, and I and many others risked an attack of the wild herd within. Some of us had taken up what we hoped was a good position on the stump of an old tree, when we saw that the safety of our site was endangered from a cause not expected, viz., a tame

elephant. This was a young one, that had been brought in in the hopes of assisting at the kraaling; but when he saw the wild elephants, he got so frightened that he had to be taken out, being nearly as dangerous as the wild ones themselves; the Mahouts first roped, and then chained him to a tree, but it was no use, and he had to be taken out. Then four more tame ones were proved incompetent, and out of eight tame elephants, only three remained to capture twenty-nine wild ones. Whether it was the fact of there being so few; whether it was that low country Mahouts had been engaged to serve with proud Kandians, and that the latter would not work with the former; whether it was that of the three tame elephants the finest was a private elephant and the Mahout would not risk him much against the wild ones; whether it was the unusual circumstance of a "rogue" being amongst the herd of wild elephants, or the fact of there being many mothers and their young; which of these reasons was the true one, or whether all together produced the effect, the fact remained that the kraal—though a complete success, indeed, perhaps more interesting on account of its failure, if you may call it so—yet differed in detail from others that I heard spoken of, or that are related by Tennant.

The herd of wild elephants was led by this one-tusked "rogue." He had, it was said, already killed a European, and had had the tip of his tail cut off. Probably on some occasion, stunned by a shot, the shooter had cut off the tip of his tail and left him for dead. At any rate, he was known to be dangerous. The duty of wild elephants when kraaled is this. When they see the tame ones advancing towards them, they ought to turn round and walk slowly away; the Mahout on the neck of the tame

elephant slips down, nooses one of the wild ones by a hind leg; the coir rope being attached to the neck of the tame one, this tame one then turns round, walks away in the opposite direction, and the wild one finds himself a prisoner. That, I believe, is what ought to have happened; but what did occur was this. The herd of wild elephants and the three tame ones, on one of which, with the Mahout, rode one of the Duke's aides, stood facing each other on the face of the hill, now pretty well cleared of smaller wood opposite the royal stand. The order was given to advance, and the splendid leader of the three tame elephants walked quietly on ahead of his two companions. I dare say he expected the wild ones to play their proper *rôle;* but the "rogue," separating himself from the herd, stood out, defiant and alone. Neither wild nor tame hesitated, but each advanced slowly to the attack. There was no rush, but a heavy, slow meeting of the dead weight of their carcases, as, brow to brow, and tusk to tusk, they struggled. The fight was short but severe, and resulted in the discomfiture of the tame elephant; the wild one, in retiring to his herd, taking the opportunity of completely upsetting another tame one that stood in his line of retreat, leaving it lying on its back, its four feet in the air. The Mahout must have slipped off, for I never heard of any one being injured. The fight occurred about 11 A.M., and it was not till 3 P.M. that the hindrance to the ordinary business of the kraal was got over, by ignominiously shooting the rogue. The time between eleven and three o'clock passed somewhat slowly; the wild elephants were driven from place to place, and broke down what remained of the jungle. In their fright they squeezed themselves sometimes into such a knot, such a carcass heap, that the little ones either got knocked over, or roared again in agony of squeeze if unfortunately they were in the

middle of the lump. They cooled themselves with water from the stream, or enjoyed a bath of dry earth. Sometimes they would form a crescent, some of the numbers facing each way. If, perchance, pressed too hard, the "rogue" or some plucky mother would sally out from the herd, stop, waver, and then trot forward a quick, short trot of a few paces, scattering confusion among the assailants, and then either retiring of its own will to its herd again, or being driven thereto by the white wands and pricks of the enemy. It appeared no use to cry, "Dah, dah!" or "Harie, harie!" as the Mahouts did to urge the tame elephants to the attack; so a stratagem was used. Two men climbed up into two trees not far apart, and laid on the ground two nooses of coir rope, the herd was driven between the two trees, and one luckless elephant putting a hind foot in a noose, the man in the tree quickly raised it, and the end of the long rope being twisted round the tree, the elephant was caught. It was just then, too, that the little baby elephant, as big as a Newfoundland dog, was captured, and dragged, by a howling mob of mixed Europe and Ceylon men, before the Prince. Unfortunate little captive!—did it not roar and struggle, and wrap its trunk vainly round the men nearest to it!

The description given by Tennant of the sagacity of the elephant at a kraal had caused me to expect more than I saw. No doubt it was necessary to secure a big elephant just caught, for a couple of tame ones to butt and push him near to a tree; a treatment which the wild one received with indignant, astonished, and submissive roars; but there did not seem to me, on the part of the tame ones, any astonishing sagacity in the act. There were one or two amusing charges on the part of the wild elephants, one or two isolated attacks. One wild elephant selected two Europeans as his butt, and scattered

them, flying wildly, much to the amusement of those who were not in danger. From the Duke's stand it was amusing to watch the effect of a panic. A false cry of elephants would alarm a whole crowd, who, helter-skelter, tumbling over fallen trees, would seek refuge anywhere from nothing. But the day was getting on, and the "rogue" was still defying prince, people, and Mahouts. Something must be done; so it was decided to shoot him. Mr. Saunders advanced towards the herd, the huge doomed one, in the middle of a semicircle of his colleagues, fronting him, and seemingly judging his time when to charge; but he judged too late, a bullet sped towards him, and swaying backwards and forwards, the great beast fell. It was his second shock, his second stun in life; from which, as when before rising he missed the extreme end of his no way superfluous tail, he again rose. Poor brute! he had nine lives, but there were ten bullets. As occasion offered, these sought their bourn, and it required no effort of imagination to lead me to read consternation among the herd, as from time to time he fell, or wavered, struck by the pitiless ball. They seemed to surround him, to protect him, to wedge him in so as to keep him on his legs; and when at last his dead body lay on the muddy floor, a young elephant stood over him for some minutes, and seemed to wonder why he lay so long still, and his people in such great danger. But his hour had come. Once more the herd were driven up close to the royal stand, Mr. Saunders again advanced to the front, and a bullet rattled against the brow of the "allien." It did not seem much to disconcert him, but instantly he and his attendant herd fronted the other way. This change of front was his death-warrant, for a Cingalese man, aiming full at the royal stand, only the "rogue" between the Duke and himself, fired, the

unwieldy carcass fell to rise no more; and it was left for us to congratulate Mr. Saunders and Mr. Laurie, R.A., on the successful operation performed by a native* on their eyes. Almost immediately on the death of the "rogue," the Mahouts went in on the retreating herd. One of the wild ones, I remember, was less than the tame one that captured him; thus, when the coir rope tightened, the tame one could by his own strength, drag the wild one, vainly struggling and roaring, after him, to some convenient tree. It was not a pretty sight to see him dragged almost on his stomach as he tried to resist the superior strength of the captor pulling him along by his hind leg. When he was brought near to a

KRAALED ELEPHANT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. LAWTON.

tree sufficiently large to secure him, then it was necessary, so as to get the rope wound tightly round it, to call in

* I have seen the death of this "rogue" differently described, but as I have stated it, it undoubtedly appeared.

the assistance of another tame elephant, and he pushed and butted the wild one till he made him coil his own rope tightly round the tree. The Mahouts ride upon the necks of the tame elephants, guiding them, partly by iron crooks stuck in their ears, partly by encouragement, and partly by probing them with a sharp-pointed bit of iron driven into the top of their head. Some of the accounts I have heard of the instinct of the elephant are wonderful (perhaps that of Sarjú, Forsyth's "Central India," page 304, the most so),* but from what little I have seen of them, I should put the reason of their obedience down to their possessing a timid and phlegmatic nature.

It was now near five o'clock, and I had to be in Colombo early next day, so as to leave by the coach for Galle that afternoon, about a hundred and ten miles in all. We must be away, therefore, or I must, at any rate. I got to Bopé, tired and hot, after a long quick walk, and from there rode on an Arab, kindly lent by my host, to Hangwellé. It was dark when we got there, my things were wringing with perspiration, and as the boy who had run on before me had a pair of pyjamas of mine, I proceeded to pull off the damp clothes I had on, put on the pyjamas, and hang up the former to dry. Would that I could describe to you where I hung them up. You remember that as Don Christofel gave a lunch to the Duke at the rest-house, a temporary place had been run up at Hangwellé for the general public. It was a thatched barn, that is the nearest English idea we can

* "Presently he (Sarjú) began sniffing about the place where a grain merchant had brought out his sacks during the day. A sack of rice, nearly empty, lay under the head of a sleeping lad; and Sarjú paused and seemed to ponder how he could annex its contents. At last he was seen to gradually withdraw the bag with his trunk, while he replaced it with the sloping edge of his big fore foot in supporting the head of the boy. Having gobbled up the rice with much dispatch, he then rolled up the bag, and returning it under the boy's head, stalked away!"

gain of what it was. It was divided into three compartments. It had open sides, and "gave" on the public road. You must picture to yourself perfect confusion; establish that view and you have gained a great deal. Then conceive night, and fill the barn with Cingalese, Burgers, Europeans. Light it with the faintest glimmer of cocoa-nut oil, and cover a deal table with a dirty mess of cooked food, unwashed crockery and glass. I say there were three compartments; the third was a sort of kitchen, of that extraordinary hazy nature that seems all black pots and peat smoke: here I hung the wet clothes up to dry. Then I repaired to the second compartment, and behold me among the unwashed crockery, being fed by the semi-nude Cingalese with chickens and tea and a bottle of beer. "Apo" (butler or headman), says the Europe man—that's me—"where can I sleep?" "Here," says "Apo," as groping our way forward he leads me into the third compartment where, I imagine, for I really never saw it, was a sort of wood crib, with a heathery substance for a bed, but a real pillow; on this I met Morpheus at once. It struck me, as I fell asleep, that these cribs were like the sleeping berths in a night refuge, and I was somewhat annoyed that my friend Somnus should not have kept his contract with me intact during the night. Perhaps it was not his fault, however; for first, by the sides of the barn open to the public road, bullock bangies would go by, their drivers singing lustily; then a string of coolies would pass, equally melodious and alto; then Burgers, with their clipped and affected (sounding) English, would drop into the barn, and require food and drink; and last, certainly not least, I had a neighbour who, when he was not turning over and over and grunting, was calling out, "Boy, wat o'cloak is it?" The amphibious Scotchman! What mattered what o'clock it

was? We were there for sleep, not to know the time. But he was "frae o'uer the Tweed," and he "nae lik-ed nae doobt, to be caght nappin."

About 3 A.M. I tumbled out into the starry morning, and kicked up, among the bangies that strewed the grass by the barn door, if it had one, the first boy I stumbled upon. I was so fortunate in that kick as to light upon the boy that was "Robby's" (the Arab's) boy; so I bid him feed and prepare for a start. Apo had risen and beat up for me an egg in some tea, gave me a piece of bread, and, we'll hope, his blessing for the ten-and-sixpence I paid him.

There were many mail bags in the Galle coach on the night of the 5th; and how Sir Seymour Blane and I packed, whether we were "sample post" or "parcels delivery," I am not sure, but at any rate a very unpromising start resulted in a satisfactory conclusion; for neither I, nor those water sapphires or aqua marines, which I brought from Abo Bokeer, had suffered as we rolled into Galle on the morning of the 6th, Wednesday.

We are about to leave Ceylon, and though we are going east, we are passing from what is popularly called "The East," and I am afraid I must say I am very glad. There were personal circumstances that rendered me particularly depressed there, and, therefore, perhaps I am not a fair judge; but though its beauties are great, the luxuriance of its vegetation gorgeous; though its alleviations are many, its sport grand, its people and its history most interesting; yet there is something in the lassitude begotten of its climate, something in the enforced inaction and idleness, that is, to the idle, and yet not idly-inclined man, most distasteful.

Seven A.M., and the old jingly coach rattles into Galle. Your body is bathed in perspiration, but you congratulate yourself

hat all your plans are made, your place taken in the English nail, your portmanteau fitly packed for the voyage, so that you may, between seven and noon, breakfast, bathe, and loll—the last a luxury which I shall not attempt to describe to those who have never made a start in the tropics.

There is a meeting of mails at Galle. The *Avoca* is puffing its white steam-cloud, impatient for Sydney. The English mail will have the precedence, and "heave oh!" at noon. The Calcutta boat frets. The *Travancore*, Captain Eastley, crowded to the "fore-to'-gallant yard," wherever that may be, snorts. The *mêlée* of passengers in the piazza begins to fine away, and I, confident in my good arrangements, stroll down to the post-office, to post a letter for Australia. It is only a short time before the starting of the English mail. "How do you do, saar?" says the Postmaster. "I think I have some letters for you," and he hands me a bundle from home. They are too long to read, but I tear them open and dip into them here and there to try and gather their contents. The glance is sufficient to show me that I am free to go on, though previous letters had led me to think I was not. "How does it happen you did not send these letters on?" said I to the Postmaster. "Oh, saar, Mr. Barker said it was no use, and thus I had to keep them." And now the perspiration is pouring down, and all hope of keeping cool is useless. Every arrangement has to be altered, portmanteau repacked, the place in the English mail untaken, and that in the Chinese taken, letters to be written, and the mind instantly to accommodate itself to a journey across the other half of the world. And all because. . . . . .

Quest. Mr. Barker, how is it that you did not forward my letters on to Colombo as I asked you and wrote to you to do?

Ans. The Postmaster said there were no letters for you.

Who was right? I know who was wrong—poor, perspiring, changed plans—berth untaken, retaken—portmanteau packed, unpacked, repacked—make up your mind, letter-writing, breakfast-eating ME!

And now, notwithstanding we have so much to do in so short a space of time, I must introduce you to two men, brothers, whom it was my good luck to meet at Galle, and who, you will agree with me, are as charming travelling companions as it is possible to encounter in either half or both halves of the globe. One was a colonel, and one, though a civilian, was not a judge; but as we were strongly recommended in Japan to attach whatever importance we could to our vile bodies in the shape of a title when we landed in America (rather a worn out joke though), we may as well begin at once, and call him the "Judge."

The *Travancore* was very full; so full that I, being the last to take my place, could not find room anywhere, and two of the ship's officers had to turn out of their cabin for me; an arrangement which suited both excellently, for I got a cabin to myself, they pay by the P. and O. Company for having to turn out. We "hauled in the capstan," "braced the main trysails," "ran out the yard-arm," and steamed out of Galle Harbour for Penang. If those terms, to convey a start at sea, are objected to, the fact of our getting under way cannot be denied. It was a Wednesday when we steamed out, the 6th April, Wednesday, in 1870, and it was a Tuesday, the 12th of April, Tuesday, in 1870, when we steamed into Penang. The reason why we steamed into Penang on Tuesday was because on the 7th we ran 166 miles; on the, 8th 227; on the 9th, 223; on the 10th, 225; on the 11th, 238; and on the 12th, 170 miles. Did I tell you that when I shipped in Sydney I booked for Hong Kong? If I did not, I ought. I always

hoped to go round that way, and the P. and O. offers no objection to changing your ticket; so that when, by the non-receipt of my letters, I thought the farther journey doomed, I had changed my Hong Kong for a Suez ticket, and had to re-change it again, as I told you. The fare from Sydney to Hong Kong was £73, which includes eating and drinking, and which, as I had come by the P. and O. from Calcutta, was a return fare; a reduction of twenty per cent. on the amount, viz., £60, which I had paid to the P. and O. to get to Sydney, having been made me. The *Travancore* had a very pleasant but numerous lot of passengers (420) and a heavy cargo on board. It was the season when the tea tasters go out to China—gentlemen, princes I may say, like their coffee cousins in Ceylon.

We had Captain Lodge and his divers with us also—they who, so much more quickly than they expected, recovered the £50,000 of dollars from out the *Havilla Mitchell*, sunk in ever so many fathoms of water a hundred miles away from Shanghae.

I had hoped to meet in Ceylon, Mr. Walter, to whom I had a letter of introduction given me by his brother; but he had gone on to Australia.

Though we never met, I think I may be permitted here to pay a tribute to the memory of one whose lot in life has been so different to my own, and yet whose steps, during a certain course of it, were so much the same. I heard of him in India. I hoped to meet him in Ceylon. I left him a message in Australia. He followed me across the continent of America. He had compassed miles of land and sea counted by hundreds and by thousands; had been nearly as far as it is possible to go on this earth; and then, returning home unscathed, given scarce a day to receive the welcome of his family, his body

lay drowned by his father's door, his spirit winged its way hence. His untimely end, Meade's, the loss of the *Royal Charter* on her reaching Holyhead from Australia, the loss of the *Duncan Dunbar* on her reaching Sydney from England, address the living in a tone peculiarly their own—a tone, to interpret the full meaning of which is impossible, but from the consideration of which the staggered mind rises calm, when, from facts that seem to deny love, it looks at the Omnipotent Being who proclaims order, and declares that not a sparrow falls to the ground without design.

END OF VOL. I.

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